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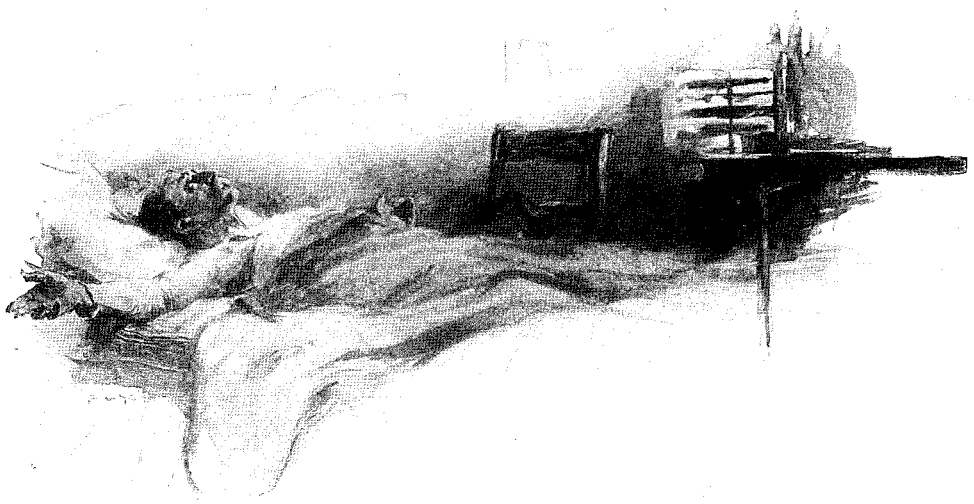

And had so lain like a crucified thing.—Page 645.

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THERE are always two ways of looking at a thing, frequently there are six or seven; but two ways of looking at a London fog are quite enough. When it is thick and yellow in the streets and stings a man's throat and lungs as he breathes it, an awakening in the early morning is either an unearthly and grewsome, or a mysteriously enclosing, secluding, and comfortable thing. If one awakens in a healthy body, and with a clear brain rested by normal sleep and retaining memories of a normally agreeable yesterday, one may lie watching the housemaid building the fire; and after she has swept the hearth and put things in order, lie watching the flames of the blazing and crackling wood catch the coals and set them blazing also, and dancing merrily and filling corners with a glow; and in so lying and realizing that leaping light and warmth and a soft bed are good things, one may turn over on one's back, stretching arms and legs luxuriously, drawing deep breaths and smiling at a knowledge of the fog outside which makes half-past eight o'clock on a December morning as dark as twelve o'clock on a December night. Under such conditions the soft, thick, yellow gloom has its picturesque and even humorous aspect. One feels enclosed by it at once fantastically and cosily, and is inclined to revel in imaginings of the picture outside, its Rembrandt lights and orange yellows, the halos about the street-lamps, the illumination of

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shop-windows, the flare of torches stuck up over coster barrows and coffee-stands, the shadows on the faces of the men and women selling and buying beside them. Refreshed by sleep and comfort and surrounded by light, warmth, and good cheer, it is easy to face the day, to confront going out into the fog and feeling a sort of pleasure in its mysteries. This is one way of looking at it, but only one.

The other way is marked by enormous differences.

A man—he had given his name to the people of the house as Antony Dart—awakened in a third-story bedroom in a lodging-house in a poor street in London, and as his consciousness returned to him, its slow and reluctant movings confronted the second point of view—marked by enormous differences. He had not slept two consecutive hours through the night, and when he had slept he had been tormented by dreary dreams, which were more full of misery because of their elusive vagueness, which kept his tortured brain on a wearying strain of effort to reach some definite understanding of them. Yet when he awakened the consciousness of being again alive was an awful thing. If the dreams could have faded into blankness and all have passed with the passing of the night, how he could have thanked whatever gods there be! Only not to awake—only not to awake! But he had awakened.

The clock struck nine as he did so, consequently he knew the hour. The lodging-house slavey had aroused him by coming to light the fire. She had set her candle on the hearth and done her work as stealthily as possible, but he had been disturbed, though he had made a desperate effort to struggle back into sleep. That was no use—no use. He was awake and he was in the midst of it all again. Without the

Antony Dart examined it critically.—Page 651

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The girl held out her hand cautiously—the piece of gold lying upon its palm.—Page 655.

sense of luxurious comfort he opened his eyes and turned upon his back, throwing out his arms flatly, so that he lay as in the form of a cross, in heavy weariness and anguish. For months he had awakened each morning after such a night and had so lain like a crucified thing. As he watched the painful flickering of the damp and smoking wood and coal he remembered this and thought that there had been a lifetime of such awakenings, not knowing that the morbidness of a fagged brain blotted out the memory of more normal days and told him fantastic lies which were but a hundredth part truth. He could see only the hundredth part truth, and it assumed proportions so huge that he could see nothing else. In such a state the human brain is an infernal machine and its workings can only be conquered if the mortal thing which lives with it—day and night, night and day—has learned to separate its controllable from its seemingly uncontrollable atoms, and can silence its clamor on its way to madness. Antony Dart had not learned this thing and the clamor had had its hideous way with him. Physicians would have given a name to his mental and physical condition. He had heard these names often—applied to men the strain of whose lives had been like the strain of his own, and had left them as it had left him—jaded, joyless, breaking things. Some of them had been broken and had died or were dragging out bruised and tormented days in their own homes or in mad-houses. He always shuddered when he heard their names, and rebelled with sick fear against the mere mention of them. They had worked as he had worked, they had been

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stricken with the delirium of accumulation —accumulation—as he had been. They had been caught in the rush and swirl of the great maelstrom, and had been borne round and round in it, until having grasped every coveted thing tossing upon its circling waters, they themselves had been flung upon the shore with both hands full, the rocks about them strewn with rich possessions, while they lay prostrate and gazed at all life had brought with dull, hopeless, anguished eyes. He knew—if the worst came to the worst—what would be said of him, because he had heard it said of others. "He worked too hard—he worked too hard." He was sick of hearing it. What was wrong with the world—what was wrong with man, as Man—if work could break him like this? If one believed in Deity, the living creature It breathed into being must be a perfect thing—not one to be wearied, sickened, tortured by the life Its breathing had created. A mere man would disdain to build a thing so poor and incomplete. A mere human engineer who constructed an engine whose workings were perpetually at fault—which went wrong when called upon to do the labor it was made for—who would not scoff at it

"God!" he cried. "Will I come?"—Page 655.

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"'S only me, Polly. You can open it."—Page 656.

and cast it aside as a piece of worthless bungling?

"Something is wrong," he muttered, lying flat upon his cross and staring at the yellow haze which had crept through crannies in window-sashes into the room. "Someone is wrong. Is it I—or You?"

His thin lips drew themselves back against his teeth in a mirthless smile which was like a grin.

"Yes," he said. "I am pretty far gone. I am beginning to talk to myself about God. Bryan did it just before he was taken to Dr. Hewletts' place and cut his throat."

He had not led a specially evil life; he had not broken laws, but the subject of Deity was not one which his scheme of existence had included. When it had haunted him of late he had felt it an untoward and morbid sign. The thing had drawn him—drawn him; he had complained against it, he had argued—sometimes he knew, shuddering, that he had raved. Something had seemed to stand aside and watch his being and his thinking. Something which filled the universe had seemed to wait, and to have waited through all the eternal ages, to see what he—one man—would do. At times a great

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Polly hung over the table and trembled at the sight of meat and bread.—Page 657.

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appalled wonder had swept over him at his realization that he had never known or thought of it before. It had been there always—through all the ages that had passed. And sometimes—once or twice—the thought had in some unspeakable, untranslatable way brought him a moment's calm.

But at other times he had said to himself—with a shivering soul cowering within him—that this was only part of it all and was a beginning, perhaps, of religious monomania.

During the last week he had known what he was going to do—he had made up his mind. This abject horror through which others had let themselves be dragged to madness or death he would not endure. The end should come quickly, and no one should be smitten aghast by seeing or knowing how it came. In the crowded shabbier streets of London there were lodging-houses where a man, by taking precautions, could end his life in such a manner as would blot him out of any world where such man as himself had been known. A pistol, properly managed, would obliterate resemblance to any human thing. Months ago through chance talk he had heard how it could be done—and done quickly. He could leave a misleading letter. He had planned what it should be—the story it should tell of a disheartened mediocre venturer of his poor all returning bankrupt and humiliated from Australia, ending existence in such pennilessness that the parish must give him a pauper's grave. What did it matter where a man lay, so that he slept—slept—slept? Surely with one's brains scattered one would sleep soundly anywhere.

He had come to the house the night before, dressed shabbily with the pitiable respectability of a defeated man. He had entered droopingly with bent shoulders and hopeless hang of head. In his own sphere he was a man who held himself well. He had let fall a few dispirited sentences when he had engaged his back room from the woman of the house, and she had recognized him as one of the luckless. In fact, she had hesitated a moment before his unreliable look until he had taken out money from his pocket and paid his rent for a week in advance. She would have that at least for her trouble, he had said to himself. He should not occupy the room after to-morrow. In his own home some days would pass before his household began to make inquiries. He had told his servants that he was going over to Paris for a change. He would be safe and deep in his pauper's grave a week before they asked each other why they did not hear from him. All was in order. One of the mocking agonies was that living was done for. He had ceased to live. Work, pleasure, sun, moon, and stars had lost their meaning. He stood and looked at the most radiant loveliness of land and sky and sea and felt nothing. Success brought greater wealth each day without stirring a pulse of pleasure, even in triumph. There was nothing left but the awful days and awful nights to which he knew physicians could give their scientific name, but had no healing for. He had gone far enough. He would go no farther. To-morrow it would have been over long hours. And there would have been no public declaiming over the humiliating pitifulness of his end. And what did it matter?

How thick the fog was outside—thick enough for a man to lose himself in it. The yellow mist which had crept in under the doors and through the crevices of the window-sashes gave a ghostly look to the room—a ghastly, abnormal look, he said to himself. The fire was smouldering instead of blazing. But what did it matter? He was going out. He had not bought the pistol last night—like a fool. Somehow his brain had been so tired and crowded that he had forgotten.

"Forgotten." He mentally repeated the word as he got out of bed. By this time to-morrow he should have forgotten everything. *This time to-morrow.* His mind repeated that also, as he began to dress himself. Where should he be? Should he be anywhere? Suppose he awakened again—to something as bad as this? How did a man get out of his body? After the crash and shock what happened? Did one find oneself standing beside the Thing and looking down at it? It would not be a good thing to stand and look down on—even for that which had deserted it. But having torn oneself loose from it and its devilish aches and pains, one would not care—one would see how little it all mattered. Anything else must be better than this—the thing for which there was a scientific name but no healing. He had taken all the drugs, he had obeyed all

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the medical orders, and here he was after that last hell of a night—dressing himself in a back bedroom of a cheap lodging-house to go out and buy a pistol in this damned fog.

He laughed at the last phrase of his thought, the laugh which was a mirthless grin.

"I am thinking of it as if I was afraid of taking cold," he said. "And to-morrow."

There would be no To-morrow. To-morrows were at an end. No more nights—no more days—no more morrows.

He finished dressing, putting on his discriminatingly chosen shabby-genteel clothes with a care for the effect he intended them to produce. The collar and cuffs of his shirt were frayed and yellow and he fastened his collar with a pin and tied his worn necktie carelessly. His overcoat was beginning to wear a greenish shade and look threadbare, so was his hat. When his toilet was complete he looked at himself in the cracked and hazy glass, bending forward to scrutinize his unshaven face under the shadow of the dingy hat.

"It is all right," he muttered. "It is not far to the pawnshop where I saw it."

The stillness of the room as he turned to go out was uncanny. As it was a back room, there was no street below from which could arise sounds of passing vehicles, and the thickness of the fog muffled such sound as might have floated from the front. He stopped half-way to the door, not knowing why, and listened. To what—for what? The silence seemed to spread through all the house—out into the streets—through all London—through all the world, and he to stand in the midst of it, a man on the way to Death—with no To-morrow.

What did it mean? It seemed to mean something. The world withdrawn—life withdrawn—sound withdrawn—breath withdrawn. He stood and waited. Perhaps this was one of the symptoms of the morbid thing for which there was that name. If so he had better get away quickly and have it over, lest he be found wandering about not knowing—not knowing. But now he knew—the Silence. He waited—waited and tried to hear, as if something was calling him—calling without sound. It returned to him—the thought of That which had waited through all the ages to see what he—one man—would do. He had never exactly pitied himself before—he did not know that he pitied himself now, but he was a man going to his death, and a light, cold sweat broke out on him and it seemed as if it was not he who did it, but some other—he flung out his arms and cried aloud words he had not known he was going to speak.

"Lord! Lord! What shall I do to be saved?"

But the Silence gave no answer. It was the Silence still.

And after standing a few moments panting, his arms fell and his head dropped, and turning the handle of the door, he went out to buy the pistol.

As he went down the narrow staircase, covered with its dingy and threadbare carpet, he found the house so full of dirty yellow haze that he realized that the fog must be of the extraordinary ones which are remembered in after-years as abnormal specimens of their kind. He recalled that there had been one of the sort three years before, and that traffic and business had been almost entirely stopped by it, that accidents had happened in the streets, and that people having lost their way had wandered about turning corners until they found themselves far from their intended destinations and obliged to take refuge in hotels or the houses of hospitable strangers. Curious incidents had occurred and odd stories were told by those who had felt themselves obliged by circumstances to go out into the baffling gloom. He guessed that something of a like nature had fallen upon the town again. The gas-light on the landings and in the melancholy hall burned feebly—so feebly that one got but a vague view of the rickety hat-stand and the shabby overcoats and head-gear hanging upon it. It was well for him that he had but a corner or so to turn before he reached the pawnshop in whose window he had seen the pistol he intended to buy.

When he opened the street-door he saw that the fog was, upon the whole, perhaps even heavier and more obscuring, if possible, than the one so well remembered. He could not see anything three feet before him, he could not see with distinctness anything two feet ahead. The sensation of stepping forward was uncertain and mysterious enough to be almost appalling. A

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man not sufficiently cautious might have fallen into any open hole in his path. Antony Dart kept as closely as possible to the sides of the houses. It would have been easy to walk off the pavement into the middle of the street but for the edges of the curb and the step downward from its level. Traffic had almost absolutely ceased, though in the more important streets link-boys were making efforts to guide men or four-wheelers slowly along. The blind feeling of the thing was rather awful. Though but few pedestrians were out, Dart found himself once or twice brushing against or coming into forcible contact with men feeling their way about like himself.

"One turn to the right," he repeated mentally, "two to the left, and the place is at the corner of the other side of the street."

He managed to reach it at last, but it had been a slow, and therefore, long journey. All the gas-jets the little shop owned were lighted, but even under their flare the articles in the window—the one or two once cheaply gaudy dresses and shawls and men's garments—hung in the haze like the dreary dangling ghosts of things recently executed. Among watches and forlorn pieces of old-fashioned jewelry and odds and ends, the pistol lay against the folds of a dirty gauze shawl. There it was. It would have been annoying if someone else had been beforehand and had bought it.

Inside the shop more dangling spectres hung and the place was almost dark. It was a shabby pawnshop, and the man lounging behind the counter was a shabby man with an unshaven, unamiable face.

"I want to look at that pistol in the right-hand corner of your window," Antony Dart said.

The pawnbroker uttered a sound something between a half-laugh and a grunt. He took the weapon from the window.

Antony Dart examined it critically. He must make quite sure of it. He made no further remark. He felt he had done with speech.

Being told the price asked for the purchase, he drew out his purse and took the money from it. After making the payment he noted that he still possessed a five-pound note and some sovereigns. There passed through his mind a wonder as to who would spend it. The most decent thing, perhaps, would be to give it away. If it was in his room—to-morrow—the parish would not bury him, and it would be safer that the parish should.

He was thinking of this as he left the shop and began to cross the street. Because his mind was wandering he was less watchful. Suddenly a rubber-tired hansom, moving without sound, appeared immediately in his path—the horse's head loomed up above his own. He made the inevitable involuntary whirl aside to move out of the way, the hansom passed, and turning again, he went on. His movement had been too swift to allow of his realizing the direction in which his turn had been made. He was wholly unaware that when he crossed the street he crossed backward instead of forward. He turned a corner literally feeling his way, went on, turned another, and after walking the length of the street, suddenly understood that he was in a strange place and had lost his bearings.

This was exactly what had happened to people on the day of the memorable fog of three years before. He had heard them talking of such experiences, and of the curious and baffling sensations they gave rise to in the brain. Now he understood them. He could not be far from his lodgings, but he felt like a man who was blind, and who had been turned out of the path he knew. He had not the resource of the people whose stories he had heard. He would not stop and address anyone. There could be no certainty as to whom he might find himself speaking to. He would speak to no one. He would wander about until he came upon some clew. Even if he came upon none, the fog would surely lift a little and become a trifle less dense in course of time. He drew up the collar of his overcoat, pulled his hat down over his eyes and went on—his hand on the thing he had thrust into a pocket.

He did not find his clew as he had hoped, and instead of lifting the fog grew heavier. He found himself at last no longer striving for any end, but rambling along mechanically, feeling like a man in a dream—a nightmare. Once he recognized a weird suggestion in the mystery about him. To-morrow might one be wandering about aimlessly in some such haze. He hoped not.

His lodgings were not far from the Embankment, and he knew at last that he was

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wandering along it, and had reached one of the bridges. His mood led him to turn in upon it, and when he reached an embrasure to stop near it and lean upon the parapet looking down. He could not see the water, the fog was too dense, but he could hear some faint splashing against stones. He had taken no food and was rather faint. What a strange thing it was to feel faint for want of food—to stand alone, cut off from every other human being—everything done for. No wonder that sometimes, particularly on such days as these, there were plunges made from the parapet—no wonder. He leaned farther over and strained his eyes to see some gleam of water through the yellowness. But it was not to be done. He was thinking the inevitable thing, of course; but such a plunge would not do for him. The other thing would destroy all traces.

As he drew back he heard something fall with the solid tinkling sound of coin on the flag pavement. When he had been in the pawnbroker's shop he had taken the gold from his purse and thrust it carelessly into his waistcoat pocket, thinking that it would be easy to reach when he chose to give it to one beggar or another, if he should see some wretch who would be the better for it. Some movement he had made in bending had caused a sovereign to slip out and it had fallen upon the stones.

He did not intend to pick it up, but in the moment in which he stood looking down at it he heard close to him a shuffling movement. What he had thought a bundle of rags or rubbish covered with sacking—some tramp's deserted or forgotten belongings—was stirring. It was alive, and as he bent to look at it the sacking divided itself, and a small head, covered with a shock of brilliant red hair, thrust itself out, a shrewd, small face turning to look up at him slyly with deep-set black eyes.

It was a human girl creature about twelve years old.

"Are yer goin' to do it?" she said in a hoarse, street-strained voice. "Yer would be a fool if yer did—with as much as that on yer."

She pointed with a reddened, chapped, and dirty hand at the sovereign.

"Pick it up," he said. "You may have it."

Her wild shuffle forward was an actual leap. The hand made a snatching clutch at the coin. She was evidently afraid that he was either not in earnest or would repent. The next second she was on her feet and ready for flight.

"Stop," he said; "I've got more to give away."

She hesitated—not believing him, yet feeling it madness to lose a chance.

"*More!*" she gasped. Then she drew nearer to him, and a singular change came upon her face. It was a change which made her look oddly human.

"Gawd, mister!" she said. "Yer can give away a quid like it was nothin'—an' yer've got more—an' yer goin' to do *that*—jes cos yer 'ad a bit too much lars night an' there's a fog this mornin'! You take it straight from me—don't yer do it. I give yer that tip for the suvrink."

She was, for her years, so ugly and so ancient, and hardened in voice and skin and manner that she fascinated him. Not that a man who has no To-morrow in view is likely to be particularly conscious of mental processes. He was done for, but he stood and stared at her. What part of the Power moving the scheme of the universe stood near and thrust him on in the path designed he did not know then—perhaps never did. He was still holding on to the thing in his pocket, but he spoke to her again.

"What do you mean?" he asked glumly.

She sidled nearer, her sharp eyes on his face.

"I bin watchin' yer," she said. "I sat down and pulled the sack over me 'ead to breathe inside it an' get a bit warm. An' I see yer come. I knowed wot yer was after, I did. I watched yer through a 'ole in me sack. I wasn't goin' to call a copper. I shouldn't want ter be stopped meself if I made up me mind. I seed a gal dragged out las' week an' it'd a broke yer 'art to see 'er tear 'er clothes an' scream. Wot business 'ad they preventin' 'er goin' off quiet? I wouldn't 'a' stopped yer—but w'en the quid fell, that made it different."

"I—" he said, feeling the foolishness of the statement, but making it, nevertheless, "I am ill."

"Course yer ill. It's yer 'ead. Come along er me an' get a cup er cawfee at a stand, an' buck up. If yer've give me that quid straight—wish-yer-may-die—I'll go

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with yer an' get a cup myself. I ain't 'ad a bite since yesterday—an' 'twa'n't nothin' but a slice o' polony sossidge I found on a dust-'eap. Come on, mister."

She pulled his coat with her cracked hand. He glanced down at it mechanically, and saw that some of the fissures had bled and the roughened surface was smeared with the blood. They stood together in the small space in which the fog enclosed them—he and she—the man with no To-morrow and the girl thing who seemed as old as himself, with her sharp, small nose and chin, her sharp eyes and voice—and yet—perhaps the fogs enclosing did it—something drew them together in an uncanny way. Something made him forget the lost clew to the lodging-house—something made him turn and go with her—a thing led in the dark.

"How can you find your way?" he said. "I lost mine."

"There ain't no fog can lose me," she answered, shuffling along by his side; "'sides, it's goin' to lift. Look at that man comin' to'ards us."

It was true that they could see through the orange-colored mist the approaching figure of a man who was at more than a yard's distance from them. Yes, it was lifting slightly—at least enough to allow of one's making a guess at the direction in which one moved.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Apple Blossom Court," she answered. "The cawfee-stand's in a street near it—and there's a shop where I can buy things."

"Apple Blossom Court!" he ejaculated. "What a name!"

"There ain't no apple-blossoms there," chuckling; "nor no smell of 'em. 'Tain't as nice as its nime is—Apple Blossom Court ain't."

"What do you want to buy? A pair of shoes?" The shoes her naked feet were thrust into were leprous-looking things through which nearly all her toes protruded. But she chuckled when he spoke.

"No, I'm goin' to buy a di'mond tirarer to go to the opery in," she said, dragging her old sack closer round her neck. "I ain't 'ad a noo un since I went to the last Drorin'-room."

It was impudent street chaff, but there was cheerful spirit in it, and cheerful spirit has some occult effect upon morbidity. Antony Dart did not smile, but he felt a faint stirring of curiosity, which was, after all, not a bad thing for a man who had not felt an interest for a year.

"What is it you are going to buy?"

"I'm goin' to fill me stummick fust," with a grin of elation. "Three thick slices o' bread an' drippin' an' a mug o' cawfee. An' then I'm goin' to get sumethin' 'earty to carry to Polly. She ain't no good, pore thing!"

"Who is she?"

Stopping a moment to drag up the heel of her dreadful shoe, she answered him with an unprejudiced directness which might have been appalling if he had been in the mood to be appalled.

"Ain't eighteen, an' tryin' to earn 'er livin' on the street. She ain't made for it. Little country thing, allus frightened to death an' ready to bust out cryin'. Gents ain't goin' to stand that. A lot of 'em wants cheerin' up as much as she does. Gent as was in liquor last night knocked 'er down an' give 'er a black eye. 'Twan't ill feelin', but he lost his temper, an' give 'er a knock casual. She can't go out to-night, an' she's been 'uddled up all day cryin' for 'er mother."

"Where is her mother?"

"In the country—on a farm. Polly took a place in a lodgin'-'ouse an' got in trouble. The biby was dead, an' when she come out o' Queen Charlotte's she was took in by a woman an' kep'. She kicked 'er out in a week 'cos of her cryin'. The life didn't suit 'er. I found 'er cryin' fit to split 'er chist one night—corner o' Apple Blossom Court—an' I took care of 'er."

"Where?"

"Me chambers," grinning; "top loft of a 'ouse in the court. If anyone else 'd 'ave it I should be turned out. It's an 'ole, I I can tell yer—but it's better than sleepin' under the bridges."

"Take me to see it," said Antony Dart. "I want to see the girl."

The words spoke themselves. Why should he care to see either cockloft or girl? He did not. He wanted to go back to his lodgings with that which he had come out to buy. Yet he said this thing. His companion looked up at him with an expression actually relieved.

"Would yer tike up with 'er?" with eager sharpness, as if confronting a simple business proposition. "She's pretty an' clean,

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an' she won't drink a drop o' nothin'. If she was treated kind she'd be cheerfler. She's got a round fice an' light 'air an' eyes. 'Er 'air's curly. P'raps yer'd like 'er."

"Take me to see her."

"She'd look better to-morrow," cautiously, "when the swellin's gone down round 'er eye."

Dart started—and it was because he had for the last five minutes forgotten something.

"I shall not be here to-morrow," he said. His grasp upon the thing in his pocket had loosened, and he tightened it.

"I have some more money in my purse," he said deliberately. "I meant to give it away before going. I want to give it to people who need it very much."

She gave him one of the sly, squinting glances.

"Deservin' cases?" She put it to him in brazen mockery.

"I don't care," he answered slowly and heavily. "I don't care a damn."

Her face changed exactly as he had seen it change on the bridge when she had drawn nearer to him. Its ugly hardness suddenly looked human. And that she could look human was fantastic.

"'Ow much 'ave yer?" she asked. "'Ow much is it?"

"About ten pounds."

She stopped and stared at him with open mouth.

"Gawd!" she broke out; "ten pounds 'd send Apple Blossom Court to 'eving. Leastways, it'd take some of it out o' 'ell."

"Take me to it," he said roughly. "Take me."

She began to walk quickly, breathing fast. The fog was lighter, and it was no longer a blinding thing.

A question occurred to Dart.

"Why don't you ask me to give the money to you?" he said bluntly.

"Dunno," she answered as bluntly. But after taking a few steps farther she spoke again.

"I'm cheerfler than most of 'em," she elaborated. "If yer born cheerfle yer can stand things. When I gets a job nussin' women's bibies they don't cry when I 'andles 'em. I gets many a bite an' a copper 'cos o' that. Folks likes yer. I shall get on better than Polly when I'm old enough to go on the street."

The organ of whose lagging, sick pumpings Antony Dart had scarcely been aware for months gave a sudden leap in his breast. His blood actually hastened its pace, and ran through his veins instead of crawling—a distinct physical effect of an actual mental condition. It was produced upon him by the mere matter-of-fact ordinariness of her tone. He had never been a sentimental man, and had long ceased to be a feeling one, but at that moment something emotional and normal happened to him.

"You expect to live in that way?" he said.

"Ain't nothin' else fer me to do. Wisht I was better lookin'. But I've got a lot of 'air," clawing her mop, "an' it's red. One day," chuckling, "a gent ses to me—he ses: 'Oh! yer'll do. Yer an ugly little devil—but ye *are* a devil.'"

She was leading him through a narrow, filthy back street, and she stopped, grinning up in his face.

"I say, mister," she wheedled, "let's stop at the cawfee-stand. It's up this way."

When he acceded and followed her, she quickly turned a corner. They were in another lane thick with fog, which flared with the flame of torches stuck in costers' barrows which stood here and there—barrows with fried fish upon them, barrows with second-hand-looking vegetables and others piled with more than second-hand-looking garments. Trade was not driving, but near one or two of them dirty, ill-used looking women, a man or so, and a few children stood. At a corner which led into a black hole of a court, a coffee-stand was stationed, in charge of a burly ruffian in corduroys.

"Come along," said the girl. "There it is. It ain't strong, but it's 'ot."

She sidled up to the stand, drawing Dart with her, as if glad of his protection.

"'Ello, Barney," she said. "'Ere's a gent warnts a mug o' yer best. I've 'ad a bit o' luck, an' I wants one mesself."

"Garn," growled Barney. "You an' yer luck! Gent may want a mug, but you'd show yer money fust."

"Strewth! I've got it. You ain't got the change fer wot I 'ave in me 'and 'ere. 'As 'e, mister?"

"Show it." taunted the man, and then turning to Dart. "Yer wants a mug o' cawfee?"

"Yes."

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The girl held out her hand cautiously—the piece of gold lying upon its palm.

"Look 'ere," she said.

There were two or three men slouching about the stand. Suddenly a hand darted from between two of them who stood nearest, the sovereign was snatched, a screamed oath from the girl rent the thick air, and a forlorn enough scarecrow of a young fellow sprang away.

The blood leaped in Antony Dart's veins again and he sprang after him in a wholly normal passion of indignation. A thousand years ago—as it seemed to him—he had been a good runner. This man was not one, and want of food had weakened him. Dart went after him with strides which astonished himself. Up the street, into an alley and out of it, a dozen yards more and into a court, and the man wheeled with a hoarse, baffled curse. The place had no outlet.

"Hell!" was all the creature said.

Dart took him by his greasy collar. Even the brief rush had left him feeling like a living thing—which was a new sensation.

"Give it up," he ordered.

The thief looked at him with a half-laugh and obeyed, as if he felt the uselessness of a struggle. He was not more than twenty-five years old, and his eyes were cavernous with want. He had the face of a man who might have belonged to a better class. When he had uttered the exclamation invoking the infernal regions he had not dropped the aspirate.

"I'm as hungry as she is," he raved.

"Hungry enough to rob a child beggar?" said Dart.

"Hungry enough to rob a starving old woman—or a baby," with a defiant snort. "Wolf hungry—tiger hungry—hungry enough to cut throats."

He whirled himself loose and leaned his body against the wall, turning his face toward it. Suddenly he made a choking sound and began to sob.

"Hell!" he choked. "I'll give it up! I'll give it up!"

What a figure—what a figure, as he swung against the blackened wall, his scarecrow clothes hanging on him, their once decent material making their pinning together of buttonless places, their looseness and rents showing dirty linen, more abject than any other squalor could have made them. Antony Dart's blood, still running warm and well, was doing its normal work among the brain-cells which had stirred so evilly through the night. When he had seized the fellow by the collar, his hand had left his pocket. He thrust it into another pocket and drew out some silver.

"Go and get yourself some food," he said. "As much as you can eat. Then go and wait for me at the place they call Apple Blossom Court. I don't know where it is, but I am going there. I want to hear how you came to this. Will you come?"

The thief lurched away from the wall and toward him. He stared up into his eyes through the fog. The tears had smeared his cheekbones.

"God!" he said. "Will I come? Look and see if I'll come." Dart looked.

"Yes, you'll come," he answered, and he gave him the money. "I'm going back to the coffee-stand."

The thief stood staring after him as he went out of the court. Dart was speaking to himself.

"I don't know why I did it," he said. "But the thing had to be done."

In the street he turned into he came upon the robbed girl, running, panting, and crying. She uttered a shout and flung herself upon him, clutching his coat.

"Gawd!" she sobbed hysterically, "I thort I'd lost yer! I thort I'd lost all of it, I did! Strewth! I'm glad I've found yer——" and she stopped, choking with her sobs and sniffs, rubbing her face in her sack.

"Here is your sovereign," Dart said, handing it to her.

She dropped the corner of the sack and looked up with a queer laugh.

"Did yer find a copper? Did yer give him in charge?"

"No," answered Dart. "He was worse off than you. He was starving. I took this from him; but I gave him some money and told him to meet us at Apple Blossom Court."

She stopped short and drew back apace to stare up at him.

"Well," she gave forth, "y' *are* a queer one!"

And yet in the amazement on her face he perceived a remote dawning of an understanding of the meaning of the thing he had done.

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He had spoken like a man in a dream. He felt like a man in a dream, being led in the thick mist from place to place. He was led back to the coffee-stand, where now Barney, the proprietor, was pouring out coffee for a hoarse-voiced coster girl with a draggled feather in her hat, who greeted their arrival hilariously.

"Hello, Glad!" she cried out. "Got yer suvrink back?"

Glad—it seemed to be the creature's wild name—nodded, but held close to her companion's side, clutching his coat.

"Let's go in there an' change it," she said, nodding toward a small pork and ham shop near by. "An' then yer can take care of it for me."

"What did she call you?" Antony Dart asked her as they went.

"Glad. Don't know as I ever 'ad a nime o' me own, but a little cove as went once to the pantermine told me about a young lady as was Fairy Queen an' 'er name was Gladys Beverly St. John, so I called mesself that. No one never said it all at onct—they don't never say nothin' but Glad. I'm glad enough this mornin'," chuckling again, " 'avin' the luck to come up with you, mister. Never had luck like it 'afore."

They went into the pork and ham shop and changed the sovereign. There was cooked food in the windows—roast pork and boiled ham and corned beef. She bought slices of pork and beef, and of suet-pudding with a few currants sprinkled through it.

"Will yer 'elp me to carry it?" she inquired. "I'll 'ave to get a few pen'worth o' coal an' wood, an' a screw o' tea an' sugar. My wig, wot a feed me an' Polly 'll 'ave!

As they returned to the coffee-stand she broke more than once into a hop of glee. Barney had changed his mind concerning her. A solid sovereign which must be changed and a companion whose shabby gentility was absolute grandeur when compared with his present surroundings made a difference.

She received her mug of coffee and thick slice of bread and dripping with a grin, and swallowed the hot sweet liquid down in ecstatic gulps.

"Ain't I in luck?" she said, handing her mug back when it was empty. "Gi' me another, Barney."

Antony Dart drank coffee also and ate bread and dripping. The coffee was hot and the bread and dripping, dashed with salt, quite eatable. He had needed food and felt the better for it.

"Come on, mister," said Glad, when their meal was ended. "I want to get back to Polly, an' there's coal and bread and things to buy."

She hurried him along, breaking her pace with hops at intervals. She darted into dirty shops and brought out things screwed up in paper. She went last into a cellar and returned carrying a small sack of coal over her shoulders.

"Bought sack an' all," she said elatedly. "A sack's a good thing to 'ave."

"Let me carry it for you," said Antony Dart.

"Spile yer coat," with her sidelong upward glance.

"I don't care," he answered. "I don't care a damn."

The final expletive was totally unnecessary, but it meant a thing he did not say. Whatsoever was thrusting him this way and that, speaking through his speech, leading him to do things he had not dreamed of doing, should have its will with him. He had been fastened to the skirts of this beggar imp and he would go on to the end and do what was to be done this day. It was part of the dream.

The sack of coal was over his shoulder when they turned into Apple Blossom Court. It would have been a black hole on a sunny day, and now it was like Hades, lit grimly by a gas-jet or two, small and flickering, with the orange haze about them. Filthy flagging, murky doorways, broken steps and broken windows stuffed with rags, and the smell of the sewers let loose had Apple Blossom Court.

Glad, with the wealth of the pork and ham shop and other riches in her arms, entered a repellent doorway in a spirit of great good cheer and Dart followed her. Past a room where a drunken woman lay sleeping with her head on a table, a child pulling at her dress and crying, up a stairway with broken balusters and breaking steps, through a landing, upstairs again, and up still farther until they reached the top. Glad stopped before a door and shook the handle, crying out:

" 'S only me, Polly. You can open it."

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She added to Dart in an undertone: "She 'as to keep it locked. No knowin' who'd want to get in. Polly," shaking the door-handle again, "Polly 's only me."

The door opened slowly. On the other side of it stood a girl with a dimpled round face which was quite pale; under one of her childishly vacant blue eyes was a discoloration, and her curly fair hair was tucked up on the top of her head in a knot. As she took in the fact of Antony Dart's presence her chin began to quiver.

"I ain't fit to—to see no one," she stammered pitifully. "Why did you, Glad—why did you?"

"Ain't no 'arm in '*im*," said Glad. "'E's one o' the friendly ones. 'E give me a suv-rink. Look wot I've got," hopping about as she showed her parcels.

"You need not be afraid of me," Antony Dart said. He paused a second, staring at her, and suddenly added, "Poor little wretch!"

Her look was so scared and uncertain a thing that he walked away from her and threw the sack of coal on the hearth. A small grate with broken bars hung loosely in the fireplace, a battered tin kettle tilted drunkenly near it. A mattress, from the holes in whose ticking straw bulged, lay on the floor in a corner, with some old sacks thrown over it. Glad had, without doubt, borrowed her shoulder covering from the collection. The garret was as cold as the grave, and almost as dark; the fog hung in it thickly. There were crevices enough through which it could penetrate.

Antony Dart knelt down on the hearth and drew matches from his pocket.

"We ought to have brought some paper," he said.

Glad ran forward.

"Wot a gent ye are!" she cried. "Y'ain't never goin' to light it?"

"Yes."

She ran back to the rickety table and collected the scraps of paper which had held her purchases. They were small, but useful.

"That wot was round the sausage an' the puddin's greasy," she exulted.

Polly hung over the table and trembled at the sight of meat and bread. Plainly, she did not understand what was happening. The greased paper set light to the wood, and the wood to the coal. All three flared and blazed with a sound of cheerful crackling. The blaze threw out its glow as finely as if it had been set alight to warm a better place. The wonder of a fire is like the wonder of a soul. This one changed the murk and gloom to brightness, and the deadly damp and cold to warmth. It drew the girl Polly from the table despite her fears. She turned involuntarily, made two steps toward it, and stood gazing while its light played on her face. Glad whirled and ran to the hearth.

"Ye've put on a lot," she cried; "but, oh, my Gawd, don't it warm yer! Come on, Polly—come on."

She dragged out a wooden stool, an empty soap-box, and bundled the sacks into a heap to be sat upon. She swept the things from the table and set them in their paper wrappings on the floor.

"Let's all sit down close to it—close," she said, "an' get warm an' eat, an' eat."

She was the leaven which leavened the lump of their humanity. What this leaven is—who has found out? But she—little rat of the gutter—was formed of it, and her mere pure animal joy in the temporary animal comfort of the moment stirred and uplifted them from their depths.

(To be concluded in January.)

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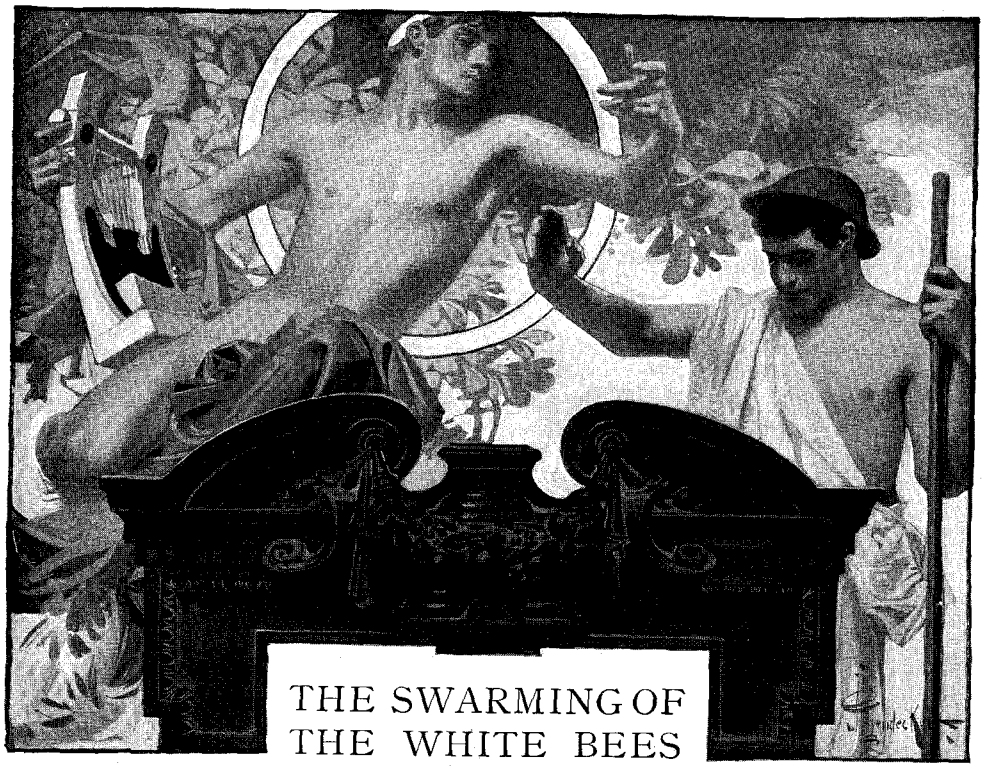

THE SWARMING OF THE WHITE BEES

By Henry van Dyke

PRELUDE

Long ago Apollo called to Aristæus, youngest of the shepherds,
Saying, "I will make you keeper of my bees."
Golden were the hives and golden was the honey; golden, too, the music
Where the swarms were humming through the blossomy trees.

Happy Aristæus loitered in the garden, wandered in the orchard,
Careless and contented, indolent and free;
Lightly took his labor, lightly took his pleasure, till the fated moment
When across his pathway came Eurydice.

Then a madness caught him: love's consuming fever wildered him with longing
For the perfect sweetness of her flower-like face;
Eagerly he followed, while she fled before him over mead and mountain,
On through field and forest, in a breathless race.

But the nymph, in flying, trod upon a serpent; like a dream she vanished;
Pluto's chariot bore her down among the dead;
Hapless Aristæus, sadly home returning, found his garden empty,
All the hives deserted, all the music fled.

Mournfully bewailing,—"ah, my honey-makers, where have you departed?—"
Far and wide he sought them, over sea and shore;
Foolish is the tale that says he ever found them, brought them home in triumph,—
Joys that once escape us fly for evermore.

Yet I dream that somewhere, clad in downy whiteness, dwell the honey-makers,
In aerial gardens that no mortal sees:
And at times returning, lo, they swarm around us, gathering mystic harvest!
So I weave the legend of the long-lost bees.

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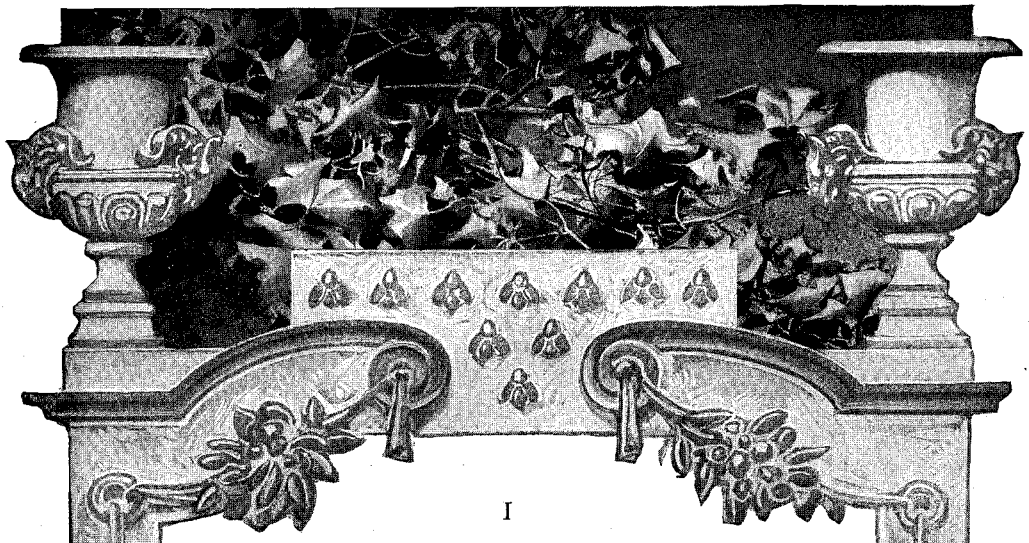

I

WHO can tell the hiding of the white bees' nest?
Who can trace the guiding of their swift home flight?
Far would be his riding on a life-time quest:
Long before it ended would his beard grow white.

Never in the coming of the rose-red Spring,
Never in the passing of the wine-red Fall,
Shall you hear the humming of the white bee's wing
Murmur o'er the meadow, ere the night bells call.

Wait until the fairness of the last flower dies;
Wait until the winter and the first cold storm;
Then, beneath the bareness of the wide gray skies,
See the merry millions of the white bees swarm!

II

Out of the high-built airy hive,
Deep in the clouds that veil the sun,
Look how the first of the swarm arrive;
Timidly venturing, one by one,
Down through the tranquil air,
Wavering here and there,
Large, and lazy in flight—
Caught by a lift of the breeze,
Tangled among the naked trees—
Dropping then, without a sound,
Feather-white, feather-light,
To their rest on the ground.

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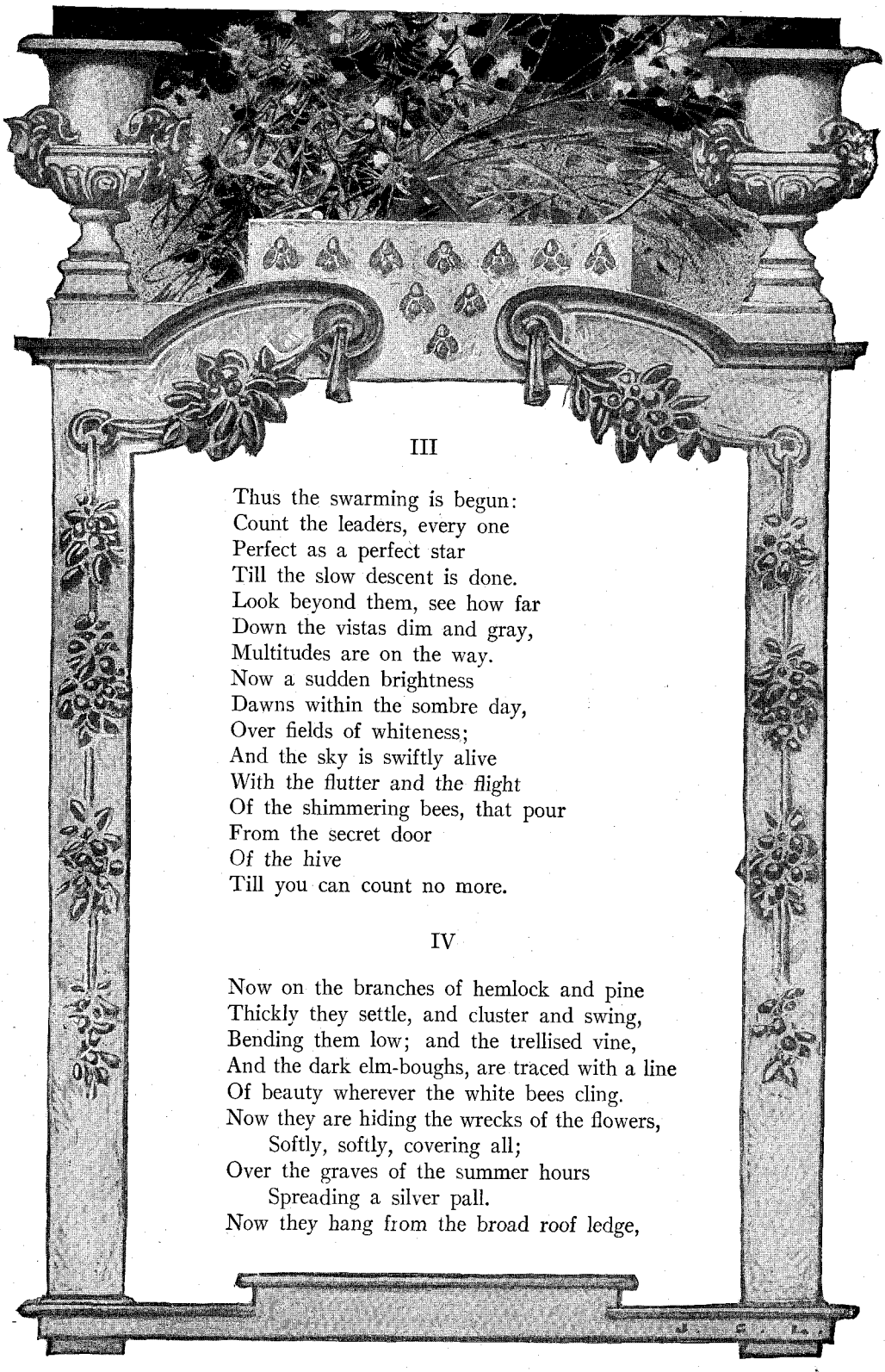

III

Thus the swarming is begun:
Count the leaders, every one
Perfect as a perfect star
Till the slow descent is done.
Look beyond them, see how far
Down the vistas dim and gray,
Multitudes are on the way.
Now a sudden brightness
Dawns within the sombre day,
Over fields of whiteness;
And the sky is swiftly alive
With the flutter and the flight
Of the shimmering bees, that pour
From the secret door
Of the hive
Till you can count no more.

IV

Now on the branches of hemlock and pine
Thickly they settle, and cluster and swing,
Bending them low; and the trellised vine,
And the dark elm-boughs, are traced with a line
Of beauty wherever the white bees cling.
Now they are hiding the wrecks of the flowers,
    Softly, softly, covering all;
Over the graves of the summer hours
    Spreading a silver pall.
Now they hang from the broad roof ledge,

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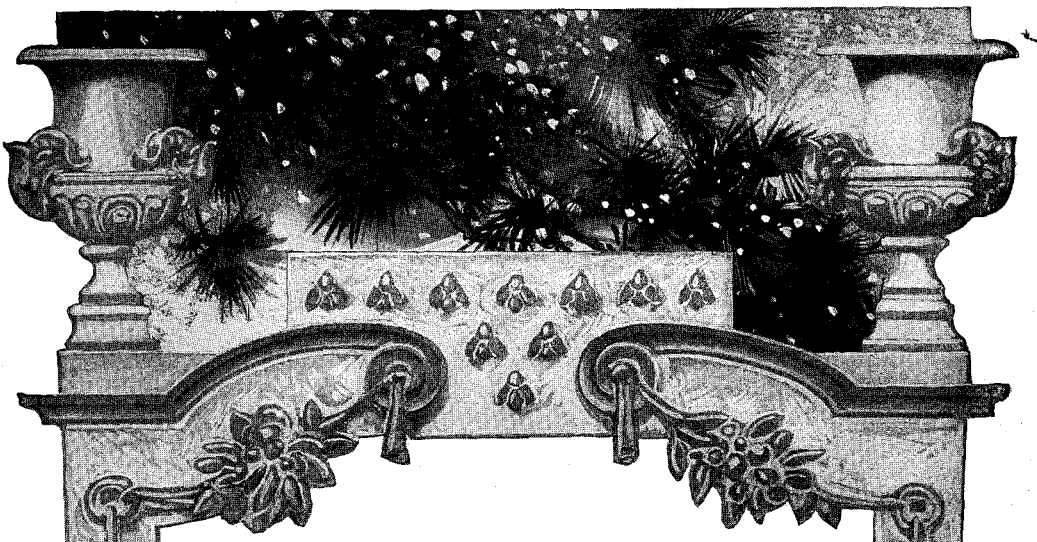

Carving a cornice of marble there,
Moulding the terrace, from edge to edge,
Into the sweep of a marble stair.
Wonderful workers, swift and dumb,
Numberless myriads, still they come,
Thronging ever faster, faster, faster!
Where is their queen? Who is their master?
The gardens are faded, the fields are frore,—
How will they fare in a world so bleak?
Where is the hidden honey they seek?
What is the sweetness they toil to store
In the desolate day, where no blossoms gleam?
Forgetfulness and a dream!

V

But now the fretful wind awakes.
I hear him girding at the trees;
He strikes the bending boughs, and shakes
The quiet clusters of the bees
To powdery drift.
He scatters them to left and right,
And tosses them in furious whirls,
As if it were a fierce delight
To make them fly in gusty swirls
That veer and shift.
Thicker they throng, in rising wrath,
And eddy round his blustering path;
So close they come, so fast they fly,

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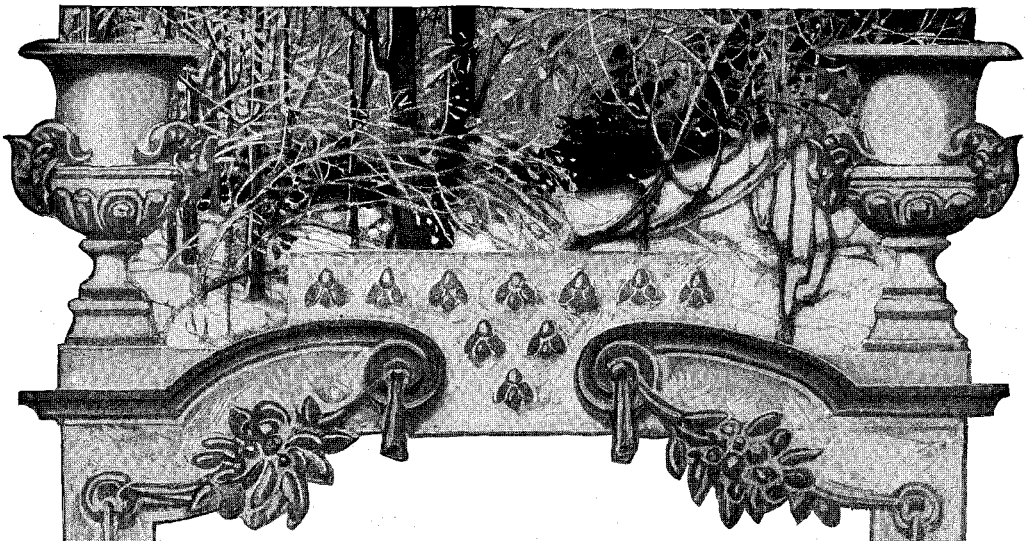

They blot the earth and blur the sky
In wild, white mirk.
They fill each blast the tempest flings
With countless angry, icy stings;
They blind the eyes, they choke the breath,
And dance a maddening dance of death
Around their work,
Sweeping the cover from the hill,
Heaping the hollows deeper still,
Effacing every line and mark,
And swarming, storming in the dark
Through the long night;
Until, at dawn, the wind lies down,
Weary of fight.
The last torn cloud, with trailing gown,
Passes the open gates of light,
And the white bees are lost in flight.

VI

Look how the landscape glitters wide and still,
Bright with a pure surprise!
Calm is the sunrise glow, and all past ill,
Buried in white oblivion, lies
Beneath the snowdrifts under crystal skies.
New hope, new light, new love, new life, new cheer,
Flow in the joyance of the morning beam:
Clear laughter of Apollo when he sees,
Amid the sadness of the wintry year,
The honey-harvest of his wild white bees,
Forgetfulness and a dream!

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L'ENVOI

Listen, my beloved, while the silver morning, like a tranquil vision,
Fills the world around us and our hearts with peace;
Quiet is the close of Aristæus' legend, happy is the ending—
Listen while I tell you how he found release.

Many months he wandered far away in sadness, desolately thinking
Only of the vanished joys he could not find;
Till the great Apollo, pitying his shepherd, loosed him from the burden
Of a dark, reluctant, backward-looking mind.

Then he saw around him all the changeful beauty of the changing seasons,
In the world-wide regions where his journey lay;
Birds that sang to cheer him, flowers that bloomed beside him, stars that shone to guide him:
Traveller's joy was plenty all along the way!

Everywhere he journeyed strangers made him welcome, listened while he taught them
Secret lore of field and forest he had learned;
How to train the vines and make the olives fruitful, how to guard the sheepfolds,
How to stay the fever when the dog-star burned.

Friendliness and blessing followed in his footsteps; richer were the harvests,
Happier the dwellings, wheresoe'er he came;
Grateful was his sojourn, and he left behind him in the hour of parting,
Memories of kindness and a god-like name.

So he travelled onward, desolate no longer, patient in his seeking,
Reaping all the wayside comfort of his quest,
Till at last in Thracia, high upon Mount Hæmus, far from human dwelling,
Weary Aristæus laid him down to rest.

Then the honey-makers, clad in downy whiteness, fluttered soft around him,
Wrapt him in a dreamful slumber pure and deep.
This is life, beloved: first a sheltered garden, then a troubled journey,
Joy and pain of seeking,—and at last a sleep!

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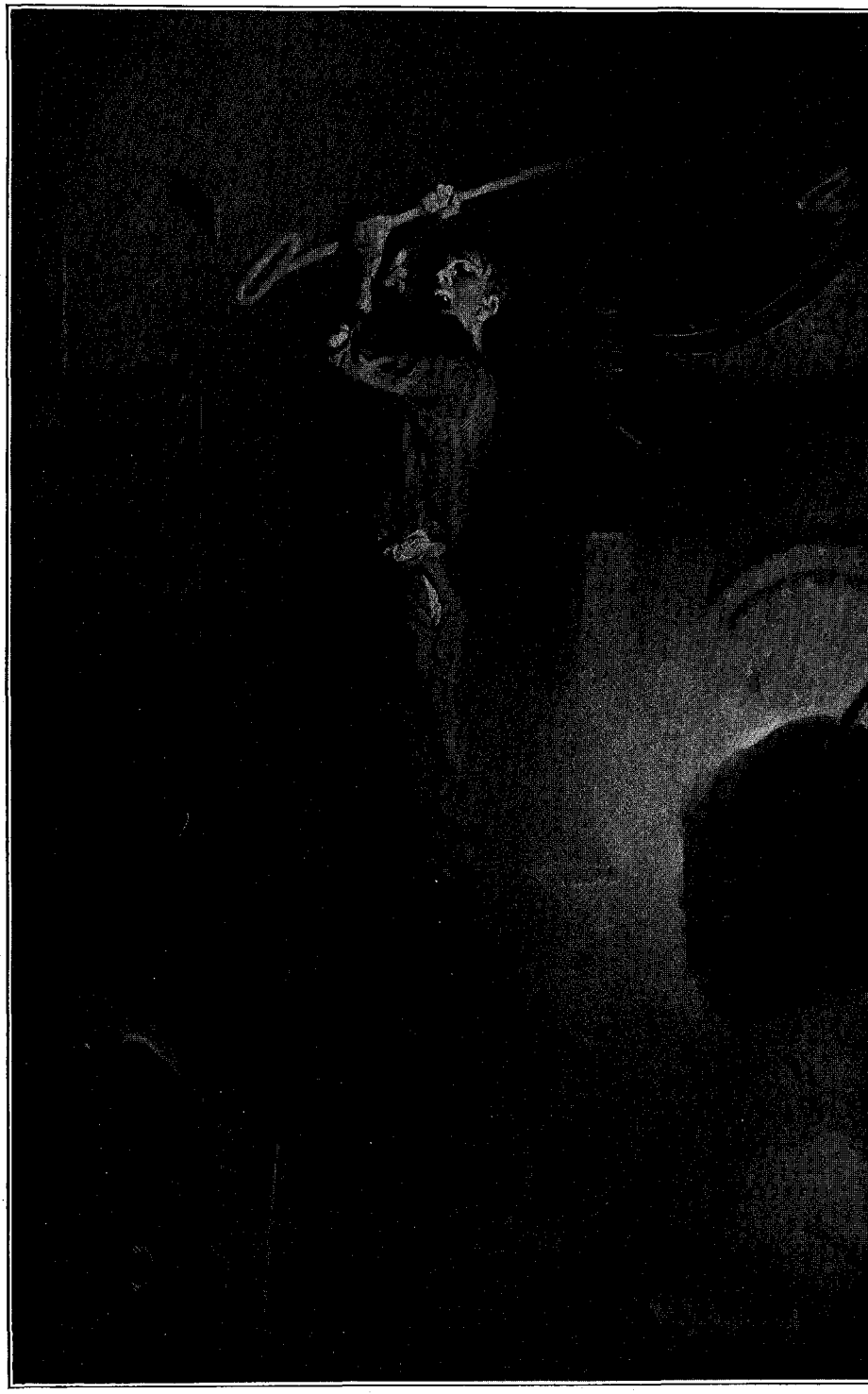

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The . . . mutineer . . . was swinging the iron bar in empty circles.—Page 666.

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CAPTAIN ARENDT'S CHOICE

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

HIS wife half raised herself from the couch which had been her abiding place for more than twenty years. "My Broken Flower," the captain named her in his prayers at sea. The One to whom these petitions arose each night his liner throbbed along the Western Ocean track, had granted that the heart and soul of the wife should wax in strength and sweetness while her body lay bound in chains of suffering. Because to-night there was worry in the tired, brave eyes which strove so well to mirror only gladness when the captain was at home, he was much disturbed, the more because he had made the cloud to come.

She looked, indeed, like a "broken flower" beside the towering strength of the captain, who growled through his flaming beard when he would speak most softly, who moved in a series of small earthquakes as he tried to pace with gentlest tread, while they thrashed out the momentous problem.

"To think of the new home is wonderful," she said in German, for this they talked when together. "Do the doctors truly believe I shall be stronger if we live at New York? Is there, indeed, hope of health again? Ah, but it is risking all we have saved in these twenty-five years, and——"

The captain no longer withheld his voice, and it boomed through the little house with a hurricane note, though he meant it to be only reassuring:

"But the gain is wonderful. Such a home as I have found last voyage—in the country, in the hills, near New York. There is life in the air, and it will make you well every day. And better than that, what is everything to you and me, I shall be with you almost a whole week every voyage—almost a week in a month. Now, when I must sail from Liverpool, I am home here in Antwerp with you perhaps two days a month, perhaps not at all when storm and fog delay my ship, or when the passage is bad for the North Sea packet in winter.

"The doctors say you cannot live in wet, gloomy England, and here it is not much better. You will get well where we are going. We can be together as much as when I was chief officer in the old *Deepdale*, running out of Antwerp. The deeds of the home are ready to sign. I pay the ten thousand dollars when I come to New York this voyage. Then you come out the voyage after with me, for the company makes for us exception that a wife cannot sail on her husband's vessel."

She wistfully smiled as if led by a beautiful dream, thinking in her heart that to be sure of seeing her husband so often would be more than ever she dare hope for. Even beckoning health must yield first place to such a gift as this, but not yet satisfied, she asked with tremulous insistence:

"But the bank will send the money over without risk, and it is all we have in the world, dear Max. Do you remember how the nest-egg was put away so long ago, when we hoped for children, and this was to be the beginning of their fortune? Why carry the money on your ship? Why take it with you?"

"*Mein Gott*, sweetheart mine, is not the old *Wasdale* safe as the dry land? Is not the old vessel safer than the banks, which, as they say in New York, bust higher as a kite every little while? Perhaps they give me a piece of paper worth ten thousand dollars in Antwerp? When I dock in New York, perhaps the bank has gebust while I am in mid-ocean, then my paper is worth nothing; the money is a total loss. In the *Wasdale*, in my room, in my safe, it is mine, and I have never lost a life, much less ten thousand good dollars. You do not worry when I go to sea. Am I not worth as much as our stocking full of gold? Answer me that, my Flora."

He did not know through how many nights, when she heard the winter gales from the North Sea cry over the roof, a quivering agony of fear had gripped her wide-eyed, lest the *Wasdale* might have met disaster.

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But experience had taught the wife that no argument could prevail in which the safety and strength of the ship were questioned. Helpless to make reply, she accepted defeat, for the parting hour was far gone, and the separation always taxed her fitful energy near to breaking.

Always as he raised her for the last kiss, and then halted reluctant in the doorway, he was to her as her bright youth had first seen him, a red viking, born to master steel and steam, instead of the galleys of his forebears. This night he smote his chest resoundingly before he vanished into the hallway, and said in comforting farewell:

"It is here, in the old brown wallet, next my heart, where thou dwellest, my Flora. Our money is soon on the old *Wasdale*. God keep you!"

. . . . . .

The biting wind of early March fairly whipped the captain up the side of the liner lying, with shortened cable, midstream in the Mersey. Clutching a stiff hat with one hand, baggy trousers fluttering, the tails of his frieze ulster tripping him, it was an odd and ungainly figure of a man that gained the deck and lumbered forward. A quartermaster near the gangway grinned when the pot-hat bounced from the bristling red head and carromed merrily off the deckhouse, but a glance from the tail of Captain Arendt's eye froze the mahogany countenance of the offender into instant solemnity. It was a hint that the master of the ship was coming into his own. A few moments later he emerged from his quarters transformed. The smartly setting uniform of blue and the flat cap jammed down hard were so evidently what he belonged in, that the shore-going clothes had been like a clumsy disguise. A small boy flattened himself against the rail and saluted with immense dignity. The captain pinched him with a hairy paw and chuckled:

"Hello, Moses, or vas it Josephs I calls you last woyage? Holy Schmokes! If you keep my room no better dis woyage, I bites your head off close to your neck. You hear? Scoo-o-t."

"Moses-Josephs" fled, and Captain Arendt turned on his heel to go back to his room, remembering with a start that he had not placed the precious wallet in his safe, but had transferred it to his blouse. He clapped his hand to the breast pocket, hove an explosive sigh of relief when he found it there, and was instantly bent on banishing all chance of loss, when the chief engineer popped up from below and sought him out in breathless haste with these tidings:

"Sorry to trouble you, sir, but a drunken dock-rat of a Liverpool fireman refuses to go on watch, and he's re-enforced the argument with a slice-bar, and laid out two of my oilers and a stoker, and I need more help to get him in irons. He's raising hell, and no mistake, sir."

The captain was half-way down the ladder before the chief had done speaking, and despite the bigness of him, made his way to the fire-room like a squirrel. The pallid, sodden mutineer, backed into a corner, was swinging the iron bar in empty circles, fighting the dancing shadows from an open furnace door, cursing and muttering. His bleary vision had no time to focus on the big man with the red face and snapping blue eye, who ducked under the weapon, smashed him in the face with one hand, squeezed his neck in the other, and flung him against a bunker door with such force that he lay as he fell, a dirty, huddled heap.

"Vash him off on deck, and put him in the hospital," said the captain. "He's a goot man ven sober. He vas vit me in anudder ship once. I knows him. Only his ribs is cracked, I t'ink."

When the five thousand ton *Wasdale* began to crawl down the Mersey, a hundred emigrants clustered along the after-rail, and shivered as they chattered. Twoscore cabin passengers walked the saloon deck amidships, and watched the great gray docks slip past. Twilight brooded over the Irish Sea, and the filmy Welsh coast when dinner called them to make swift acquaintance from which the ponderous good humor of the captain was missing. He dined alone in his room, and hastily, because he preferred to keep close to the bridge in these jostling waters. Yet the night had become almost windless, and so clear that the twin lanterns of the lightship off Carnarvon Bay gleamed like jewels on a canopy of black velvet. Captain Arendt leaned on the rail at the end of the bridge, and sniffed the sparkling air as the evening wore late.

"It looks goot," he muttered; "but I schmell fog. Yes, I schmell fog, and the

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rail is schticky, and the paint is schticky, and dere will be fog before morning."

He rubbed a massive shoulder and turned to the chief officer:

"And my rheumatism tells me dere vill be wet fog. I am coldt, and vill change my coat. I am also an old fool; but tell the engine-room to stand by for fog, not before morning, but before midnight, by Chimminy! I schmelled it strong dot time, and I never schmelled him wrong."

"Moses-Josephs" was caught in the act of brushing and laying away the captain's shore togs with absorbed attention to detail.

"Choke dot vistlin' noise off, and run avay," was the order that sent the boy scurrying toward the door. "Vait, I tells you," halted him as if he had fetched up against a wall. "How is your mudder, boy? She was pretty sick last woyage, you tells me. Better? Dot is fine. When we come again to Liverpool, if you are a goot boy, you can lay off one trip mit wages, and help her get well. Now scoo-o-t. I don't want you around. You is a tamned nuisance."

"Moses-Josephs" ducked in thanks, and the captain locked the door behind him, and sat at his desk with the "old brown wallet" before him. "I vill count him once," he confided to the barometer, "for fear he may have ewaporated while I forgot him."

His glance fell next on the picture of his wife, framed in silver against the wall. As he slowly counted the rustling notes, he talked aloud to her in German, as he had done many times in sheer loneliness and longing:

"Four hundred pounds—the first four hundred pounds came hard, my Flora, didn't it? Ten years we saved it while I was fourth and third officer in the company. One thousand pounds—we had a grand celebration when that was landed high and dry, eh? Fifteen hundred—it is a grand investment this. Two thousand pounds—it is a fine fortune, but we would be rich with nothing."

The square-hewn face softened and the flinty blue eye was misty as the captain bundled the notes into the wallet and stooped to open the little safe beneath the desk. The combination, always puzzling for him, was unusually tricky, and as he wrestled with it, the speaking tube whistled near his ear.

"There's thick fog ahead, sir. We'll be into it before long," rumbled the voice of the chief officer from the bridge.

The captain hastily thrust the wallet into the top drawer of his desk, wriggled into a heavy reefer, and went on the bridge. A dense belt of darkness hung low ahead on the water and curtained the stars. Presently this barrier strangely streaking the clear sky was changed to dirty, gray clouds, then into blinking mist.

Thus the fog shut down like wool.

The lamenting whistle of the *Wasdale* at once began to protest against this game of hide-and-seek. The bridge indicator signalled "half speed," and the vessel stole ahead as if in nervous dread, like a blind horse in a crowded thoroughfare.

Before long she began to feel her way with frequent pauses, while those on watch, from bridge to crow's nest, listened, listened. Their eyes were useless; their ears dreaded lest they hear too loud reply to the siren that shouted over and over again to this world of gray nothingness that the *Wasdale* was abroad. The ship crept ahead, slowed to listen, crept ahead again, but the responses to her outcries so soon became softened or silent that they held no menace.

The hour was near midnight. In their staterooms, the cabin passengers awoke to cast sleepy abuse at the fog-horn, and turn over again to slumber, warm and dry, believing themselves as secure as in their own homes. On the bridge an uncouth, dripping spectre in oil-skins suddenly threw back his head and spun round to face the starboard quarter as if he had felt the sting of a bullet.

A moment's waiting, the fog-horn of the *Wasdale* moaned again, and from out in the baffling pallor came the ghost of a reply, nearer than when last heard, louder than when its previous warning had startled the captain.

The other steamer, groping to nose a clear path through the hazards of these waters, steadily became more clamorous.

The *Wasdale* called with long, imploring blasts as if asking the stranger to speak more distinctly. The chief officer said as he glanced at the helm indicator:

"She's barely got steerage way now, sir."

"Let her go as he is for a liddle bit," replied the captain. "Dot feller is going up channel, I t'ink. But vat he do heading our way in such a devil of a hurry?" For a deadened hoot told that the unknown was drawing close aboard. The straining eyes on the *Wasdale's* bridge could see not more than two ship-lengths into the midnight fog.

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"It is like dot game they play in the steerage," was the captain's whispered comment. "Two fellers is blindfold, and the udder sundowners make 'em chase one anudder round the deck."

The warnings from beyond had assumed definite direction, as if the stranger were guided by a fell instinct beyond the ken of her own officers. The *Wasdale's* siren ripped the night with quavering exhortation to hold hard and beware.

Suddenly the captain gripped the bridge rail and lifted himself on his toes with a smothered "Gott" that was wrenched from the depths of his broad chest. Two lights blinked, red and green, almost abeam, and between them a towering mass dead black against the shrouding night, while amazed voices were heard screaming a flurry of orders from the fog, even before the roar of both whistles sounded a belated duet.

Captain Arendt was at his indicator with a leap and was like to pull the handle from its sockets as he signalled to reverse his engines, while his chief officer was shouting down the tube the same momentous summons. The third officer was softly treading a little jig-step, in a frenzy of impatience to have the thing done without more suspense. The *Wasdale* groaned and trembled to the furious reaction of her screw, lost headway, hung helpless, and showed a fair broadside to the assault of the other ship, which, wholly at fault, had begun to swing in fatal blundering, as if trying to pass under the *Wasdale's* stern.

The blow came, therefore, a little abaft the bridge. Succeeding a prodigious crash and rending of plates came a moment of impressive stillness, as the *Wasdale* tried to right herself from the shock, and then a foolish clatter of falling china and glass.

"He's waltzed clean through our pantry," said the third officer to himself.

Captain Arendt had only to rise from the planks where he had been flung, to command a bird's-eye-view of the disaster. He looked down on the crumpled bows of the other ship, driven twenty feet into his own saloon-deck, and making a trumpet of his hands, shouted across to the other bridge, on which he could see figures moving like agitated black smudges:

"You is cut us half in two. Keep going ahead. Don't back out, vatever you do. Keep the hole plugged until I gets my peoples off."

The other ship seemed to hang as if wedged in the gap she had made, but before the officers of the *Wasdale* could reach the saloon deck the hideous, rending noise was renewed. The black bows of the stranger wrenched themselves loose, slid clear, and with a sobbing roar the sea rushed in as water falls over a dam. The withdrawn mass ground alongside, tearing woodwork into kindling, and then began to melt softly into the fog. Captain Arendt clambered back to his bridge, shouting as he ran:

"Ship ahoy, you! You have sunk us. Stand by to safe life. Get out mit your boats. Blow your vistle. You pig swine of a——!"

Without reply the slayer faded like a phantom and was gone. From far down in the *Wasdale's* hold came a sound which made her captain thrill to feel that discipline had stood its first grim test. Collision doors in bulkheads were grinding shut with the mutter of far-off thunder.

The electric lights on deck and in the saloons had been snuffed out. The ship was in darkness almost everywhere. From staterooms came screams of women and the wails of little children. The few stewards on watch were first to join the seamen on deck and those who had been flung from their bunks forward by the shock of collision. Into the ruck began to pour firemen and coal-passers from below, already flooded out of their compartments. It was perhaps three minutes before a welter of men began to flow in eddies toward the boats.

Meantime a wonderful thing was being done. The compelling personality of one man rose dominant as if he had been given the strength of ten. Panic was on tiptoe, ready to make an inferno of these decks, when it was routed because a hundred and forty men in the *Wasdale* had learned by the hard drill of experience that what this man said must be done on the instant. Captain Arendt called for light, and four sailors came running with the globe lamps snatched from the steerage and the wheelhouse. He swung one of these over the hole in the ship's side, and there was no need to wait for the reports of those sent below to make examination. Her bulkheads could not save her, and he was settling fast.

"The old *Wasdale* vas not builded for this," he said to the chief officer. She will sink in one half-hour—no longer. We must

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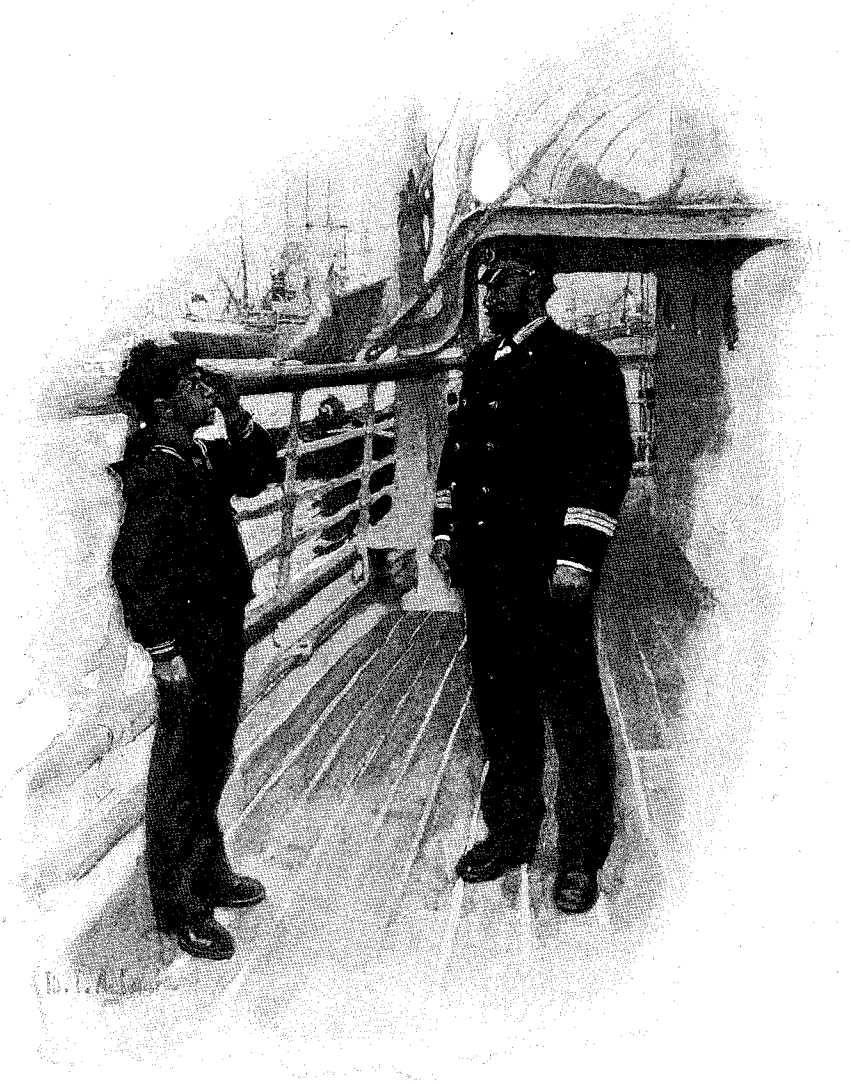

Flattened himself against the rail and saluted with immense dignity.—Page 666.

safe life. Get the men to their stations at the boats, joost like boat-drill we have every woyage. If they don't go, shoot 'em. But they vill go. I knows. Send an officer in charge of some goot men to handle the steerage."

The captain passed his own cabin door three times in the next handful of seconds. It was only a step, only an instant snatched from this priceless flight of time, to save the wallet in the top drawer of the desk. Each time he passed the door the desire to enter pulled him as if strong hands clutched his shoulders, but he went on.

Once he hesitated, and just then a grimy figure rushed past him headlong, and flung itself at the falls of the nearest boat, tearing at the canvas cover with teeth and nails, moaning as if hurt. At his heels came three others from below decks, knocking down all who blocked their escape. The captain tore their leader from the boat, and, like a red bear, seized him around the waist and tossed him overboard like a bundle of

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rags. Those near heard the choking yell of a drowning man.

The captain turned, and for the only time shouted at the top of his great voice:

"Men, the ship is in a sinking condition. The only coward on board vas gone. To your stations. We must all safe life."

A group of stokers huddled near the rail dropped the bundles of clothing they had brought on deck, and one of them whose head was bound in rags, cried back:

"We're wid ye. You near kilt me today, you big Dutch —— ——, but by —— ——, you're a man. All right, sorr; we'll go after thim dummies in th' steerage."

It is consistent with few narratives of disaster at sea, but there was no more shouting among the crew of the *Wasdale*. They bent fiercely to their business, with whispers and muttered directions. It was not the nearness of death that stifled their outcries so much as the imminent neighborhood of a man with a stout heart and a cool head, who had hammered iron-fisted obedience into his crews through a stormy lifetime at sea.

The *Wasdale* had cleared with three hundred men, women, and children on board. There were boats to hold twice that number. It was only a question of time in which to stow these precious cargoes, a race with the sea which each moment sucked the *Wasdale* lower, as her decks sloped with a sickening list to starboard. A minute bungled meant many lives lost.

The captain seemed rather to drift than rush from one part of the decks to another. Going down the saloon stairway, he found a line of stewards passing passengers up as if they were so much baggage. The water was in the staterooms and washing along the alleys. Weeping women, clad only in their night-clothes, were shoved into cork jackets, bundled above, handed to the waiting seamen, and laid shivering in the boats without touching foot to deck. After ransacking the rooms to search out all the cabin people, the captain returned on deck to find confusion and some outcry where he had left an orderly flight to the boats. A white-faced passenger was on his knees, arms raised on high, his mouth contorted in trembling and husky appeal:

"We are doomed, and prayer alone can save. The ship is going down, the ship is going down, and we must be lost forever unless we gather in prayer. Come round me, and let us pray together. Oh, make a last appeal to your Maker to forgive us, before we go to meet him with sin-stained souls. Man can do nothing, God can do all. Oh, save us, save our lives, we beseech Thee!"

A dozen half-naked passengers wavered, broke away from control, and fell around him, sobbing or trying to join in broken prayer. The voice of the suppliant rose to a shriek, and some of the crew balked, as if panic were stealing among them. Captain Arendt crashed through the pitiful circle and thundered:

"Choke dot idiot performance. Let the vimmen do the prayin'. Tumble into dot boat, you. You vill make the devil to pay here, I tells you. Be still!"

Fear had made the wretch deaf to reason. He subsided only to stagger to another corner of the deck, where his prayers again drew after him many who were convinced that death was inevitable.

"Jam him into the boat, and set on him," was the captain's order. "Break him in two pieces mit an oar if he makes one more yell."

Twenty minutes after the collision, the saloon deck of the *Wasdale* was only a few feet from the sea. The cheering creak of the falls as they ripped through the sheaves was sounding from one end of the deck to the other, as the boats descended while the captain counted them and held his breath, lest some unlooked-for lurch of the helpless ship should crush them against her sides like so many egg-shells. Were all hands out? He did not know, but it was time to leave. Some one jogged his elbow, and he turned to see little "Moses-Josephs," who said with trembling lip:

"I'm all ready to go when you are, sir. Anything more I can do? I took care of the stewardess and her cat, sir."

"Joost run to my room quick, and get the pocket-book in the top—— No, stay here mit me. Yump into Number T'ree boat this minute, you liddle nuisance."

"I cannot let him go," groaned the captain; "and risk the child be drownded. Vat his sick mudder say to me if he don't come back?"

Surely there was time for the captain to rush up to his room, only half the length of the deck, and rescue the savings of his long life at sea. The wistful, troubled face of

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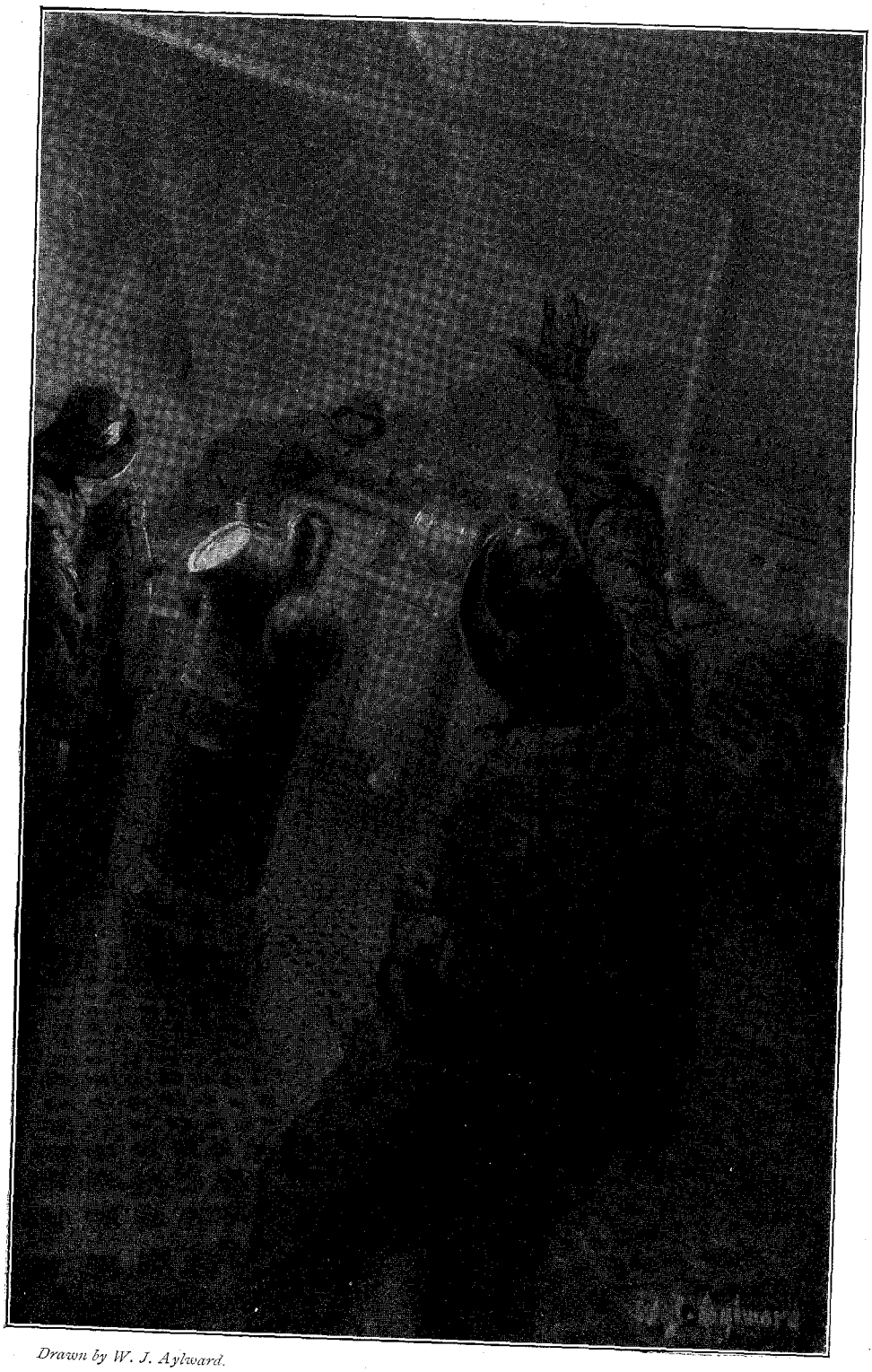

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Captain Arendt was at his indicator with a leap.—Page 668.

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the wife as he had last seen her, the hope of home and health, fairly drove him to run forward with head down. He looked overside as he ran, and the gray sea was lipping so close that he could have touched it from the deck below. The planks under his feet rolled once with a weary sluggish heave. He had once been in a sailing vessel which foundered in such a smooth sea as this, and he recalled that just before she plunged under there had been a series of these long, labored rolls, as if the ship were gasping for breath before the sea should wholly smother her.

He had almost gained the ladder to the bridge when he saw a moving blotch of white almost hidden behind the bow of a disabled boat. Swerving, he found a woman, a little girl, and a man, plainly their husband and father. The man was leaning over the rail, trying to call to the nearest boat, which was warily pushing away from the sinking ship. Spasms of fear so clutched his throat that his cries were only whispers, as one shrieks without voice amid nightmare perils. The woman clung to his coat, the little girl to her mother's garment. Evidently they had been overlooked because of the hiding place to which the man had blindly led them. As the captain reached the rail, the man tore himself loose from his wife and child with a great cry, and plunged headlong overside, not into the sea, but into the boat, which, at great risk, had been pulled close to save the group. With a crash, he smote the metal gunwale and fell inboard.

"Did you caught that dirty loafer?" shouted the captain.

The voice of the fourth officer in charge of the boat bellowed:

"Yes, sir; but I think he's dead as a mackerel. He landed square on his head; and one of the men who's picking him up says his neck is broken. Shall we stand by?"

"Holy Schmokes, yes. Sving that lantern so you can see to caught the voman first."

It was not an easy task. Another uneasy roll of the deck told him that the *Wasdale* was in the death throes. The water lapped through the scuppers as she lurched back and down to port. There were only a few steps to the bridge, the room, and the old brown wallet. He worked with furious haste. The mother had sunk to the deck, fainting and inert. She had seen her husband desert her on a sinking ship; she had heard of his death below. Her arms had locked around the waist of the child, hardly more than a baby, whose wisp of a night-dress was tattered about its neck. The captain tugged at the mother's hands to free the child, for he dare not toss them over thus embraced.

Each second imperilled the lives of the three, and also the fate of the ten thousand dollars that "was safer in the old *Wasdale* than in the bank ashore." At length the captain wrapped the child in his reefer, and tossed her into the waiting boat with a warning shout. The mother was a wrenching weight to swing clear, but when she had followed, a cheer from the boat told him that she had been safely caught.

He wiped the sweat and mist from his purpling face, and muttered:

"I must safe life; I must safe life, my Flora, as long as she floats."

The *Wasdale* still floated, as if the old ship were prolonging the struggle in order that the master who loved her might yet save the fortune that meant so much to him. He picked up a life-preserver, thrown aside on deck, slipped into it, and looked around him, now desperately bent on reaching the bridge, even though the ship should sink beneath him. Surely none else than he was left on board.

A blob of light flickered far aft on deck—a globe lamp such as the sailors had been working with. He saw it, and caught hold of an awning stanchion to steady himself. It must be only a sailor dutifully standing by, before getting away in the last boat. Surely he could take care of himself. Was it not enough that he, the captain, should have done all that could be expected of mortal man, more than almost any other commander had ever done, to save his passengers and crew, hundreds of them, from a ship run down and sunk in half an hour? Was he not justified, in sight of God and man, in saving his fortune, not for himself, but for the helpless wife at home? It was all they had, on it was builded all they hoped for. He swayed in his tracks, as the warring motives pulled him this way and that.

"Oh, my wife," he gasped. "I must be the last man to leave the ship, or I must go down mit her. I cannot, no, by Gott, I cannot go to my room."

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The man was leaning over the rail, trying to call to the nearest boat.—Page 672.

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He fled aft as if the devil had tried to snare his soul. The sea caught at his heels as he ran, even on deck. Aft of the steerage deck-house, the lamp he had glimpsed was dancing in crazy circles, where two firemen were struggling with a heap of Hungarian emigrants, who violently refused to help themselves. One of the would-be rescuers, whose head was bound in rags, spoke as the captain drew near:

"Don't hit me, agin, sorr. Me ribs is stove in, an' I can't be handlin' these looney Dagoes in proper style. We had 'em all in the boat, sorr, but they swar-r-med back unbeknownst after their filthy bundles of duffle."

The emigrants were, indeed, difficult to pry loose from their huge packages of clothing, and as the disabled fireman was of little use in the pitched battle raging, his comrade was unable to wrest himself free of the frenzied men whom he was trying to save. The great strength and weight of the captain piled into the tangled mass like a battering ram, and one by one, the re-enforced firemen pitched the foreigners overboard to be fished out by the boat that lingered perilously under the counter.

"Yump yourselves!" yelled the captain; and as they dove, the stern of the *Wasdale* reared and seemed to be climbing skyward. Her commander cast one hungry glance toward the bridge, and saw her bows vanish in a smother of foam. As he jumped, he felt her shudder, as if every plate was drawing from its rivets. When his head rose on the crest of a roller, a boat-hook was twisted into his shirt, and he was yanked inboard by half a dozen hands, while the seamen bent to the sweeps for life or death as they strove to pull beyond reach of the coming suction.

The boat was not more than a hundred yards astern when the *Wasdale* pitched again, rolled once, and vanished with a thundrous farewell as her decks blew up in clouds of hissing steam.

As if the killing fog had waited for this sacrifice, it began to lift until the scattered lights in the eight boats began to flock together and the flotilla lay waiting for daybreak. The captain knew not whether any souls had been left on board, and miserably impatient he longed for light to count them.

"It is a bad night's vork," he said to the bos'n at the tiller. "I haf lost my ship, and I may never get anudder. I haf lost all my money, and I vill not get him again, for I am too old. But I hope I haf saved all my peoples, and if dot is so, I tank Gott."

Before day came their rockets were answered, and a big steamer loafed sluggishly toward the clustered life-boats. When she hove to, it was apparent that she had been in collision. Her bows were jumbled back to her fore bulkhead, and it seemed a miracle that she had been kept afloat.

"It is the svine vat runned into us," said the captain, "and den runned avay. I vish a few words mit her skipper."

When the crew of the *Wasdale*, scrambling up the Jacob's ladders, had hoisted the bruised and benumbed passengers aboard, the crippled vessel limped on her course toward Liverpool. She was an Italian tramp, inbound from South American ports, and her captain had a taste of regions even more torrid when interviewed on his bridge by the late commander of the *Wasdale*, who returned aft to find his people vainly trying to find shelter from the cold.

"Why aren't dose poor miserable vimmen in the cabins?" he asked.

"The cabins are all locked, sir," replied one of the men, "and the Dago cook won't let us in the galley to get something to eat."

"Break open the cabin doors, and pitch the Eyetalian swab out on his dirty heads, and cook whatefer you find in this schow," was the order, and these things were done on the instant. Coffee and hash were made by the *Wasdale's* cooks, and passed by the *Wasdale's* stewards, and the invaded cabins ransacked for whatever blankets and clothing might serve to warm the pitiable castaways.

A little later, the crew of the *Wasdale* was mustered for roll call. Each department rallied to its chief. As down the lines of shivering men, the "Here, sir," ran without a gap, the captain found himself choking back the tears, for at the same time, the purser made tally of the cabin and steerage passengers, and found all present, even to the silent figure under a tarpaulin, of the man who had slain himself. The crew cheered, and the chief engineer stepped forward and began:

"Beg pardon, captain, but when we remember the *Elbe* and the *Bourgogne*, we have a right to think——"

The captain silenced him with a gesture

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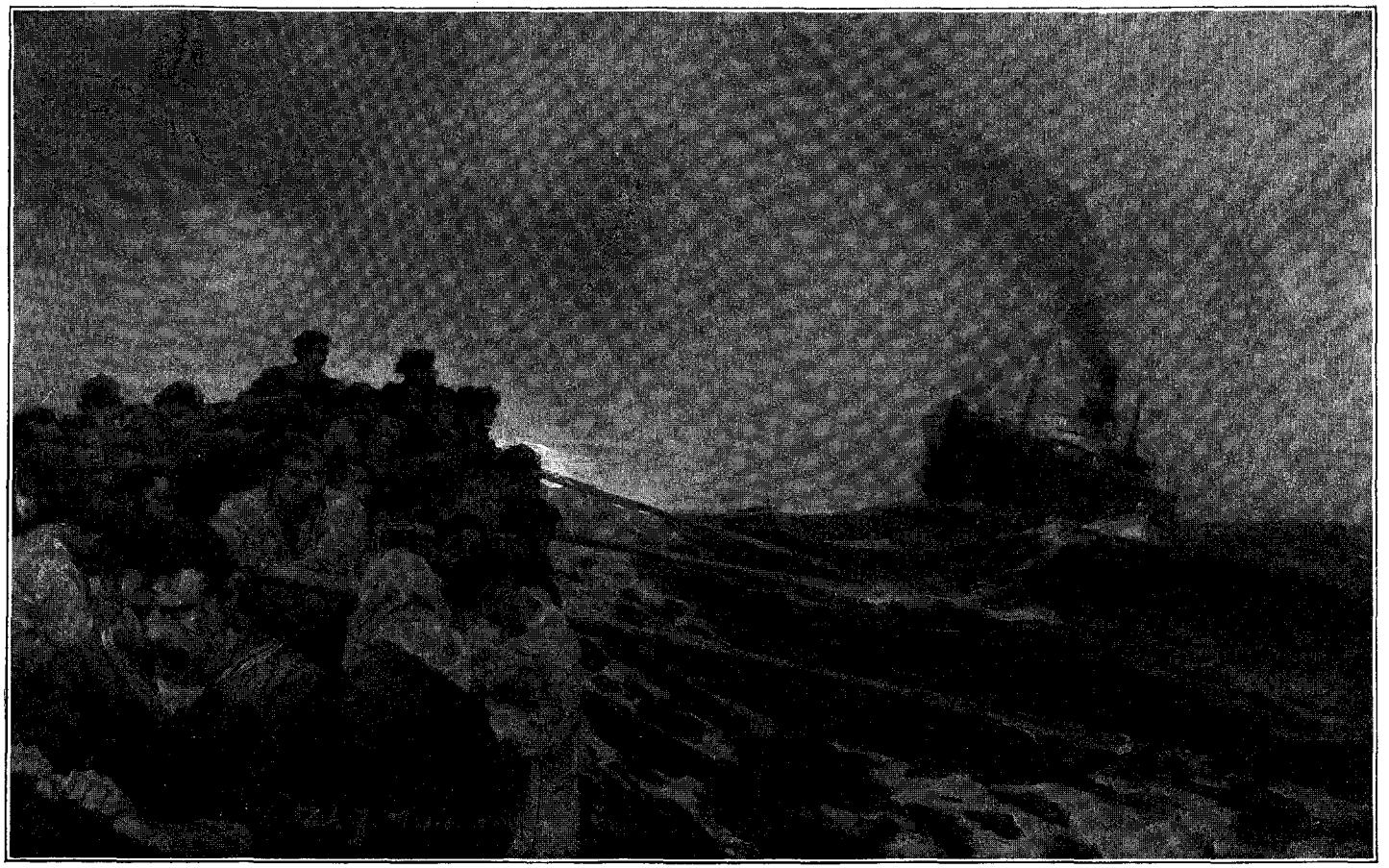

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A big steamer loafed sluggishly toward the clustered life-boats.—Page 674.

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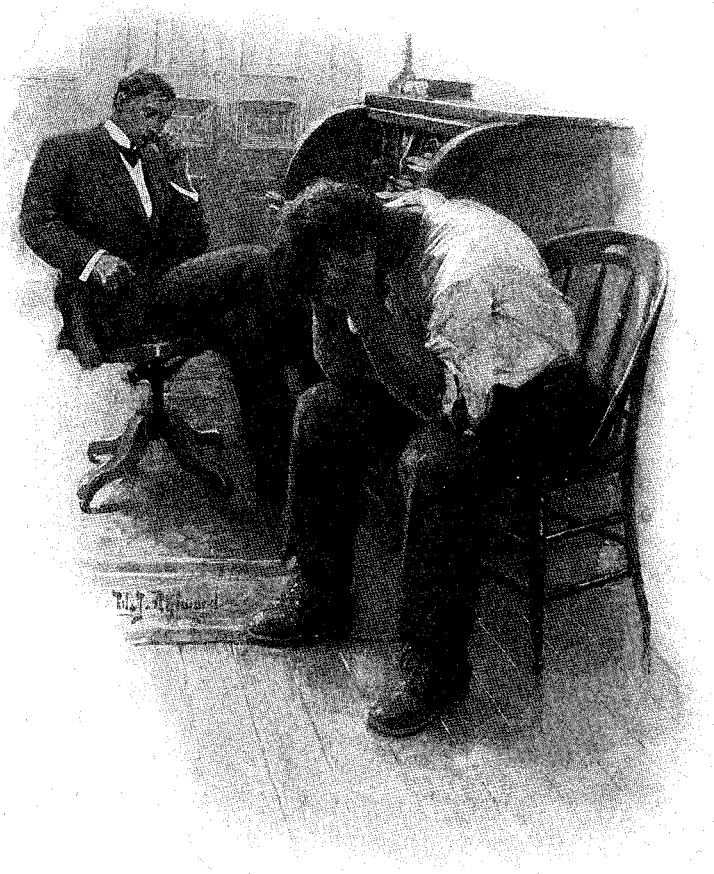

He was silent for a little time, looking at the bowed figure of the captain.

and left them. Now, first, he could think of his own crushing disaster, which, in his thoughts, eclipsed the great deliverance he had wrought by grace of his own courage and loyalty. He did not see that he had done anything to merit praise, rather was his plight almost worse than if he had gone down with the *Wasdale*. Brooding and unnerved, he did not rouse himself, until the battered tramp was in the Mersey, and then he sent a tug ashore with tidings for his company, bidding them meet and succor his helpless people.

The melancholy procession had filed ashore before he gripped his resolution, and, coatless and ragged, sought his superintendent to make report of what had happened. This interview was brief, for the formal investigation must wait the captain's written word. The superintendent was also a man among men, and he was silent for a little time, looking at the bowed figure of the captain, who sat with his tousled red head in his hands, thinking now of the telegram he must send to Antwerp. A few broken words had told the superintendent of the wife and the old brown wallet.

Finally the captain wrote this message:

I have lost my ship and all our money, but saved every soul on board.

He handed this to the superintendent, whispered, "Please send to her," and started to go out of the office, he scarcely knew whither. The superintendent halted

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him, grasping the bruised right hand that hung all nerveless.

"You have much to live for, Captain Arendt, and more to be proud of. Don't think for one moment that the company will forget a man who can do such a night's work as you have put to your credit. You take my unofficial word for it, this is a cloud with a silver lining"

Shortly before Captain Arendt was ready to take train that night for the Harwich boat to Antwerp, a telegram was handed him. He read it with a smile such as made his haggard face seem beautiful:

What care I if thou hast saved thine honor and thyself? Come to me.

Flora.

BALLAD OF THE MASTER

By Alice Williams Brotherton

Who swings along the side of Chepe
To seek the Boar's Head, past the marts
Where hucksters shout and beldames creep,
To dine on beef and gooseberry tarts?
His hazel eye swift lightening darts,
His doublet's but a dingy robe,
His mouth a smile half pensive parts.
'Tis Master Shakespeare of the Globe.

Who joins the motley throngs that sweep
Through Paul's Walk ere the full barge starts
To traverse Thames his channel deep,
Half London on the crowded thwarts?
Who to the Southwark side resorts,
Southampton, Pembroke, each ear-lobe
Claiming in turn with keen retorts?
'Tis Master Shakespeare of the Globe.

Who makes men's hearts to burn or leap
When the Moor's rage his brow distorts,
Or Hamlet plots, or Juliet sleeps
In Capulet's tomb, or Dromio smarts?
Whom in the Mermaid's foaming quarts
Doth Raleigh toast, "whose brows englobe
Imagination's sailing charts"?
'Tis Master Shakespeare of the Globe.

ENVOY

Master (there is but one!) of arts
And hearts and parts, men's souls to probe;
The king who reigneth in all hearts
Is Master Shakespeare of the Globe.

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RÉVEILLON

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

THE asphalt that slopes up to the Arc de Triomphe shone through the rain like black marble. The broad avenue was bleak as a glacier in the driving December storm, the spidery tree-tops whipped in the wind, the few cabs went noiselessly, like fishes in shadowy water.

Mademoiselle Belot, curled like a cat in a cushioned chair by a window overlooking this wilderness, was bored to desolation. The fading light was only an additional sadness. Even the newest and most stimulating romance of her Italian favorite had fallen to the floor, its pages crumpled as in mortification and failure. It was the gray time in the day—*l'heure d'absinthe* in all Paris—and Mademoiselle Belot was still too young and frankly Parisian to enjoy twilight merely for itself.

By the fireplace another girl sat with her little heels poised upon the glimmering fender. If Mademoiselle Belot were unmistakably of Paris, Miss Gladys Haskins was American just as evidently and definitely, and would have been, were she called Jeanne. At twenty, she was practically autocrat of her own life, for though her mother still lived and moved about the world, and had her placid being, the daughter decided her own questions for herself.

Mademoiselle Belot was a graceful and pretty Frenchwoman of twenty-six whose acquaintance with Mrs. Haskins and her daughter dated from their casual meeting with some American friends, about a year before, in whose family the French girl was then installed as nursery governess. This young lady's fortunes depended wholly on her powers of pleasing desirable patrons, and since she had no very active principles except objective ones, she was extremely glad to magnify her friendship with the beautiful young American girl whose money was never exhausted, and who was, as Mademoiselle Belot said in her enthusiastic pursuit of American idioms, "her own bozz."

Simple-minded Mrs. Haskins passed readily under the distinct charm, carefully displayed, of the young Frenchwoman, and considered her a very capable person, which, indeed, she was. As to any Mr. Haskins, Mademoiselle Belot's observation of unhusbanded American ladies travelling in Europe had been sufficient to make her accept such phenomena as naturally rising from American conditions, and the fact that neither Mrs. Haskins nor her daughter had ever spoken of such a person was a detail upon which she did not bestow a thought.

This was fortunate all around, because the existence of Mr. David Haskins was now in process of obliteration from the minds of his wife and daughter, where he had not, in truth, been a very conspicuous figure in recent years, except on one occasion. For a number of years before the crash came, Mr. Haskins, once a miner in Idaho and later a "copper king," had found the burden of his riches greater than he could decently bear, and had permitted himself such unblushing excesses as are not readily condoned in a community where a righteous standard of family life is still upheld firmly, even in the best society. The upshot was inevitable. Mrs. Haskins assumed the inalienable right of the American woman, under certain circumstances, and, since the whole public sentiment of Boise City was with her, she felt that the act of getting a divorce clothed her with a majesty greater than she had ever worn. Immediately afterward the mother and daughter withdrew to the befitting dignity of a European tour.

After a year's expensive progress about the Continent, the two had returned to Paris early in September. A fortnight followed among the cold splendors of a hotel with a much favored court-yard, and then Mrs. Haskins's simple soul turned toward Boise City, where, as she told Gladys, even if it wasn't quite so lively, she knew the folks.

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She was tired, she added, of driving every day through great streets full of people and never bowing to anybody. In Boise City she believed she would enjoy thinking Europe over, but in Paris she couldn't seem to sit down and think at all.

Miss Haskins did not dispute her mother's right to these opinions, but straightway made it clear that she, herself, was not tired of Europe, as yet. She would remain.

"Well, but how are you going to manage?" said her mother, doubtfully.

"Oh, I'll have Mademoiselle Belot with me. I don't believe she's got any engagement just now that she couldn't break, and she might be good and glad to chaperon me if she got the chance."

And it appeared that Mademoiselle Belot was glad, when the opportunity came to her the next day in a crisp note from the daughter, though she smiled subtly to herself at this *chaperonage à l'Américaine*. So it was arranged, and Mrs. Haskins, her maternal disquiet completely soothed, departed for Boulogne, her soul reaching out toward the dear familiarity of her sitting-room in Boise City. Miss Haskins, in a fine flight of worldly wisdom, had decided to leave the big hotel for the cloistered shelter of a *pension* in the Rue Marbeuf. There the young ladies found themselves among the usual company of American tourists, young German officers in mufti acquiring familiarity with the French tongue, and certain curious driftwood of titled personages, all presided over by Monsieur and Madame Blossy, and disposed against a background of apartments furnished in the most elaborate manner of the Renaissance Boulanger.

Thus, for a time, all went to her satisfaction; but after a little, the evil spirit of uncharity began to walk in the footsteps of the young American girl. Some among the large and sophisticated family which met twice a day at the *table d'hôte* found cause for comment in the simple freedom of Miss Haskins's daily and nightly life. If the two young women elected to go to the theatre with certain of the young military men, why should it create gossip in the Pension Blossy? Clearly, envy was the cause; envy and the depraved imagination of Monsieur Blossy.

"But why," said Mademoiselle Belot to the American when they had retired from the luncheon table one day after a specially hot fire of innuendo, "do you endure it? It is not for you to listen to soch s'ings. Why s'ould we not take a little apartment where we would not be under the eyes and ears of soch a most stupid and dismal little pig as Blossy? Zose whom we wis' to see will find us—never fear," she concluded, answering the unspoken objection in the girl's face.

"Why, we could do that, couldn't we?" said Miss Haskins. "Good work! Let's go out now and find a place."

They went; they found a "place"—compact, convenient, beautifully furnished, complete; they quitted the Pension Blossy straightway, and installed themselves in their new quarters in the Avenue des Champs Élysées, where they have been found sitting in the twilight of that rainy December day, Mademoiselle Belot in her cushioned chair by the window, and Miss Haskins with her little heels on the fender.

Mademoiselle Belot must have expired from boredom in a few moments more had not the maid brought in the tea-things and a little pile of letters. The two young ladies had few social correspondents in Paris. They knew almost no women, and their men acquaintances seldom found occasion to write letters. They preferred coming in person—frequently about meal-time—and paying court to both amiable hostesses, for Mademoiselle Belot glittered in person and conversation quite as much as the golden American goddess to whom all gave such service as was theirs to give.

These visits were usually supplemented by theatre parties and visits to music-halls, or the circus, for Miss Haskins had a mind to "see life," and displayed great imperturbability in the presence of some very lively manifestations, insomuch that she was almost as fully misunderstood, in the Latin minds of most of her guests, as might have been feared. More than once, late in the evening, during the little suppers in their apartment, the American girl had found occasion to rebuke some young man who was moved by a tender inspiration to kiss her cheek as well as her hand.

"My dear, you amuse me," laughed the French girl when they were alone after an incident of this kind. "Why, s'ould you make soch a fuzz about so little a s'ing as a kizz?"

"I won't let anybody kiss me unless I'm

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engaged to him. I *am* engaged, anyhow, to a boy out in Boise City," returned the daughter of freedom, with belligerent dignity.

Mademoiselle Belot's surprise was greater than she manifested in her little silvery cry.

"Why! how astonis'ing! But you never told me about zat."

"It's nobody's business but mine," remarked the American girl simply. "I never told ma about it, even. She likes him, though, and I guess she won't kick at all. There's no reason why she should. He's nice, I can tell you."

"But," recurred Mademoiselle Belot, yet with a hint of hesitation, "I had s'ought you would perhaps like to make an alliance wiz some one of our old families, like so many of ze rich American ladies. A title would not be soch a bad s'ing, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Oh, my cat!" cried Miss Haskins, reverting in her warmth to a phrase caught in childhood from her father. "I don't see how you can think any of these fellows here are the real thing! Why, I think that little Prince Zobienski is the limit—he doesn't even come up to my shoulder. I like 'em big—we raise 'em big, out in Idaho. And as to me marrying any busted nobleman—it's back to the foot-hills for your little Gladys. Why, Mademoiselle—" Miss Haskins, for all her *camaraderie* with the French girl, never quite escaped the manner of a child with her governess—"*you* wouldn't marry such a man as *that*, would you? I don't call him a man, anyhow; he's just a mantel ornament. *He* couldn't get out and hustle for you."

Mademoiselle Belot shrieked with laughter.

"Ah, no, my dear, he is certainly no one to—w'at you say—*'ostle?* But you, wiz all your opportunities—you need only s'ink of your own preference, I soppose."

"I think some of those German lootenants are not so bad, though," pursued Miss Haskins. "That von Falkenhausen, now—the one that's in the diplomatic business—I might get to like him pretty well, I think, if I hadn't anything better to do. But my shepherd boy out in Idaho's good enough for me. He's got a sheep ranch out there, you know, and he'd marry me to-morrow. He's just crazy about me. But I told him he'd got to wait till I saw the world a little, and then we'd talk business."

"But——" Mademoiselle Belot halted in downright perplexity. "I s'ought you said you were already affianced to him."

"So I am," assented this free spirit, "and I'm going to marry him, too, some day, but he doesn't know that. He only knows he hasn't got me yet, and of course, I might change my mind."

The subtleties of young love in America were too much for the Frenchwoman's crystallized ideas of such things, but she was not at all pleased with the information about the shepherd in Idaho. She was beginning to discover, however, that with all the American's simplicity and frankness, there were in her a certain reserve and an independence of spirit which were quite beyond her own sophisticated analysis, and her hope of control.

These disquieting matters were recalled to Mademoiselle Belot's mind as she noted, among the letters on the tea-table, a biggish envelope with an American stamp, which Miss Haskins singled out quickly from the others. There were two sheets in the letter, and the girl ran through them with evident amusement. Mademoiselle Belot attacked the flank.

"A letter from your mozzer, *hein?* It is always good to get letters from home when one is abroad."

Miss Haskins looked over the top of the page.

"Oh, no, ma never writes me long letters," she said smilingly. "This is from my Billy—he says he can't wait much longer, and is coming over after me. But that's only his bluff," she went on, noting the tinge of dismay that spread over her companion's face. "He won't come just now. I know for a fact he can't leave his business this winter, but he likes to stir me up. Listen—I'll read you a little:

"'I had the pleasure of seeing your mother the last time I went to Boise [the letter ran], and she told me you were well, but not ready to come home just yet. I don't mean to be selfish, but I hope it will not be very long, now, before you will want to see all of your old friends. If Paris is so fine, and you must have it, why not let me take you there next spring, on our wedding trip? At least, you might write me oftener. I tell you right now I want to hear from you. Your last letter was dated in October, and I can't stand it. I shall be in Boise again

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for Christmas, and if I don't find a letter waiting for me, I'll take a run over to the Blossy Hotel and have a look at you for myself."

Miss Haskins read this with occasional chuckles, and laughed aloud at the end.

"I forgot to tell ma we had moved," she said. "I just dated Paris. Imagine Billy butting in on old Blossy and asking for me! This is dated"—she referred to the first page—"December 2—this is the twentieth. I guess Blossy took his time about sending it along. But I'm afraid Billy won't get any letter at Christmas," she went on a little regretfully. "I'll write him, but he needn't try to drive me with too tight a check, or he'll find my heels in the wagon."

This figure was altogether beyond Mademoiselle Belot's understanding, and while she was rallying a visitor was announced.

"Lootenant von Falkenhausen, I *am* glad to see you!" cried Miss Haskins, half rising to greet the young officer, whose tall, rigid figure appeared to great advantage against the *bibelots* of the tiny *salon*.

Lieutenant von Falkenhausen, recently sent to Paris to prepare himself for attachment to the German Embassy, bent like a jointed rule over the warm, cordial little hand.

"I haf always the greatest pleasure in being by you," he responded. He was pursuing the study of English as well as mastering the tongue of diplomacy. "And Mademoiselle Belot—I wish you a charming efening."

Mademoiselle Belot's pretty smile lighted her face. For a Prussian, Lieutenant von Falkenhausen was distinctly endurable.

"Miss Haskins," said the young man, erect upon his gilded chair, "at luncheon Count Borly told me that he had lifed too long without seeing you, and would come here to-day to recall himself to your memory."

"Hurrah for the count!" cried the girl. "It's time he came—he hasn't been to see us but once since we escaped from old Blossy's. Don't you like him very much, Lootenant?" She appealed to him as frankly as she might have spoken to her Billy. "I think he's awf'ly interesting."

"Count Borly has lifed, and seen all Paris—all the world," remarked the officer discreetly. "But just now he is by himself fery much. He waits for his good fortunes to recofer from the *tapis-vert*. Did you know that at Monte Carlo he lost two hundred thousand francs last year?"

"Did he? Why, I didn't know he was such a gay old bird. But he must be dead game, though; he never has a hard-luck story to tell. So he's marking time, now, is he, till he gets hold of some more money? Where will he get it?"

"Oh, I belief Count Borly has large estates in the south," answered von Falkenhausen, "and in pretty soon time he will again be *réhabilité*—all right. But for now he is, as you say, marking time," and he laughed in high glee at acquiring another idiom in English which struck his sense of fitness instantly.

"Well, I'm glad he's coming, for I want to ask him—— Oh, good work! here he is now!" cried the American girl as the maid opened the door for the slender gentleman whom she considered elderly, but who laid no such charge against himself.

"We were just talking about you and waiting for you to come," said Miss Haskins, as she beamed upon the saluting visitor. "Now sit right here by me and tell us what in the world there is left to do in this town. Mademoiselle Belot and I are bored stiff."

Count Borly raised Mademoiselle Belot's soft little fingers to his lips, in turn, and bowed to the young officer, who stood with a polite smile of toleration under his spiky mustache.

"If you are bored with yourself, with Mademoiselle Belot, and with the Herr Lieutenant, I must go now," said the count, sinking himself deliberately in a soft chair, with that brilliant smile which served alike to mark his hours of good fortune and to deride his mishaps.

"Don't jolly, count, but think hard for us while you take your tea. I've been cold and used up all day. I guess I'm homesick, and I want to do something, but there's no place to go. Mademoiselle Belot says all Paris has gone south. What *can* you do in Paris at Christmas, count?"

"Can you not hang up your slipper for the fairies to fill? But you have been attended always by a fairy so bountiful that you never think of that," answered the Parisian, enjoying his fragrant tea with that keen appreciation of good things while he had them which constituted his philosophy of life.

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"It is so stupid—we are all asleep, and we need somes'ing to wake us up," suggested Mademoiselle Belot.

"Perfectly," said Count Borly. "And Noël brings us exactly the relief from such stupidity. Is it not now within four days of *Réveillon?*"

"*Réveillon?* What's that?" demanded the girl, her eyes shining at the possibility of a new diversion of which she did not even know the name.

"You have never been in Paris before at Noël, Miss Haskins?" said the count. "Ah, then you have yet to see one of the events very special to Paris. *Réveillon* means, literally, 'awakening'—as you say, 'wake up!' It is the general holiday-making at Noël—what you call Christmas eve, when everybody is in the streets, in the cafés—everywhere except by himself. Then, there is the midnight mass in the churches; yes, many also go there to pray, and then, with their souls absolved, they run out to be gay. Ah, it is a wonderful sight of Paris, Miss Haskins, and you will be glad to see it."

"But what do they do?" inquired the girl, with a vague idea that a Parisian crowd of merrymakers at night connoted something of license. Her impressions had been received mainly at the music-halls and in the cafés where she had gone with Mademoiselle Belot and their attendant cavaliers. "Do they sing in the streets, and blow on little trumpets, and do the ladies kick high?"

Lieutenant von Falkenhausen laughed, and Mademoiselle Belot's soft voice chimed in.

"They do all things, Miss Haskins, but one does not mind them," said the youthful diplomatist. "Eferyone goes out for his own sport. Last year was my first *Réjeillon*, and I do not now remember quite well what I did. But I know it was—er—fery amusing," and he brought out the colorless word with deep expression.

Miss Haskins set her teacup upon the table and indulged in the unusual luxury of a few moments' silent thought. With less deliberation she had frequently settled matters of deeper moment, and she reached her conclusion at once.

"Now, I want to give a party," she announced. "I'm a poor, helpless girl in a foreign land, and I throw myself on the gallantry of France and Germany. Count, I want you and Lootenant von Falkenhausen to take Mademoiselle and me to the *Réveillon*, and give us a good time, and let me pay the bills. Just us four! You're in, aren't you, Lootenant?"

"Why, yes, Miss Haskins," hesitated the big young man. "I think—I am sure that I haf no order for that night, and I am at your serfice, without doubt."

"Count, you're the oldest friend I've got in Paris, except Mademoiselle Belot, and it's up to you. I'm sure you know all the ropes, and can steer us just right; and if you'll take charge of the whole thing it will be fun for all of us. I can't do it without you, and you've just got to do it. Now, won't you?"

The girl's fresh young face glowed with childlike excitement, her eyes sparkled, the great mass of her bronze hair gleamed in the lamplight, as she gazed with perfect candor in the face of the amused gentleman of the world who was now marking time.

"Why, yes, Miss Haskins, with the greatest pleasure," he assented, with his glittering smile. "But where shall we go? Paris is wide."

"That's just it," returned the girl. "*I* don't know anything about it. *You* know it all. Now, you just consider that you are giving the party, plan it all out for us, and I know we shall all have the time of our lives."

The Count Borly permitted himself to extend his well-dressed legs toward the fire as he reflected. His glance strayed, after a moment, to the countenance of Mademoiselle Belot, who smiled like a beautiful angel in an altar-piece.

"I s'ink it will be absolutely perfect if Monsieur le Comte will allow his taste to govern wholly," she said.

Monsieur le Comte smiled in return. To revisit the glimpses of the moon at *Réveillon*—it would be agreeable. And, yes (he reflected), she would wish it done in the grand manner. He turned to the girl, who waited with lively interest.

"I think it can be managed," he smiled. "We should go to mass first, at the Madeleine—yes, I think so. The singers from the opera will be there, and it is always interesting. And then we will have a little supper in one of the best cafés. It may be that it is not too late, even now, to engage a table at the Café de Paris—I would suggest that one as the best. Henri, the head

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waiter, is an old friend of mine. And at that place one sees nothing that is not pleasant to remember, and the crowd is of the most distinguished. Yes, we shall do it, Miss Haskins, and I can assure you it will be for you a uniq' sight of Paris."

Fait accompli. When Count Borly left the little apartment that evening—he had been persuaded, as had Lieutenant von Falkenhausen, to stay to an informal dinner—all the dinners *chez* Miss Haskins were apt to be informal—he hailed an omnibus, and (since the rain had ceased) climbed to a perch on top, as was his frugal habit, and smoked peacefully to the Place de l'Opéra. Then, making his way down the avenue, he found Henri surveying his domain.

It was impossible, Henri declared. The Marquis Bellecour had been turned away; the Prince of Schaffhausen, who had applied a week before, had been forced to be content with a table in the *couloir*. Still, few utter impossibilities, and no surprises, survive in the secret places of Henri's soul, and when Count Borly went home to his restful slumbers at the Pension Blossy he had secured an excellent table, well out of draughts, on the upper floor, not too near the stairway, for twelve o'clock on the evening of December 24th, and had ordered a supper of which he felt proud.

"Also—the champagne is to be *frappé*, Monsieur le Comte?" Henri had said, his great red wings of whiskers flapping in self-abasement as he made the suggestion.

"Certainly, *à l'Américaine*, and see that nobody else gets it colder," he had replied. "And the bill is to be made out for the sum I told you, and I will pay you what we have agreed."

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Comte," said Henri, opening the door.

II

CHRISTMAS EVE came down crisp and clear. Count Borly's spirits were high as he drove to the Avenue des Champs Élysées, and even his experienced eyes, which had looked upon many agreeable sights, had never seen two more beautiful girls than those who greeted him radiantly as he entered Miss Haskins's *salon* shortly after ten o'clock. The American wore a costume scarcely suitable for a girl of twenty, perhaps, but girls of twenty are seldom so well poised and striking. If she looked like a girlish Brünhilde, crowned with red gold, in her foaming lace, Mademoiselle Belot, pliant and alluring in lilac chiffon, was a veritable Freia. Her soft brown hair rippled about her white brow, and the oval face was like a saint of Correggio. Count Borly bent before them with the fullest reverence of which he was capable.

"You outshine the stars to-night, my dear Miss Haskins," he said. "You are a goddess."

"Thanks, Count," she answered happily. "Think my dress is nice? I like it pretty well myself. But if you're out for beauty, you'd better look at Mademoiselle Belot. She'd set 'em crazy anywhere, even in New York."

Lieutenant von Falkenhausen presently appearing, was equally dazzled by their divinity. As he clicked his heels and bowed profoundly, stammering out such words of homage as he could conjure up, his thought flew back to his own quiet little *fiancée*, away in Cassel, and he reflected that the world was wide, and great the incidental diversions of diplomacy.

At a moment when Mademoiselle Belot was monopolizing the young officer's attention, Miss Haskins beckoned Count Borly aside.

"Here," she said, "is some money. You take it and pay whatever it all comes to. Is there enough?"

He saw that the two notes in her hand were of five hundred francs each. "Oh, Miss Haskins," he said, "it is quite too much."

"All right—you never can tell about sprees," retorted the girl laughingly. "You keep it for me, and if there's any change the waiters don't get, I'll take it."

They drove to the Madeleine through streets already full of the life and movement of hurrying crowds, darting figures now plunged in the black shadows, and now slipping out into the full glare of the clustered lights. The big perspective of the Place de la Concorde, thickly sown with lamps, was shot through with glistening reflections from the tops of carriages, the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli was brilliant as a stage setting, the hotels in the broad Rue Royale were ablaze with light, and far at the end of the street, where the lofty portico of the Madeleine showed clear against the

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starry sky, a hundred sparks twinkled from the cabs flitting along the boulevard. The steady roll of wheels merged with the varying notes of horns in motors and the sound of talk and laughter from the sidewalks, and all blended in a great humming symphony, struck through with the rattling, syncopated clack-clack of hoofs upon the asphalt, like the *staccati* of sharp drums.

The crowd at the Madeleine was almost impassable, but somehow they gained the steps, the vestibule, and were swept in the solid pack of men and women through the door at the right. The great floor was filled with a throng as varied as Paris itself. Piety and the idlest curiosity, youth and age came together. A velvety, perfumed lady stood beside the wooden figure of a brown old peasant woman, the shape of whose white muslin cap told the province whence she came. A sleek merchant with his shrewd wife and demure daughter were pressed against the slender, shrinking figure of a great lady of the *ancien régime*. Shopclerks and mechanics, with their wives, mingled with soldiers, little *rentiers*, tourists and pickpockets. The crowd rustled and breathed, feet shifted ceaselessly upon the stones, there was a steady buzz of salutations, whispers floated through the air.

The crush was so great that Count Borly and the young officer set the two girls between them, against a pillar, sheltering them as much as possible from the pressure. Just beside them, rising high against the wall, stood the *crèche*, glittering with tinsel and painted and spangled *papier-mâché*. Some devotee had given, as a Christmas offering, a collection of antique *poupées* for the *crèche*, gathered in old churches in Italy, numbering scores of little figures. The long retinue of the wise men wound down the miniature hills, as in Gozzoli's fresco, skin-clad shepherds thronged the foreground, and the three kings knelt in the centre before the Holy Family, with flights of cherubs hovering overhead.

The American girl's eyes were very wide, and shining with excitement. The intoxication of the great crowd tingled in her blood, and the sense of a familiar presence, the spirit of Christmas, perceived even in such an unaccustomed and gorgeous setting, thrilled her. The blaze of lights upon the altars, the dim halos of swinging lamps suffusing the immediate air with pale radiance, the thousand sounds and scents, affected her strongly. As her eyes searched the elaborate mimicry of the *crèche*, she suddenly felt the old sense of awe and mystery come back to her, and she was for a moment the little child who used to stand in the church in Idaho, years before, when the copper-mines had not been discovered, and she was only "Dave Haskins's little red-headed girl."

For an instant the whole place whirled before her eyes; then the memory of the forgotten time flashed away as swiftly as it had come, and she stood, her knees trembling a little, in the hush that had fallen on the whole assembly while the first notes of the processional, chanted by a hundred men, floated out faintly through the church. As the procession came in sight, its song was joined by the organ in the sanctuary, and the music rose louder and fuller in a single godlike voice ringing down from the dazzling altar. Suddenly, like artillery, the great organ overhead crashed out in a volume of sound that flooded the whole vast interior like a wave, sweeping over the heads of the kneeling crowd and mounting to the shadowy arches of the roof. The very concussion took the listeners' breath away, and in the recoil men and women burst into tears, and billows of emotional excitement rolled back and forth through the church.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" gasped Mademoiselle Belot, crossing herself fervently, "*c'est trop!*"

As the service went on, even the music could not make them unconscious that the crush was becoming more oppressive. Few of the later comers brought any air of devotion; something of the fever and boisterous spirit of the streets slipped in with them. A knot or two of American tourists, engaged in "celebrating," brought even a stronger whiff of the disorder that filled the outer air.

"Shall we go?" said Count Borly. "It is tiresome to stand too long." And with the towering blond German at the point of the wedge, they regained their carriage.

The process of "waking up" was in full swing now, as they sped through the vivid streets. Not all Paris had gone to mass on Christmas Eve; thousands seemed to be already rushing frantically into the open as with Pantagruel's birth-cry, *À boire! à boire!* Cafés and *brasseries* hummed like big beehives filled with thirsty swarms. Ranks of men and women paraded the

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"I don't see how you can think any of these fellows here are the real thing."—Page 680.

boulevards blowing little horns and singing snatches from the music-halls.

Swerving from the avenue, the carriage stopped before the modest portico of the café, in a side-street. At the door an attendant bowed before the party.

"Your name, monsieur?"

"Count Borly."

The man consulted a memorandum in his hand.

"Perfectly," he said. "Will Monsieur le Comte have the goodness to enter?"

Miss Haskins's heart beat high as they ascended the stairs. This was fun; this was something like her ideas of seeing life. As she shook her shoulders out of her furs at the

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cloak-room door she felt her pulses leap with the music that drifted out from the supper-room. Every echo of the noise in the streets, of the pavement songs, of the chants in the Madeleine, of their own gay laughter and chatter, all shimmered through her head like the sun glancing on water as they passed through the corridor, whose contracted space had been made to hold a few little tables, and were met at the door by Henri, who seated them at their table with great consideration.

"Ah, it is after twelve and already filled," said Count Borly, as he settled himself and surveyed the big triangular place with the pleasure of anticipation. "From your seat, Miss Haskins, you can see well the gayest of Paris at *Réveillon*."

Miss Haskins sat with her back toward the wall, facing the crowded room. Even in that assembly she attracted approving stares from several gentlemen. Mademoiselle Belot and von Falkenhausen glanced about the tables, noting a toilet of unusual originality, a jewel of special magnificence, a wonderful shoulder, a face of peculiar charm. Miss Haskins had never seen just such a company of men before; such women are seldom seen except in Paris. If beauty were lacking, here and there, the subtler spell shone out; everywhere art put nature to shame. With a few exceptions the crowd was Parisian. Not more than a dozen travellers in search of the picturesque were to be seen in all the glittering place.

The champagne arrived with the fresh caviare. Count Borly's fondness for fresh caviare amounted to devotion.

"Miss Haskins," he said, raising his glass with something of the air that had been his grandfather's, "we wish you all health and happiness at Noël—the Republic of France salutes the loveliest woman in the Republic of North America."

"And the German Empire also salutes," added von Falkenhausen profoundly.

Mademoiselle Belot's Parisian soul was swimming in delight and her champagne was lifted.

"*Santé*, s'epherdess!" she laughed mischievously.

Miss Haskins was happy as a child in the luxurious gayety of the moment. "Here's to the night of our lives! Paris is good enough for me!" she cried with moist lips and sparkling eyes. "Count, I don't know how to thank you enough for bringing us here."

Count Borley's mouth was full, and his eyes shone with a gourmet's bliss. "Did you ever taste such caviare?" he said. "You do not have this caviare in America—even though you pay for it."

This gustatory dictum was lost upon the girl.

"Do you know any of these people, count?" she asked. "Who is that big man over by the railing?"

"I do not know him," answered Borly, after an inclusive stare. "But just beyond to the left, the gray gentleman eating asparagus is General Dufresne, and with him is Count Boroff, of the Russian Embassy."

"Anybody else that you know?" she said after a little, when Count Borly paused in his attack upon the *écrevisse à l'Américaine*.

"Oh, yes, I know many of them," he said lightly, "though I have not often seen them of late." He drank his champagne, and replacing the glass resumed his duties as cicerone without a sigh. "That tall, pale young man is the son of Blomberg, the great banker, and the dark, slender gentleman, over by the curtain, is Leloir, the new member of the Academy. I think I see the Grand Duke Ivar of Russia just beyond that doorway." And then, in a lower tone, "The gentleman sitting just here by us, with the three ladies, is the Marquis Fleury."

"Who are the ladies?" said the girl, gazing.

Count Borly smiled blandly. "I am not sure that I know, but I think their names would not interest you especially," he said.

Mademoiselle Belot leaned toward von Falkenhausen. "Is that Miriam Clou?" she whispered.

"Yes, the dark one," replied the officer in an undertone. "And that is the necklace Madame le Marquise wanted for herself—you remember the story——"

The American girl heard everything, saw everything, and comprehended something of the whole. She felt herself very sophisticated in this company which was, as Count Borly had promised, unique in Paris, beyond a doubt, and her blood raced with enjoyment of the glitter and the revel. All through the big room the talk and laughter rose in quickly succeeding waves, and the swift music of the violins snapped through an air dense with the odors of flowers, food, cigarettes, perfume, and the myriad ghosts of champagne bubbles. A little lady from the Va-

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Count, get me a trumpet!"—Page 688.

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riétés, billowing from her pink gown and laughing merrily, was stroking the cheek of her cavalier, who had suddenly gone sulky, with a plume of celery. "*Tiens, p'tit polisson, courage!*" she cried, "*Noël! Noël!*"

With the ices the waiters brought in armfuls of gilded and painted fans for the ladies and beribboned favors of *papier-mâché* for the men, each contrived to make a noise. There were long, slender, yellow trumpets, pink horns of wondrous convolutions, parti-colored flexible serpents with gleaming eyes, darting tongues, and whistles in their tails, broad-billed ducks made to flap their wings and utter clattering, squeaking quacks when their strings were pulled, strident geese with long, wavering necks. The American girl felt like a child in the toy-shop of her dreams.

"Oh, I want one of those lovely trumpets, too!" she insisted, her little fan moored upon her round, white wrist. "Count, get me a trumpet!"

It appeared that many of the ladies shared her desire, and when a waiter brought a long trumpet to her and a large B-flat duck to Mademoiselle Belot, both men and women were blowing horns everywhere. The band was overwhelmed, but played furiously, as in pantomime, and shrieks of laughter struggled with the screeches of the toys. From the ground-floor of the café fitful choruses were blown up the stairway; down there a lady from the Opéra Comique volunteered an imitation of Calvé, and an unseen gentleman poured forth *Don José's* complaint. The tables were heaps of little cups, glittering crystal, napkins, and flowers, the air was blue with tobacco smoke; Lieutenant von Falkenhausen sat solemnly and blew his soul into the tail of a large green serpent with terrifying results; Count Borly smoked tranquilly and allowed his little pink horn to rest lightly across his knees. His smile was that of a contented connoisseur.

An ambulatory spirit broke out. From one of the smaller rooms issued a procession headed by a stout, blond gentleman crowned with flowers, singing the priests' march from "Aïda" through his long trumpet. He was followed by a lady in a robe of spun moonlight which she whirled about her *à la Loie*. The rear-guard was a tall, lank gentleman with a great mass of rumpled gray hair, making an elaborate pantomime of singing without uttering a sound. Another lady, at the door, laughed and threw roses in an ineffectual attempt to prevent the parade around the big room.

"That is St. Romer, the composer, with the horn," said Borly, "and the man behind is Corbusier, the dramatic critic. The ladies? Ah—I do not think that is Madame St. Romer——"

The air was growing too heavy. Count Borly kept a careful eye upon the American girl, and when he saw a shadow of fatigue fall across her face he smiled a suggestion.

"Shall we begin to depart?" he said. "It is after two, and some of them are going. But let us go out through the café, below. It may be amusing there, as a last glimpse."

They moved from the cloak-room through the heedless crowd to the top of the iron stairway leading to the ground-floor. Miss Haskins bade adieu to the company in a final blast upon her trumpet, and Mademoiselle Belot's duck flapped a noisy farewell. Count Borly descended first, followed by the two girls, with the young officer making a Laocoon of himself with his serpent behind. As they went slowly down, a gust of air from the top of the lower room struck into their faces like a blast from a confectioner's oven.

Below, the floor was crowded, and the divan was full of singing, laughing, horn-blowing men and women, leaning against each other in varied attitudes of unconcern. Coiffures were disarranged, occasionally a little ribbon had slipped from the top of a gleaming arm, men's cravats had strayed from propriety; one lady was laboriously trying to fill her long glove with champagne. Upon tables a few yards apart two grave gentlemen stood erect and sang antiphonally a Gregorian chant. Lieutenant von Falkenhausen, encumbered with his horn and overcoat, clapped his hat upon his head. Instantly a great shout arose—"*Ch'peau! ch'peau! ch'peau! ch'peau!*"

As she turned, bewildered for an instant by this sudden and vociferous protest against a gentleman remaining covered in the presence of ladies, Miss Haskins's eyes fell upon the divan at the other side of the room. And there, leaning against the wall, buttressed gloriously on either side by ladies very dazzling as to shoulders, very dark and languid as to eyes, very *ondulées* as to

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You are faint, Miss Haskins," he said.—Page 690.

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hair, very beautifully augmented as to complexion, she saw the red face and shining bald head, its heavy neck encircled by an enormous pink horn, of Mr. David Haskins, formerly of Boise City, Idaho.

Count Borly, feeling her pause, and glancing back, surprised the chalky whiteness of her face. But as he spoke she regained herself.

"You are faint, Miss Haskins," he said. "Let us get into the air."

They slipped quickly through the crowd and escaped into the cool street, still as a churchyard after the roaring café.

"No, I'm all right," she answered his repeated expressions of concern. "But it's so nice and cool, why can't we walk back part of the way?"

"Excellent!" he said; and the four went briskly down the Rue Saint Roch.

After the first flood of revolt and dismay had swept over her, through all the horror and disgust burnt the thought that she herself had been there, too; she had been part of the shameful spectacle. She had brushed shoulders with them, she had laughed at the whole tawdry show. The faces of the men rose before her, and she shivered like a child afraid in the dark. The thick odors of the place pursued her senses; her eyes ached with the memory of the glare. And *she* had been part of it all! Oh—! The impulse of her soul to flee sped her feet as she ran along.

Behind them, Prussia and France were melting into confidences and laughing at the memories of the evening. Beside her, Count Borly's elaborate shirt-front swelled under his pelisse as he mused upon his success as an entertainer.

"It has been very amusing, and, best of all, at this place we have seen nothing unpleasant to remember. But was it too much of excitement, Miss Haskins?" he asked, gazing at the beautiful profile of the girl who walked so swiftly, erect and silent, her eyes fixed upon the twinkling lamps in the Garden of the Tuileries at the bottom of the street.

"No, Count, not at all. I've had a highly instructive evening," she said without a smile. "But, if you don't mind, please don't talk, for I want to think."

"Ah, yes!" he assented. "You have much to think of. You have to-night seen a uniq' sight of Paris."

"Yes, Count, I have," she said.

Her father! He had not seen her—she was sure of that. But she had seen him, and oh, she had seen herself in the instant of her awakening, when the whole tinsel fabric of her gayety had fallen into a wreck of dead leaves and shattered black stones, as in Klingsor's garden. A puff of night wind blew full in her face. She breathed deep—could she ever find air fresh and sharp enough to purify? Suddenly, beyond the yellow lamps and the white stars she saw a cold, clear sky, breathed a fine, thin, mountain air, smelled pine-trees. Such a longing for her home swept over her that she caught her breath, like one whom an ocean wave has smitten full in the face.

They turned at the Gardens, and hurried along the Rue de Rivoli. At the Continental Hotel Miss Haskins stopped short.

"Count," she said, "would you mind coming in here a moment? We stayed here this fall, you know. I want to send a cable."

"But it is so late, my dear Miss Haskins," demurred the Parisian, hurrying after her, for she was already going in. The others saw the movement and paused in surprise. Count Borly called back: "Come in; Miss Haskins wants to wait a moment."

The *portier* came forward. The American hailed him as an old friend.

"Good-evening, Guillaume," she said. "You remember me? Miss Haskins."

Guillaume's memory was as inclusive as his command of languages, and he had excellent reason to recall the lavish Americans.

"Perfectly, Miss Haskins," he said. "Is madame here?"

"No, Guillaume, I'm with my friends. I want to send a cable."

"At this hour, Miss Haskins, no bureau is open. But if you will leave it with me, at the earliest hour in the morning it shall go."

The girl turned to a desk and snatched a stray sheet of paper. She wrote a few words, paused, and looked about her impatiently. A printed card upon the wall caught her eye. She walked over and studied it.

Her three companions waited in some perplexity. Mademoiselle Belot's quick glance caught the heading of the advertisement the American girl was reading—"White Star Line."

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"*Oh, la-la!*" she thought. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

Miss Haskins returned to the desk, considered a moment, and then finished her writing. Folding the sheet deliberately, she rejoined the group.

"Let me have some money, count," she said smilingly. "Was there any left?"

He gave her a little roll of notes and some gold. "This is all of it yours," he replied. "You gave me much, but they are such robbers, at *Réveillon*."

The girl handed what she had written to the *portier* with a note so large that Count Borly almost sighed.

"I depend on you, Guillaume," she said. "Will you be sure it goes *early?*"

"I myself will take it to the bureau and see that no mistake is made, Miss Haskins," said the man, with reverence, as his fingers touched the papers.

The girl turned to the others, adjusting her cloak. "Now, I'll own up I'm a little tired," she said. "Suppose we drive the rest of the way?"

"You are quite right, Miss Haskins," said Count Borly. "Guillaume, a carriage for four."

The mercury had sunk very low in the tube of a thermometer outside the window of the Northwest Hotel in Boise City, Idaho, on the afternoon of Christmas day, but not lower than the spirits of a tall, wholesome-looking young fellow with a smooth, square chin and a dejected eye who stood by the office counter.

"No, they don't give us

A bright flush crimsoned the young man's face.—Page 692.

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another mail to-day," said the clerk, his feet upon the radiator. "Holiday, you know."

A small messenger boy suddenly charged through the widely swung door, and the blast of icy air made both men turn quickly.

"William Richardson," said the boy, extending an envelope. "Gee! it's fierce out."

The envelope lay on the floor and a bright flush crimsoned the young man's face as he read:

"PARIS, December 25.

"*William Richardson, Northwest Hotel,*

"*Boise City, Idaho, U. S. A.*

"Coming back to you and the sheep am tired of goats sail celtic december thirty merry christmas gladys."

THE CANAL

By Elizabeth Washburn Wright

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

WE came out by Suez. January it was, and the wind nipping cold. We reached Port Said before midnight. It rose suddenly out of the sea, low and lonely, with a string of lights winking in black velvet.

They coal all day and all night at Port Said, week in and out, and the long year round. Men, women, and little children to your knee. Natives they are and black with sun and coal dust. They do not bother about clothes—rags and twists about their loins and sometimes loose blue trousers.

All day and all night it is—baskets on their heads and in their arms, filled with little chips of shining coal. The barges come alongside the ships, and then the baskets begin to pass faster than you can count. They start a sort of groaning, all together and in rhythm. It sounds like a song or chant, but very dreary. They do not seem like human beings. It is because of the smut, perhaps, and the nakedness and the torches flaring over them.

They work away at the black heaps behind them like miners—dig right through before you know it. And a basketful at a time. It looks absurd at first. But it is the number of them that tells and their quickness. You cannot count them any more than the bits of coal. They swarm over the barges like ants and are as like.

The dust they raise settles about them in clouds. The doors are battened down and all the port-holes closed. But the dust is soft and fine and puffy and it sifts through the decks and the planks and pours down the funnels. It covers everything and chokes you so that you cough and strangle and can hardly breathe. It takes a solid day of soap and water to get the ship clean again.

We left Port Said at two in the morning—walked into the canal. And we stayed up to see it. There had been a slow dawdling through of mast-heads all night. A long line of ships that stopped to browse by the way-side. But they dare not go faster because of the narrowness of the channel and the slop-over.

It is not much to see in the day-time, they told us. Just the yellow desert lapping up to the water-way, shining on either side until your eyes ache looking at it. If a breeze puffs up the sand drifts over the deck and gets in your eyes and cuts like knives. And you go below to find the desert shining through the port-holes in straight yellow lines.

As a rule the air is flat and dead and parching hot. The sands drink in the sun all day—for miles and miles farther than you can see. The heat beats down in sheets and rises all about you hotter still. Dry, dreadful heat it is that makes you gasp. And all the time the boat is crawl-

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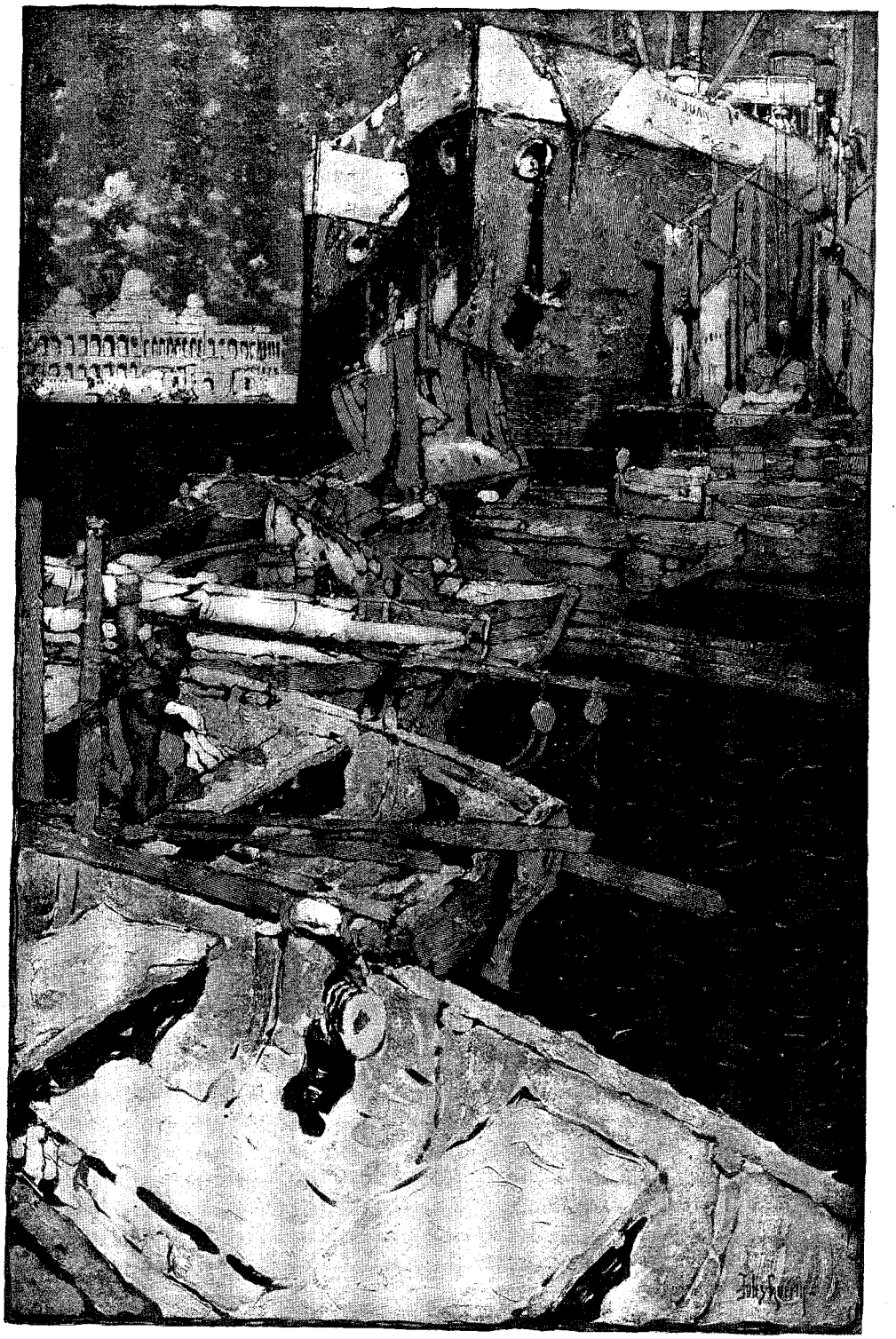

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

They coal all day and all night at Port Said.—Page 692.

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ing so slowly that she does not stir a breath. The dirty gray water slaps and slops against the brick walls. And that is all.

It was different with us. We passed through in January and at night. We slipped away from Port Said long after midnight, away from the barges and the coaling and the racket, and the little boats fussing at our bows. There were people giving orders, and shouting up to the deck, and natives babbling about nothing. There were torches running about in the night, and the lights in the town, and a great bobbing of lanterns on the water. Then the anchor dripped out of the water with a hideous crunch and grind—and we slipped away from it all into the black mouth of the canal.

It was like suddenly shutting a door. We slid along with only the faintest purring of the engines. There seemed to be nothing but the night, and a big battered-looking moon on the wane. We could see the desert stretching off to the sky and back again. It was not yellow at all, but a cold, blue-brown purple. Perhaps the moon made it so. There seemed to be shadows too, soft black patches that lay over the sands. But it was difficult to tell what made them. For there were no hills anywhere, or rocks, or trees, or grass—no houses, nor beasts, nor men. Just sand—sad and vast and as flat as the floor.

There were no boats to be seen before us and none behind. Only the lonely gray path ahead and the rippling of the narrow waters. The night was cold and overwhelmingly still. There was no wind, no stir of anything. The night seemed to have wiped out sounds like wrinkles on the sand.

We were four hours going through this little trough of water. And all that time there was nothing to see but the cold, dim desert and the empty, low-hanging moon. Toward the end we sighted a watch-fire—small and lonely in the desert. There was an Arab near it wrapped and hidden in a long, trailing cloak. He sat with his chin on his knees and looked our way. Two camels hunched beside him slowly chewing. They swayed their long necks to stare at the lights. Mournful solitary-looking beasts they were. They crouched on the desert with their knees folded under them, and we passed near enough to see them flap their scrubby little tails. But the man never moved. We watched him till he slipped out of sight.

It grew colder and the loneliness unbearable. But you could not even think of sound. There was nothing but the night and the desert and they bound you and would not let you stir.

Perhaps I slept. When I looked again we were in open water with a low, sleeping town behind us. A melancholy spot with half-a-dozen feeble lights. Suez it was. A cold wind struck across it and made me shiver.

Just then our search-light dropped its hood and sent great fingers of light into the blackness ahead. Out of the south came another light, powerful and yellow, but poking and peering in a helpless way like something lost. Then both lights vanished—and the trouble in the sky meant dawn.

There were mountains faintly jagged against the sky with the moon slipping pale and dim behind them. While still she hung, cold and empty-looking, the mountains flushed at their base, and over in Arabia the sun came rolling up.

There was no more night after that. We lay in a bay that was smooth as a mirror and reflected colors like one. It was pink and peach and swimming gold, and all the air fresh and new and aflush with the morning.

The moon faded out like a ghost, and the mountains and the rocks and all the shore outlines stood out black and clean-cut.

This was the day and the end of Africa—and we turned in.

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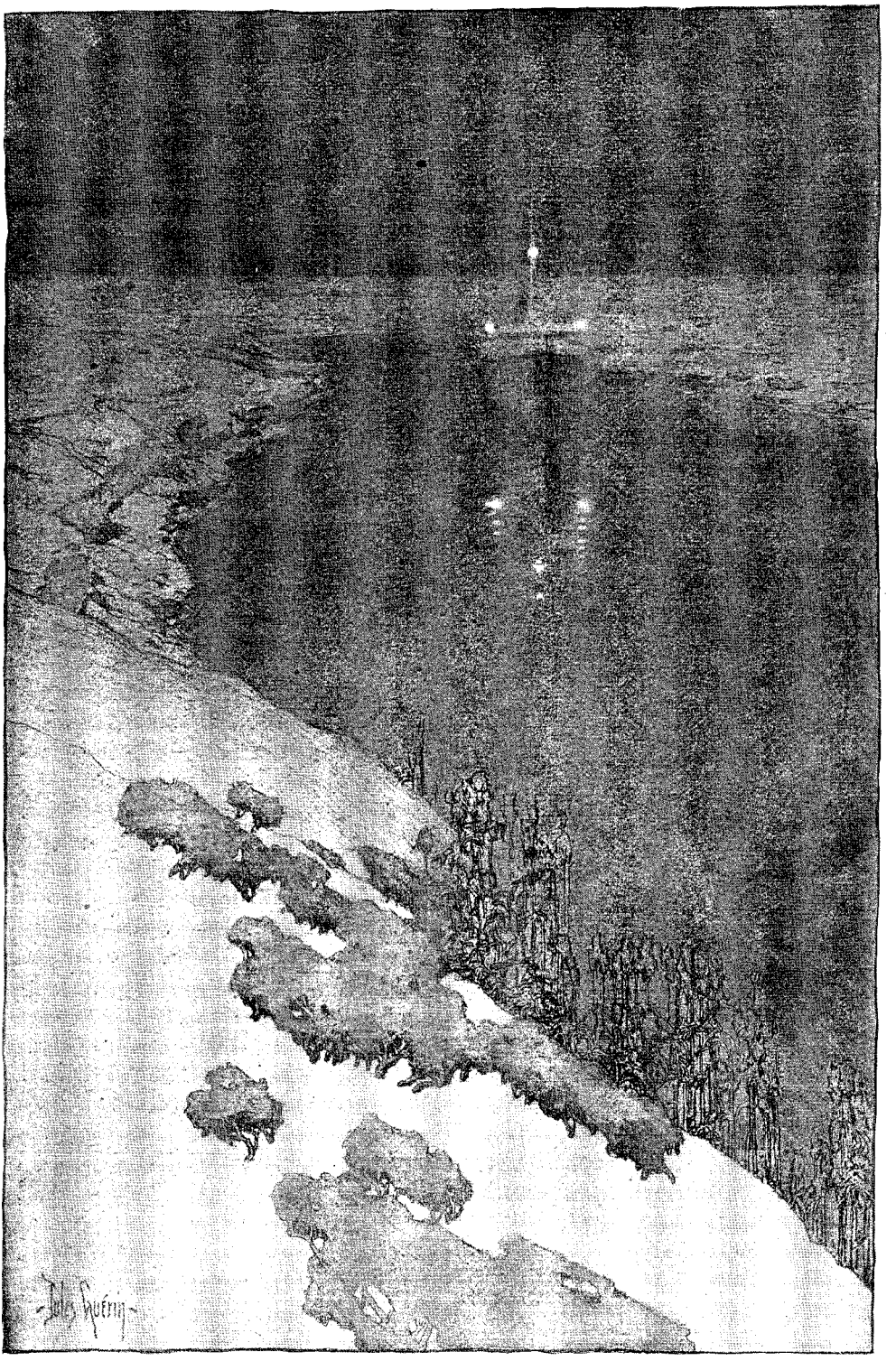

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Just the yellow desert shining on either side.—Page 692.

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

III

LITTLE TOD FOGARTY

WITH the warmth of Jane's parting grasp lingering in his own Doctor John untied the mare, sprang into his gig, and was soon clear of the village and speeding along the causeway that stretched across the salt marshes leading past his own home to the inner beach beyond. As he drove slowly through his own gate, so as to make as little noise as possible, the cottage, blanketed under its clinging vines, seemed in the soft light of the low-lying moon to be fast asleep. Only one eye was open; this was the window of his office, through which streamed the glow of a lamp, its light falling on the gravel path and lilac bushes beyond.

Rex gave a bark of welcome and raced beside the wheels.

"Keep still, old dog! Down, Rex! Been lonely, old fellow?"

The dog in answer leaped in the air as his master drew rein, and with eager springs tried to reach his hands, barking all the while in short and joyful yelps.

Doctor John threw the lines across the dash-board, jumped from the gig, and pushing open the hall door—it was never locked—stepped quickly into his office, and turning up the lamp, threw himself into a chair at his desk. The sorrel made no attempt to go to the stable—both horse and man were accustomed to delays—sometimes of long hours and sometimes of whole nights.

The appointments and fittings of the office—old-fashioned and practical as they were—reflected in a marked degree the aims and tastes of the occupant. While low bookcases stood against the walls surmounted by rows of test-tubes, mortars and pestles, cases of instruments, and a line of bottles labelled with names of various mixtures (in these days doctors were chemists as well as physicians), there could also be found a bust of the young Augustus; one or two lithographs of Heidelberg, where he had studied; and some line engravings in black frames—one a view of Oxford with the Thames wandering by, another a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and still another of Nell Gwynn. Scattered about the room were easy-chairs and small tables piled high with books, a copy of Tacitus and an early edition of Milton being among them, while under the wide, low window stood a narrow bench crowded with flowering plants in earthen pots, the remnants of the winter's bloom. There were also souvenirs of his earlier student life—a life which few of his friends in Warehold, except Jane Cobden, knew or cared anything about—including a pair of crossed foils and two boxing-gloves; these last hung over a portrait of Macaulay.

What the place lacked was the touch of a woman's hand in vase, flower, or ornament—a touch that his mother, for reasons of her own, never gave and which no other woman had yet dared suggest.

For an instant the doctor sat with his elbows on the desk in deep thought, the light illuminating his calm, finely chiselled features and hands—those thin, sure hands which could guide a knife within a hair's breadth of instant death—leaned forward with an indrawn sigh, examined slowly some letters lying under his eye, and then, as if suddenly remembering, glanced hurriedly at the office slate, bare of any entry except the date which he had written that day.

Rex had been watching his master with ears cocked, and was now on his haunches, cuddling close, his nose resting on the doctor's knee. Doctor John laid his hand on the dog's head and smoothing the long, silky ears, said with a sigh of relief, as he settled himself in his chair:

"Little Tod must be better, Rex, and we are going to have a quiet night."

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The anxiety over his patients relieved, his thoughts reverted to Jane and their talk. He remembered the tone of her voice and the quick way in which she had warded off his tribute to her goodness; he recalled her anxiety over Lucy; he looked again into the deep, trusting eyes that gazed into his as she appealed to him for assistance; he caught once more the poise of the head as she listened to his account of little Tod Fogarty's illness and heard her quick offer to help and felt for the second time her instant tenderness and sympathy, never withheld from the sick and suffering, and always so generous and spontaneous.

A certain feeling of thankfulness now welled up in his heart. Perhaps she had at last begun to depend upon him—a dependence which, with a woman such as Jane, must, he felt sure, eventually end in love.

With these thoughts filling his mind, he settled deeper in his chair. These were the times in which he loved to think of her—when, with pipe in mouth, he could sit alone by his fire and build castles in the coals, every rosy mountain-top aglow with the love he bore her; with no watchful mother's face trying to fathom his thoughts; only his faithful dog stretched at his feet.

Picking up his brierwood, lying on a pile of books on his desk, and within reach of his hand, he started to fill the bowl, when a scrap of paper covered with a scrawl written in pencil came into view. He turned it to the light and sprang to his feet.

"Tod worse," he said to himself. "I wonder how long this has been here."

The dog was now beside him looking up into the doctor's eyes. It was not the first time that he had seen his master's face grow suddenly serious as he had read the tell-tale slate or had opened some note awaiting his arrival.

Doctor John lowered the lamp, stepped noiselessly to the foot of the winding stairs that led to the sleeping rooms above—the dog close at his heels, watching his every movement—and called gently:

"Mother! mother, dear!" He never left his office when she was at home and awake without telling her where he was going.

No one answered.

"She is asleep. I will slip out without waking her. Stay where you are, Rex—I will be back sometime before daylight," and throwing his night-cloak about his shoulders, he started for his gig.

The dog stopped with his paws resting on the outer edge of the top step of the porch, the line he was not to pass, and looked wistfully after the doctor. His loneliness was to continue, and his poor master to go out into the night alone. His tail ceased to wag, only his eyes moved.

Once outside Doctor John patted the mare's neck as if in apology and loosened the reins. "Come, old girl," he said; "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped," and springing into the gig, he walked the mare clear of the gravel beyond the gate so as not to rouse his mother, touched her lightly with the whip, and sent her spinning along the road on the way to Fogarty's.

The route led toward the sea, branching off within sight of the cottage porch, past the low conical ice-houses used by the fishermen in which to cool their fish during the hot weather, along the sand-dunes, and down a steep grade to the shore. The tide was making flood, and the crawling surf spent itself in long shelving reaches of foam. These so packed the sand that the wheels of the gig hardly made an impression upon it. Along this smooth surface the mare trotted briskly, her nimble feet wet with the farthest reaches of the incoming wash.

As he approached the old House of Refuge, black in the moonlight and looking twice its size in the stretch of the endless beach, he noticed for the hundredth time how like a crouching woman it appeared, with its hipped roof hunched up like a shoulder close propped against the dune and its overhanging eaves but a draped hood shading its thoughtful brow; an illusion which vanished when its square form, with its wide door and long platform pointing to the sea, came into view.

More than once in its brief history the doctor had seen the volunteer crew, aroused from their cabins along the shore by the boom of a gun from some stranded vessel, throw wide its door and with a wild cheer whirl the life-boat housed beneath its roof, into the boiling surf, and many a time had he helped to bring back to life the benumbed bodies drawn from the merciless sea by their strong arms.

There were other houses like it up and down the coast. Some had remained unused for years, desolate and forlorn, no unhappy ship having foundered or struck the breakers within their reach; others had been

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in constant use. The crews were gathered from the immediate neighborhood by the custodian, who was the only man to receive pay from the Government. If he lived near by he kept the key; if not, the nearest fisherman held it. Fogarty, the father of the sick child, and whose cabin was within gunshot of this house, kept the key this year. No other protection was given these isolated houses and none was needed. These black-hooded Sisters of the Coast, keeping their lonely vigils, were as safe from beach-combers and sea-prowlers as their white-capped namesakes would have been threading the lonely suburbs of some city.

The sound of the mare's feet on the oyster-shell path outside his cabin brought Fogarty, a tall, thin, weather-beaten fisherman, to the door. He was still wearing his hip-boots and sou'wester—he was just in from the surf—and stood outside the low doorway with a lantern. Its light streamed over the sand and made wavering patterns about the mare's feet.

"Thought ye'd never come, doc," he whispered, as he threw the blanket over the mare. "Wife's nigh crazy. Tod's fightin' for all he's worth, but their ain't much breath left in him. I was off the inlet when it come on."

The wife, a thick-set woman in a close-fitting cap, her arms bared to the elbow, her petticoats above the tops of her shoes, met him inside the door. She had been crying and her eyelids were still wet and her cheeks swollen. The light of the ship's lantern fastened to the wall fell upon a crib in the corner, on which lay the child, his short curls, tangled with much tossing, smoothed back from his face. The doctor's ears had caught the sound of the child's breathing before he entered the room.

"When did this come on?" Doctor John asked, settling down beside the crib upon a stool that the wife had brushed off with her apron.

"'Bout sundown, sir," she answered, her tear-soaked eyes fixed on little Tod's face. Her teeth chattered as she spoke and her arms were tight pressed against her sides, her fingers opening and shutting in her agony. Now and then in her nervousness she would wipe her forehead with the back of her wrist as if it were wet, or press her two fingers deep into her swollen cheek.

Fogarty had followed close behind the doctor who now stood looking down at the crib with fixed eyes, his thin lips close shut, his square jaw sunk in the collar of his shirt. There were no dangers that the sea could unfold which this silent surfman had not met and conquered, and would again. Every fisherman on the coast knew Fogarty's pluck and skill, and many of them owed their lives to him. To-night, before this invisible power slowly closing about his child he was as powerless as a skiff without oars caught in the swirl of a Barnegat tide.

"Why didn't you let me know sooner, Fogarty? You understood my directions?" Doctor John asked in a surprised tone. "You shouldn't have left him without letting me know." It was only when his orders were disobeyed and life endangered that he spoke thus.

The fisherman turned his head and was about to reply when the wife stepped in front of him.

"My husband got ketched in the inlet, sir," she said in an apologetic tone, as if to excuse his absence. "The tide set ag'in him and he had hard pullin' makin' the p'int. It cuts in turrible there, you know, doctor. Tod seemed to be all right when he left him this mornin'. I had husband's mate take the note I wrote ye. Mate said nobody was at home and he laid it under your pipe. He thought ye'd sure find it there when ye come in."

Doctor John was not listening to her explanations; he was leaning over the rude crib, his ear to the child's breast. Regaining his position, he smoothed the curls tenderly from the forehead of the little fellow, who still lay with eyes closed, one stout brown hand and arm clear of the coverlet, and stood watching his breathing. Every now and then a spasm of pain would cross the child's face; the chubby hand would open convulsively and a muffled cry escape him. Doctor John watched his breathing for some minutes, laid his hand again on the child's forehead, and rose from the stool.

"Start up that fire, Fogarty," he said in a crisp tone, turning up his shirt-cuffs, slipping off his evening coat, and handing the garment to the wife, who hung it mechanically over a chair, her eyes all the time searching Doctor John's face for some gleam of hope.

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"Now get a pan," he continued, "fill it with water and some corn-meal, and get me some cotton cloth—half an apron, piece of an old petticoat, anything, but be quick about it."

The woman, glad of something to do, hastened to obey. Somehow, the tones of his voice had put new courage into her heart. Fogarty threw a heap of driftwood on the smouldering fire and filled the kettle; the dry splinters crackled into a blaze.

The noise aroused the child.

The doctor held up his finger for silence and again caressed the boy's forehead. Fogarty, with a fresh look of alarm in his face, tiptoed back of the crib and stood behind the restless sufferer. Under the doctor's touch the child once more became quiet.

"Is he bad off?" the wife murmured when the doctor moved to the fire and began stirring the mush she was preparing. "The other one went this way; we can't lose him. You won't lose him, will ye, doctor, dear? I don't want to live if this one goes. Please, doctor——"

The doctor looked into the wife's eyes, blurred with tears, and laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"Keep a good heart, wife," he said; "we'll pull him through. Tod is a tough little chap with plenty of fight in him yet. I've seen them much worse. It will soon be over; don't worry."

Mrs. Fogarty's eyes brightened and even the fisherman's grim face relaxed. Silent men in grave crises suffer most; the habit of their lives precludes the giving out of words that soothe and heal; when others speak them they sink into their thirsty souls like drops of rain after a long drought. It was just such timely expressions as these that helped Doctor John's patients most—often their only hope hung on some word uttered with a buoyancy of spirit that for a moment stifled all their anxieties.

The effect of the treatment began to tell upon the little sufferer—his breathing became less difficult, the spasms less frequent. The doctor whispered the change to the wife, sitting close at his elbow, his impassive face brightening as he spoke; there was an even chance now for the boy's life.

The vigil continued.

No one moved except Fogarty, who would now and then tiptoe quickly to the hearth, add a fresh log to the embers, and as quickly move back to his position behind the child's crib. The rising and falling of the blaze, keeping rhythm, as it were, to the hopes and fears of the group, lighted up in turn each figure in the room. First the doctor sitting with hands resting on his knees, his aquiline nose and brow clearly outlined against the shadowy background in the gold chalk of the dancing flames, his black evening clothes in strong contrast to the high white of the coverlet, framing the child's face like a nimbus. Next the bent body of the wife, her face in half-tones, her stout shoulders in high relief, and behind, swallowed up in the gloom, out of reach of the fire-gleam, the straight, motionless form of the fisherman standing with folded arms, grim and silent, his unseen eyes fixed on his child.

Far into the night, and until the gray dawn streaked the sky, this vigil continued; the doctor, assisted by Fogarty and the wife, changing the poultices, filling the child's lungs with hot steam by means of a paper funnel, and encouraging the mother by his talk. At one time he would tell her in half-whispered tones of a child who had recovered and who had been much weaker than this one. Again he would turn to Fogarty and talk of the sea, of the fishing outside the inlet, of the big three-masted schooner which had been built by the men at Tom's River, of the new light they thought of building at Barnegat to take the place of the old one—anything to divert their minds and lessen their anxieties, stopping only to note the sound of every cough the boy gave or to change the treatment as the little sufferer struggled on fighting for his life.

When the child dozed no one moved, no word was spoken. Then in the silence there would come to their ears above the labored breathing of the boy the long swinging tick of the clock, dull and ominous, as if tolling the minutes of a passing life; the ceaseless crunch of the sea, chewing its cud on the beach outside or the low moan of the outer bar turning restlessly on its bed of sand.

Suddenly, and without warning, and out of an apparent sleep, the child started up from his pillow with staring eyes and began beating the air for breath.

The doctor leaned quickly forward, listened for a moment, his ear to the boy's chest, and said in a quiet, restrained voice:

"Go into the other room, Mrs. Fogarty,

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and stay there till I call you." The woman raised her eyes to his and obeyed mechanically. She was worn out, mind and body, and had lost her power of resistance.

As the door shut upon her Doctor John sprang from the stool, caught the lamp from the wall, handed it to Fogarty, and picking the child up from the crib, laid it flat upon his knees.

He now slipped his hand into his pocket and took from it a leather case filled with instruments.

"Hold the light, Fogarty," he said in a firm, decided tone, "and keep your nerve. I thought he'd pull through without it, but he'll strangle if I don't."

"What ye goin' to do—not cut him?" whispered the fisherman in a trembling voice.

"Yes. It's his only chance. I've seen it coming on for the last hour—no nonsense now. Steady. . . . It'll be over in a minute. . . . There, my boy, that'll help you. Now, Fogarty, hand me that cloth. . . . All right, little man. Don't cry, old fellow; it's all over. Now open the door and let your wife in," and he laid the child back on the pillow.

When the doctor took the blanket from the sorrel tethered outside Fogarty's cabin and turned his horse's head homeward the sails of the fishing-boats lying in a string on the far horizon line flashed silver in the morning sun. His groom met him at the stable door, and without a word led the mare into the barn.

The lamp in his study was still burning in yellow mockery of the rosy dawn. He laid his case of instruments on the desk, hung his cloak and hat to a peg in the closet, and ascended the staircase on the way to his bedroom. As he passed his mother's open door she heard his step.

"Why, it's broad daylight, son," she called in a voice ending in a yawn.

"Yes, mother."

"Where have you been?"

"To see little Tod Fogarty," he answered simply.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Croup."

"Is he going to die?"

"No, not this time."

"Well, what did you stay out all night for?" The voice had now grown stronger, with a petulant tone through it.

"Well, I could hardly help it. They are very simple people, and were so badly frightened that they were helpless. It's the only child they have left to them—the last one died of croup."

"Well, are you going to turn nurse for half the paupers in the county? All children have croup, and they don't all die!" The petulant voice had now developed into one of indignation.

"No, mother, but I couldn't take any risks. This little chap was worth saving."

There came a pause, during which the tired man waited patiently.

"You were at the Cobden's?"

"Yes; or I should have reached Fogarty's sooner."

"And Miss Jane detained you, of course."

"No, mother."

"Good-night, John."

"Say rather 'Good-day,' mother," he answered with a smile and continued on to his room.

IV

ANN GOSSAWAY'S RED CLOAK

THE merrymakings at Yardley continued for weeks, a new impetus and flavor being lent them by the arrival of two of Lucy's friends—her schoolmate and bosom companion, Maria Collins, of Trenton, and Maria's devoted admirer, Max Feilding, of Walnut Hills, Philadelphia.

Jane, in her joy over Lucy's home-coming, and in her desire to meet her sister's every wish, gladly welcomed the new arrivals, although Miss Collins, strange to say, had not made a very good impression upon her. Max she thought better of. He was a quiet, well-bred young fellow; older than either Lucy or Maria, and having lived abroad a year, knew something of the outside world. Moreover, their families had always been intimate in the old days, his ancestral home being always open to Jane's mother when a girl.

The arrival of these two strangers only added to the general gayety. Picnics were planned to the woods back of Warehold to which the young people of the town were

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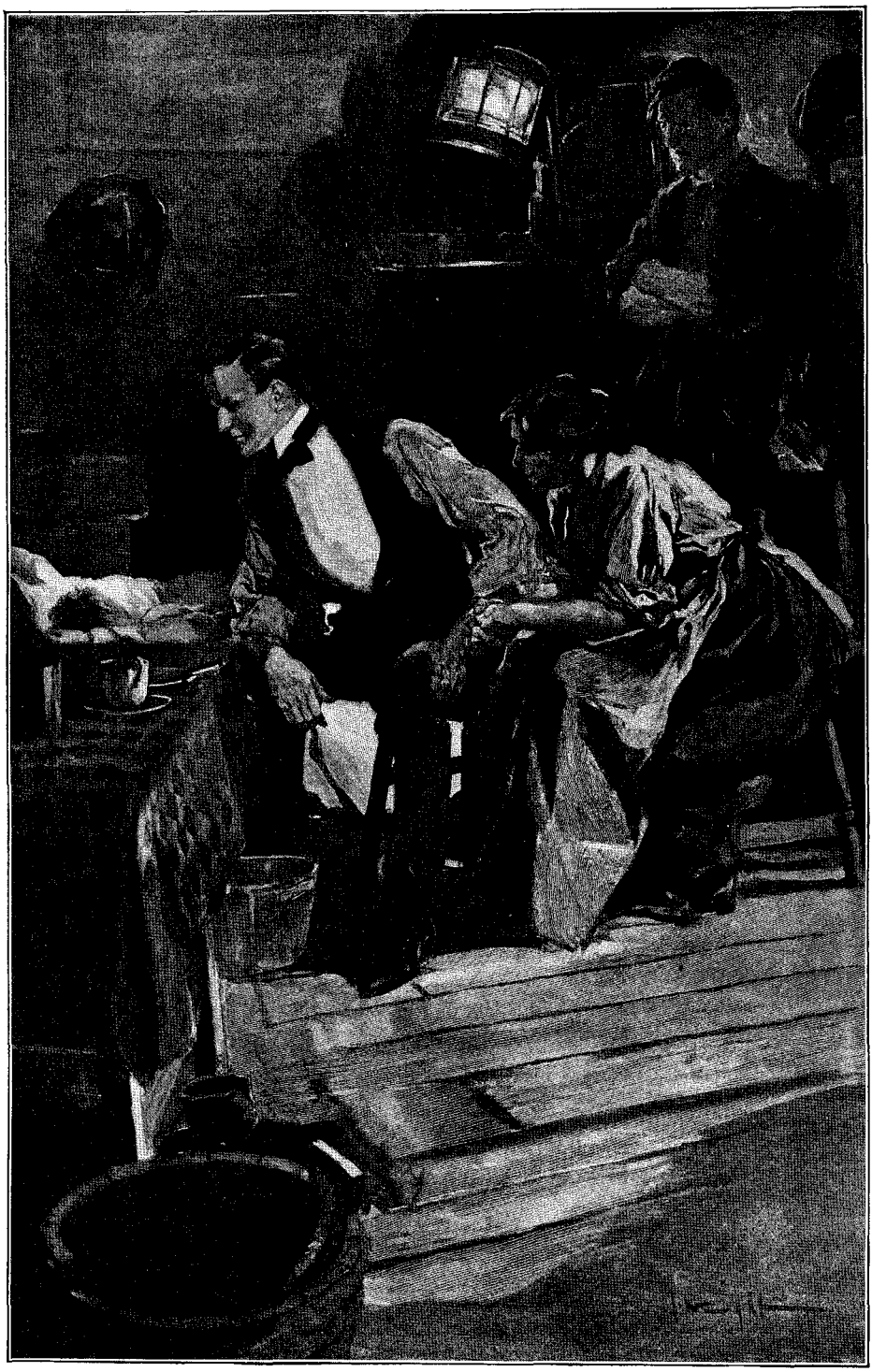

Drawn by George Wright.

The vigil continued far into the night and until the gray dawn streaked the sky.

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invited, and in which Billy Tatham with his team took a prominent part. Sailing and fishing parties outside of Barnegat were gotten up; dances were held in the old parlor, and even tableaux were arranged under Max's artistic guidance. In one of these Maria wore a Spanish costume fashioned out of a white lace shawl belonging to Jane's grandmother draped over her head and shoulders, and made the more bewitching by a red japonica fixed in her hair, and Lucy appeared as a dairy-maid decked out in one of Martha's caps, altered to fit her shapely head.

The village itself was greatly stirred.

"Have you seen them two fly-up-the-creeks?" Billy Tatham, the stage-driver, asked of Uncle Ephraim Tipple as he was driving him down to the boat landing.

"No, what do they look like?"

"The He-one had on a two-inch hat with a green ribbon and wore a white bob-tail coat that 'bout reached to the top o' his pants. Looks like he lived on water-crackers and milk, his skin's that white. The She-one had a set o' hoops on her big as a circus tent. Much as I could do to git her in the 'bus—as it was, she come in sideways. And her trunk! Well, it oughter been on wheels—one o' them travellin' houses. I thought one spell I'd take the old plug out the shafts and hook on to it and git it up that-a-way."

"Some of Lucy's chums, I guess," chuckled Uncle Ephraim. "Miss Jane told me they were coming. How long are they going to stay?"

"Dunno. Till they git fed up and fattened, maybe. If they was mine I'd have killin' time to-day."

Ann Gossaway and some of her cronies also gave free rein to their tongues.

"Learned them tricks at a finishin' school, did they?" broke out the dressmaker. (Lucy had been the only young woman in Warehold who had ever enjoyed that privilege.) "Wearin' each other's hats, rollin' round in the sand, and hollerin' so you could hear 'em clear to the lighthouse. If I had my way I'd finish 'em. And that's where they'll git if they don't mind, and quick, too!"

The Dellenbaughs, Cromartins, and Bunsbys, being of another class, viewed the young couple's visit in a different light. "Mr. Feilding has such nice hands and wears such lovely cravats," the younger Miss Cromartin said, and "Miss Collins is too sweet for anything." Prim Mr. Bunsby, having superior notions of life and deportment, only shook his head. He looked for more dignity, he said; but then this Byronic young man had not been invited to any of the outings.

In all these merrymakings and outings Lucy was the central figure. Her beauty, her joyous nature, her freedom from affectation and conventionality, her love of the out-of-doors, her pretty clothes and the way she wore them, all added to her popularity. In the swing and toss of her freedom, her true temperament developed. She was like a summer rose, making everything and everybody glad about her, loving the air she breathed as much for the color it put into her cheeks as for the new bound it gave to her blood. Just as she loved the sunlight for its warmth and the dip and swell of the sea for its thrill. So, too, when the roses were a glory of bloom, not only would she revel in the beauty of the blossoms, but, intoxicated by their color and fragrance, would bury her face in the wealth of their abundance, taking in great draughts of their perfume, caressing them with her cheeks, drinking in the honey of their petals.

This was also true of her voice—a rich, full, vibrating voice, that dominated the room and thrilled the hearts of all who heard her. When she sang she sang as a bird sings, as much to relieve its own overcharged little body, full to bursting with the music in its soul, as to gladden the surrounding woods with its melody—because, too, she could not help it and because the notes lay nearest her bubbling heart and could find their only outlet through the lips.

Bart was her constant companion. Under his instructions she had learned to hold the tiller in sailing in and out of the inlet; to swim overhand; to dive from a plank, no matter how high the jump; and to join in all his outdoor sports. Lucy had been his inspiration in all of this. She had surveyed the field that first night of their meeting and had discovered that the young man's personality offered the only material in Warehold available for her purpose. With him, or some one like him—one who had leisure and freedom, one who was quick and strong and skilful (and Bart was all of these)—the success of her summer would be assured.

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Without him many of her plans could not be carried out.

Her victory over him had been an easy one. Held first by the spell of her beauty and controlled later by her tact and stronger will, the young man's effrontery—almost impudence at times—had changed to a certain respectful snbservience, which showed itself in his constant effort to please and amuse her. When they were not sailing they were back in the orchard out of sight of the house, or were walking together nobody knew where. Often Bart would call for her immediately after breakfast, and the two would pack a lunch-basket and be gone all day, Lucy arranging the details of the outings and Bart entering into them with a dash and an eagerness which, to a man of his temperament, cemented the bond between them all the closer. Had they been two fabled denizens of the wood—she a nymph and he a dryad—they could not have been more closely linked with sky and earth.

Jane watched the increasing intimacy with alarm. She had suddenly become aroused to the fact that Lucy's love-affair with Bart was going far beyond the limits of prudence. The son of Captain Nathaniel Holt, late of the Black Ball Line of packets, would always be welcome as a visitor at the home, the captain being an old and tried friend of her father's; but neither Bart's education nor prospects, nor, for that matter, his social position—a point which usually had very little weight with Jane—could possibly entitle him to ask the hand of the granddaughter of Archibald Cobden in marriage. She began to regret that she had thrown them together. Her own ideas of reforming him had never contemplated any such intimacy as now existed between the young man and her sister. The side of his nature which he had always shown her had been one of respectful attention to her wishes; so much so that she had been greatly encouraged in her efforts to make something more of him than even his best friends predicted could be done; but she had never for one instant intended that her friendly interest should go any further; nor could he have conceived of such an issue.

And yet Jane did nothing to prevent the meetings and outings of the young couple, even after Maria's and Max's departure, which resulted in their being more together than ever. When Martha, in her ever-increasing anxiety, spoke of the growing intimacy she looked grave, but she gave no indication of her own thoughts. Her pride prevented her discussing the situation with the old nurse and her love for Lucy from intervening in her pleasures.

"She has been cooped up at school so long, Martha, dear," she answered, "that I hate to interfere in anything she wants to do. She is very happy; let her alone. I wish, though, she would return some of the calls of these good people who have been so kind to her. Perhaps she will, if you speak to her. But don't worry about Bart; that will wear itself out. All young girls must have their love-affairs."

Jane's voice had lacked the ring of true sincerity when she spoke about "wearing itself out," and Martha went to her room more dissatisfied than before. This feeling became all the more intense when, the next day, from her window she watched Bart tying on Lucy's hat, puffing out the big bow under her chin, smoothing her hair from the flying strings. Lucy's eyes were dancing, her face turned toward Bart's, her pretty lips near his own. There was a knot or a twist, or a collection of knots and twists, or perhaps Bart's fingers bungled, for minutes passed before the hat could be fastened to suit either of them. Martha's head had all this time been thrust out of the casement, her gaze apparently fixed on a bird-cage hung from a hook near the shutter.

Bart caught her eye and whispered to Lucy that that "old spy-cat" was watching them; whereupon Lucy faced about, waved her hand to the old nurse, and turning quickly, raced up the orchard and out of sight, followed by Bart carrying a shawl for them to sit upon.

After that Martha, unconsciously, perhaps, to herself, kept watch, so far as she could, upon their movements, without, as she thought, betraying herself: making excuses to go to the village when they two went off together in that direction; traversing the orchard, ostensibly looking for Meg when she knew all the time that the dog was sound asleep in the woodshed; or yielding to a sudden desire to give the rascal a bath whenever Lucy announced that she and Bart were going to spend the morning down by the water.

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As the weeks flew by and Lucy had shown no willingness to assume her share of any of the responsibilities of the house—any that interfered with her personal enjoyment—Jane became more and more restless and unhappy. The older village people had shown her sister every attention, she said to herself—more than was her due, considering her youth, and yet Lucy had never crossed any one of their thresholds. She again pleaded with the girl to remember her social duties and to pay some regard to the neighbors who had called upon her and who had shown her so much kindness; to which the happy-hearted sister had laughed back in reply.

"What for, you dear sister? These old fossils don't want to see me, and I'm sure I don't want to see them. Some of them give me the shivers, they are so prim."

It was with glad surprise, therefore, that Jane heard Lucy say in Martha's hearing one bright afternoon:

"Now, I'm going to begin, sister, and you won't have to scold me any more. Everyone of these old tabbies I will take in a row: Mrs. Cavendish first, and then the Cromartins, and the balance of the bunch when I can reach them. I am going to Rose Cottage to see Mrs. Cavendish this very afternoon."

The selection of Mrs. Cavendish as first on her list only increased Jane's wonder. Rose Cottage lay some two miles from Warehold, near the upper end of the beach, and few of their other friends lived near it. Then again, Jane knew that Lucy had not liked the doctor's calling her into the house the night of her arrival, and had heretofore made one excuse after another when urged to call on his mother. Her delight, therefore, over Lucy's sudden sense of duty was all the more keen.

"I'll go with you, darling," she answered, slipping her arm about Lucy's waist, "and we'll take Meg for a walk."

So they started, Lucy in her prettiest frock and hat and Jane with her big red cloak over her arm to protect the young girl from the breeze from the sea, which in the early autumn was often cool, especially if they should sit out on Mrs. Cavendish's piazza.

The doctor's mother met them on the porch. She had seen them enter the garden gate, and had left her seat by the window to welcome them, and was standing on the top step. Rex, as usual, in the doctor's absence, did the honors of the office. He loved Jane, and always sprang straight at her, his big paws resting on her shoulders. These courtesies, however, he did not extend to Meg. The high-bred setter had no other salutation for the clay-colored remnant than a lifting of his nose, a tightening of his legs, and a smothered growl when Meg ventured too near his lordship.

"Come up, my dear, and let me look at you," were Mrs. Cavendish's first words of salutation to Lucy. "I hear you have quite turned the heads of all the gallants in Warehold. John says you are very beautiful, and you know the doctor is a good judge, is he not, Miss Jane?" and she held out her two hands to them both. "And he's quite right; you are just like your dear mother, who was known as the Rose of Barnegat long before you were born. Shall we sit here, or will you come into my little *salon* for a cup of tea?" It was always a "*salon*" to Mrs. Cavendish, never a "sitting-room."

"Oh, please let me sit here," Lucy answered, checking a rising smile at the word, "the view is so lovely," and without further comment or any reference to the compliments showered upon her, she took her seat upon the top step and began to play with Rex, who had already offered to make friends with her, his invariable habit with well-dressed people.

Jane meanwhile improved the occasion to ask the doctor's mother about the hospital they were building near Barnegat, and whether she and one or two of the other ladies at Warehold would not be useful as visitors, and, perhaps, in case of emergency, as nurses.

While the talk was in progress Lucy sat smoothing Rex's silky ears, listening to every word her hostess spoke, watching her gestures and the expressions that crossed her face, and settling in her mind for all time, after the manner of young girls, what sort of woman the doctor's mother might be; any opinions she might have had two years before being now outlawed by this advanced young woman in her present mature judgment.

In that comprehensive glance, with the profound wisdom of her eighteen summers to help her, she had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Cavendish was a high-strung, nervous, fussy, little woman of fifty, with an

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outward show of good-will and an inward intention to rip everybody up the back who opposed her; proud of her home, of her blood, and her son, and determined, if she could manage it, to break off his attachment for Jane, no matter at what cost. This last Lucy caught from a peculiar look in the little old woman's eyes and a slightly scornful curve of the lower lip as she listened to Jane's talk about the hospital, all of which was lost on "plain Jane Cobden," as the doctor's mother invariably called her sister behind her back.

Then the young mind-reader turned her attention to the house and grounds and the buildings lying above and before her, especially to the way the matted vines hung to the porches and clambered over the roof and dormers. Later on she listened to Mrs. Cavendish's description of its age and ancestry: How it had come down to her from her grandfather, whose large estate was near Trenton, where as a girl she had spent her life; how in those days it was but a villa to which old Nicholas Erskine, her great uncle, would bring his guests when the August days made Trenton unbearable; and how under the big trees back of the house and over the lawn—"you can see them from where you sit, my dear"—tea had been served to twenty or more of "the first gentlemen and ladies of the land."

Jane had heard it all a dozen times before, and so had every other visitor at Rose Cottage, but to Lucy it was only confirmation of her latter-day snap-shot opinion of her hostess. Nothing, however, could be more gracious than the close attention which the young girl gave Mrs. Cavendish's every word when the talk was again directed to her, bending her pretty head and laughing at the right time—a courtesy which so charmed the dear lady that she insisted on giving first Lucy, and then Jane, a bunch of roses from her "own favorite bush" before the two girls took their leave.

With these evidences of her delight made clear, Lucy pushed Rex from her side—he had become presuming and had left the imprint of his dusty paw upon her spotless frock—and with the remark that she had other visits to pay, her only regret being that this one was so short, she got up from her seat on the step, called Meg, and stood waiting for Jane with some slight impatience in her manner.

Jane immediately rose from her chair. She had been greatly pleased at the impression Lucy had made. Her manner, her courtesy, her respect for the older woman, her humoring her whims, showed her to be the daughter of a Cobden. As to her own place during the visit, she had never given it a thought. She would always be willing to act as foil to her accomplished, brilliant sister if by so doing she could make other people love Lucy the more.

As they walked through the doctor's study, Mrs. Cavendish preceding them, Jane lingered for a moment and gave a hurried glance about her. There stood his chair and his lounge where he had thrown himself so often when tired out. There, too, was the closet where he hung his coat and hat, and the desk covered with books and papers. A certain feeling of reverence not unmixed with curiosity took possession of her, as when one enters a sanctuary in the absence of the priest. For an instant she passed her hand gently over the leather back of the chair where his head rested, smoothing it with her fingers. Then her eyes wandered over the room, noting each appointment in detail. Suddenly a sense of injustice rose in her mind as she thought that nothing of beauty had ever been added to these plain surroundings; even the plants in the boxes by the windows looked half faded. With a quick glance at the open door she slipped a rose from the bunch in her hand, leaned over, and with the feeling of a devotee laying an offering on the altar, placed the flower hurriedly on the doctor's slate. Then she joined Mrs. Cavendish.

Lucy walked slowly from the gate, her eyes every now and then turned to the sea. When she and Jane reached the cross-road that branched off toward the beach—it ran within sight of Mrs. Cavendish's windows—Lucy said:

"The afternoon is so lovely I'm not going to pay any more visits. Suppose I go to the beach and give Meg a bath. You won't mind, will you? Come, Meg."

"Oh, how happy you will make him! But you are not dressed warm enough, dearie. You know how cool it gets toward evening. Here, take my cloak. Perhaps I'd better go with you——"

"No, do you keep on home. I want to see if the little wretch will be contented with

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me alone. Good-by," and without giving her sister time to protest, she called to Meg, and with a wave of her hand, the red cloak flying from her shoulders, ran toward the beach, Meg bounding after her.

Jane waved her own in answer, and kept her eyes on the graceful figure skipping along the road, her head and shoulders in silhouette against the blue sea, her white skirts brushing the yellow grass of the sand-dune. All the mother love in her heart welled up in her breast. She was so proud of her, so much in love with her, so thankful for her! All these foolish love-affairs and girl fancies would soon be over and Bart and the others like him, out of Lucy's mind and heart. Why worry about it? Some great strong soul would come by and by and take this child in his arms and make a woman of her. Some strong soul——

She stopped short in her walk and her thoughts went back to the red rose lying on the doctor's desk.

"Will he know?" she said to herself; "he loves flowers so, and I don't believe anybody ever puts one on his desk. Poor fellow! how hard he works and how good he is to everybody! Little Tod would have died but for his tenderness." Then, with a prayer in her heart and a new light in her eyes, she kept on her way.

Lucy, as she bounded along the edge of the bluff, Meg scurrying after her, had never once lost sight of her sister's slender figure. When a turn in the road shut her from view, she crouched down behind a sand-dune, waited until she was sure Jane would not change her mind and join her, and then folding the cloak over her arm, gathered up her skirts and ran with all her speed along the wet sand to the House of Refuge. As she reached its side, Bart Holt stepped out into the afternoon light.

"I thought you'd never come, darling," he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her.

"I couldn't help it, sweetheart. I told sister I was going to see Mrs. Cavendish, and she was so delighted she said she would go, too."

"Where is she?" he interrupted, turning his head and looking anxiously up the beach.

"Gone home. Oh, I fixed that. I was scared to death for a minute, but you trust me when I want to get off."

"Why didn't you let her take that beast of a dog with her? We don't want him," he rejoined, pointing to Meg, who had come to a sudden standstill at the sight of Bart.

"Why, you silly! That's how I got away. She thought I was going to give him a bath. How long have you been waiting, my precious?" Her hand was on his shoulder now, her eyes raised to his.

"Oh, 'bout a year. It really seems like a year, Luce" (his pet name for her), "when I'm waiting for you. I was sure something was up. Wait till I open the door," and he turned to the house."

"Why! can we get in? I thought Fogarty, the fisherman, had the key," she asked, with a tone of pleasant surprise in her voice.

"So he has," he laughed. "Got it now hanging up behind his clock. I borrowed it yesterday and had one made just like it. I'm of age." This came with a sly wink, followed by a low laugh of triumph.

Lucy smiled. She liked his daring; she liked, too, his resources. When a thing was to be done, Bart always found the way to do it. She waited until he had fitted the new bright key into the rusty lock, her hand in his.

"Now, come inside," he cried, swinging wide the big doors. "Isn't it a jolly place?" and he slipped his arm about her and drew her to him. "See, there's the stove with the kindling-wood all ready to light when anything comes ashore, and up on that shelf are life-preservers; and here's a table and some stools and a lantern—two of 'em; and there the big life-boat, all ready to push out. Good place to come Sundays with some of the fellows, isn't it? Play all night here, and not a soul would find you out," he chuckled as he pointed to the different things. "You didn't think, now, I was going to have a cubby-hole like this to hide you in where that old spot-cat Martha can't be watching us, did you?" he added, drawing her toward him again and kissing her with a sudden intensity.

Lucy slipped from his arms and began examining everything with the greatest interest. She had never seen anything but the outside of the house before and she always wondered what it contained, and as a child had stood up on her toes and tried to peep in through the crack of the big door. When she had looked the boat all over and

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felt of the oars, and wondered whether the fire could be lighted quick enough, and pictured in her mind the half-drowned people huddled around it in their sea-drenched clothes, she moved to the door. Bart wanted her to sit down inside, but she refused.

"No, come outside and lie on the sand. Nobody comes along here," she insisted. "Oh, see how beautiful the sea is! I love that green," and drawing Jane's red cloak around her, she settled herself on the sand, Bart throwing himself at her feet.

The sun was now nearing the horizon, and its golden rays fell across their faces. Away off on the sky-line trailed the smoke of an incoming steamer; nearer in idled a schooner bound in to Barnegat Inlet with every sail set. At their feet the surf rose sleepily under the gentle pressure of the incoming tide, its wavelets spreading themselves in widening circles as if bent on kissing the feet of the radiant girl.

As they sat and talked, filled with the happiness of being alone, their eyes now on the sea and now looking into each other's, Meg, who had amused himself by barking at the swooping gulls, chasing the sandsnipe and digging holes in the sand for imaginary muskrats, lifted his head and gave a short yelp. Bart, annoyed by the sound, picked up a bit of driftwood and hurled it at him, missing him by a few inches. The narrowness of the escape silenced the dog and sent him to the rear with drooping tail and ears.

Bart should have minded Meg's warning. A broad beach in the full glare of the setting sun, even when protected by a House of Refuge, is a poor place to be alone in.

A woman was passing along the edge of the bluffs, carrying a basket in one hand and a green umbrella in the other; a tall, thin, angular woman, with the eye of a ferret. It was Ann Gossaway's day for visiting the sick, and she had just left Fogarty's cabin, where little Tod, with his throat tied up in red flannel, had tried on her mits and played with her spectacles. Miss Gossaway had heard Meg's bark and had been accorded a full view of Lucy's back covered by Jane's red cloak, with Bart sitting beside her, their shoulders touching.

Lovers with their heads together interested the gossip no longer, except as a topic to talk about. Such trifles had these many years passed out of the dressmaker's life. So Miss Gossaway, busy with her own thoughts, kept on her way unnoticed by either Lucy or Bart.

When she reached the cross-road she met Doctor John driving in. He tightened the reins on the sorrel and stopped.

"Lovely afternoon, Miss Gossaway. Where are you from—looking at the sunset?"

"No, I ain't got no time for spoonin'. I might be if I was Miss Jane and Bart Holt. Just see 'em a spell ago squattin' down behind the House o' Refuge. She wouldn't look at me. I been to Fogarty's; she's on my list this week, and it's my day for visitin', fust in two weeks. That two-year-old of hers is all right ag'in after your sewing him up; they'll never get over tellin' how you set up all night with him. You ought to hear Mrs. Fogarty go on—'Oh, the goodness of him!'" and she mimicked the good woman's dialect. "'If Tod 'd been his own child he couldn't a-done more for him.' That's the way she talks. I heard, doctor, ye never left him till daylight. You're a wonder."

The doctor touched his hat and drove on.

Miss Gossaway's sharp, rasping voice and incisive manner of speaking grated upon him. He liked neither her tone nor the way in which she spoke of the mistress of Yardley. No one else dared as much. If Jane was really on the beach and with Bart, she had some good purpose in her mind. It may have been her day for visiting, and Bart, perhaps, had accompanied her. But why had Miss Gossaway not met Miss Cobden at Fogarty's, his being the only cabin that far down the beach? Then his face brightened. Perhaps, after all, it was Lucy whom she had seen. He had placed that same red cloak around her shoulders the night of the reception at Yardley—and when she was with Bart, too.

Mrs. Cavendish was sitting by her window when the doctor entered his own house. She rose, and putting down her book, advanced to meet him.

"You should have come earlier, John," she said with a laugh; "such a charming girl and so pretty and gracious. Why I was quite overcome. She is very different from her sister. What do you think Miss Jane wants to do now? Nurse in the new hospital when it is built! Pretty position for a lady, isn't it?"

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"Any position she would fill would gain by her presence," said the doctor gravely. "Have they been gone long?" he asked, changing the subject. He never discussed Jane Cobden with his mother if he could help it.

"Oh, yes, some time. Lucy must have kept on home, for I saw Miss Jane going toward the beach alone."

"Are you sure, mother?" There was a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Yes, certainly. She had that red cloak of hers with her and that miserable little dog; that's how I know. She must be going to stay late. You look tired, my son; have you had a hard day?" and she kissed him on the cheek.

"Yes, perhaps I am a little tired, but I'll be all right. Have you looked at the slate lately? I'll go myself," and he turned and entered his office.

On the slate lay the rose. He picked it up and held it to his nose in a preoccupied way.

"One of mother's," he said listlessly, laying it back among his papers. "She so seldom does that sort of thing. Funny that she should have given it to me to-day; and after Miss Jane's visit, too." Then he shut the office door, threw himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands. He was still there when his mother called him to supper.

When Lucy reached home it was nearly dark. She came alone, leaving Bart at the entrance of the village. At her suggestion they had avoided the main road and had crossed the marsh by the foot-path.

"Why, he's as dry as a bone!" Martha cried, stroking Meg's rough hair with her plump hand! "He didn't get much of a bath, did he?"

"No, I couldn't get him into the water. Every time I got my hand on him he'd dart away again."

"Anybody on the beach, darlin'?"

"Not a soul except Meg and the sandsnipe."

(To be continued.)

BALLAD OF EVE'S RETURN

By Theodosia Garrison

'Twas Eve came back to Paradise
  And paused without the gate;
The angels with the flaming swords
  Stood each beside the grate—
And clean-white was one sword like love,
  And one was red like hate.

The chaste hosts leaned from heaven to see
  The woman of first sin;
Above her head the burning blades
  Crossed, menacing and thin,
And lo! a great voice spake through space,
  "My people, let her in!"

Down dropped the swords on either side,
  The thrice-barred gate swung free;
Blossomed and bright and beckoning
  Stirred sun-filled flower and tree,
But Eve stood still without the gate
  Nor wistfully spake she:

"Afar my strong man breaks the soil,
  And as he toils he sings
That I may know that still his love

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Grows with earth's growing things.
An I came in, who else might lean
To greet his home-comings?

"And what to me were Paradise
And languid days of ease,
Seeing the peace that springs from toil
Is lovelier than these,
What time at evenfall we two
Rest 'neath our new-grown trees?

"And what to me were Paradise,
Since I have known the best—
My true mate's eyes within my eyes,
The man-child at my breast,
Their exquisite, dear need of me
That makes me wholly blest?"

The thrice-barred gate swung free and wide
To show the sun-filled way;
The blossomed heights of Paradise
Lured her as live things may.
'Twas Eve who stood without the gate
And laughed and turned away.

Aghast, amazed, the hosts of Heaven
Broke forth in wildered cries,
"Where, then, is that her punishment
Thou didst devise, Most Wise,
What time Thy vengeance drove her forth
Outcast from Paradise?"

Beneath the answering voice they bent
As wind-swayed forests move.
"My people, of this woman's word
Take ye the truth thereof;
Learn ye thus late her punishment
Came not of hate, but love!

"Wiser than ye is she who guessed
My meaning overlong;
Love cast her forth from Paradise—
Now when hath love wrought wrong?"

* * * * * * * *

And suddenly the courts of Heaven
Thrilled with adoring song.

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HOLBEIN

By Kenyon Cox

THE name of Holbein calls up immediately in the mind a series of portraits, somewhat stiff in attitude, rather primitive in their lack of light and shade, but incomparable in their masterly draughtsmanship and their expression of character. To the true connoisseur it calls up first of all, perhaps, that wonderful series of drawings preserved at Windsor Castle, studies for portraits of persons connected with the English court, which are even more remarkable than the paintings executed from some of them for the masterful use of what seem inadequate means—drawings which express the full power of the sixteenth century in the technique of a hundred years earlier. Considered in itself there is something enigmatic in this contrast of matter and manner, but the puzzle becomes more baffling when one considers these drawings and paintings in connection with the early work of the man who produced them. We are too apt to forget this early work. When we begin to study it we find that Holbein's development was in the reverse direction of that of almost all other artists, that his methods grow more primitive as he grows older, and that his earlier productions, if we except the mere prentice work of his extreme youth, are much freer in movement, richer in composition, fuller in light and shade, every way more *modern* than the works of his full maturity.

Born at Augsburg, almost at the very end of the fifteenth century, twenty-six years later than Dürer and twenty years after the date usually given as that of the birth of Titian, Holbein was a child of the high Renaissance and, slowly as the Renaissance crept northward, fell early under Italian influence. At Basel, where he began his independent career at about the age of seventeen or eighteen, this influence must have been greatly strengthened in some way, and reaches its visible height about 1526, just before his first journey to England. The multifariousness of his work during these early years is somewhat surprising to us who have learned to think of him as almost exclusively a portrait-painter. Here is an all-around artist who can turn his hand to anything and, in the absence of steady employment, is very willing to do so. Book illustrations, portraits, designs for stained glass, anything from initial letters to altar-pieces, he is glad to do, and he does them with a wonderful fertility of invention and a precocious mastery. The earliest are decidedly German in accent, reminding one not a little of Dürer, but almost from the first there is a finer taste in ornament and in architecture, a greater freedom of movement, a more Italianate costume, and a more concentrated composition; while the study of light and shade becomes early a visible preoccupation. There is a whole series of his cartoons for glass in the museum at Basel which are worth attentive study, and the designs for the shutters of the Basel church organ, there preserved, seem to me admirable in character, in decorative propriety and in beauty of line—far finer than anything of the same sort by Dürer or by any other northerner. As for his little wood-cuts of the "Dance of Death," everyone knows them and everyone admires them. No one else has packed so much action, so much energy, so much fancy, into such small compass. These tiny blocks are among the world's masterpieces of designs.

But let us concentrate our attention on a few things which show in a particularly clear manner Holbein's study of light and shade and the influence upon him of Italian art. In 1521, when he was twenty-four years old, he painted, probably for his own instruction, that extraordinary piece of realism, the "Dead Christ" of the Basel Museum. In conception this is sufficiently German or, one may say, sufficiently primitive—the lank body stretched out at full length and painfully studied in every detail, the ghastly face with glazed eyes and open mouth, are Gothic enough. Its originality is in the lighting, which is such as no primitive, German or Italian, would have

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thought of. Instead of the front light, which casts scarcely any visible shadow, Holbein has used, to bring out the modelling, a sharp side-light from the right which rakes the meagre forms and, relatively to the position of the head, becomes a lighting from beneath, throwing the whole face into shadow except the under side of brows and nose and upper lip. Turn the picture so as to bring the figure upright and you have precisely that effect, as of an actor before the footlights, which still seems piquant to us in the work of Degas and rather startlingly modern in the portrait of General Borro, usually attributed to Velasquez. The next year Holbein painted the "Madonna of Solothurn," a grand composition, noble and simple, in its *ordonnance*, with nothing particularly novel in its lighting, but with no remnant of primitiveness and nothing peculiarly German about it, unless it be the overcomplication of fold in the lower part of the Virgin's mantle or something in the type of her head. It is a picture which reminds you of no special Italian master, but might almost pass for the work of some unknown Italian, and has not nearly the local and national accent of the "Meyer Madonna" of four years later.

In the next few years must have been painted the eight scenes from the Passion on the wings of an altar-piece, in Basel, the "Touch Me Not" of Hampton Court, and the "Nativity" and the "Adoration of the Magi" in the church of Freiburg in Breisgau. The "Touch Me Not" has almost a Venetian air, both in types and costume and in the simplicity of its composition and the gravity of its masses, while the brilliant interior lighting of the tomb, in the setting of dark rocks, is altogether surprising. The scenes from the Passion, crowded into their narrow upright spaces, are full of small figures in turbulent action, of audacious foreshortenings, of torchlight, moonlight, all kinds of light that are violent and unwonted, of things that suggest Tintoretto more than they resemble anything done up to that time. But it is the "Nativity" of Freiburg that shows us Holbein the innovator more clearly than any other work. It is a night scene, and the light comes from the holy child, as in Correggio's famous painting in Dresden; but in picturesqueness of effect, with its vast shadows wavering up the ruined columns, its weird lights flickering into the faces of the spectators and bringing out the broken arches against the deep sky, where, clear at the top, the moon breaks through fleecy clouds and shines serenely down upon the group beneath, it far outdoes Correggio. Truly a remarkable picture to have been painted in the first quarter of the sixteenth century by a young German painter in a Swiss town far from the art centres of the South.

In these days one is never sure that an accepted attribution shall not be upset or an accepted date altered, and it is possible that I have taken too much for granted, but I imagine there can be no doubt about the "Meyer Madonna" and the "Lais Corinthiaca" of 1526, or the "Venus and Cupid" which so closely resembles the "Lais"; and these pictures alone are sufficient to show Holbein's submission to Italian influence and his interest in chiaroscuro. In the "Venus," and in the still finer "Lais," there is no longer question of a vague and indeterminate influence from beyond the Alps; it is unmistakably the influence of Leonardo that has somehow reached Holbein. In expression, in modelling, in arrangement, the effect of some study, direct or indirect, of the work of the great Florentine is at once apparent. The pose of the "Lais" is admirably free and graceful, the subtly indicated smile and the exquisite modelling are altogether Leonardesque. The elaborate costume has little in common with that worn by the wives and daughters of the painter's burgher friends. The only fault one can find with the picture is that it is too reflective and not sufficiently local and original. One can see nothing German in it but a slight homeliness in the delicate features—nothing specifically Holbein's own unless it be the impeccability of the spacing and the composition, in which he never fails. And yet there is one piece of observation in this picture quite astonishingly novel—the cast shadow of the hand upon the window-ledge, which, as with the Italians, was a favorite device of Holbein's for closing the bottom of his composition, seems like a prophecy of Rembrandt.

Such was Holbein when, at the age of twenty-nine, he determined to go to England in search of more golden opportunity. An eclectic, a student of Italian art, a bold experimenter and innovator, what was England to make of him? An artist whose per-

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sonality was not yet decisively shaped but who might do anything, what was England to allow him to do? The English, who lived upon foreign artists for many generations and produced scarcely any of their own for two centuries after Holbein's time, have always made over the artists whom they have adopted, and they have generally made of them painters of portraits exclusively. For three hundred years they had no use for altar-pieces or decorations or subject pictures or even landscapes; the only works of art they would pay for were their own likenesses, and an artist must be a "face-painter" or starve. From the time he set foot in England, one may say, Holbein painted nothing but portraits. He was back in Basel from 1628 to 1631, with English money in his pocket, and at his old work of decorating the town-hall, doing miscellaneous designing and illustrating, even making some beautiful drawings for goldsmith work, but he seems to have found it impossible to make a living there, and in 1631 he goes back to England and his portrait painting, and does nothing else until he dies.

Fortunately for him, and for us, he was already an admirable portrait-painter and had produced, as early as 1523, such a masterpiece as the "Erasmus" of the Louvre. During all the time of his experimenting and painting altar-pieces and easel pictures he had had occasional portraits to do, and had done them with constantly growing power. At first they are German and Dürer-like, but gradually the influence of the old Netherlandish school becomes more pronounced in them, until the portrait of Erasmus of Rotterdam becomes entirely Dutch. It is beyond praise in its quiet perfection of drawing, its wonderful truth and character, its enamelled surface and beauty of sober color. The eclectic had studied Van Eyck as well as Leonardo, and had almost surpassed him upon his own ground. The many-sided artist had one side that fitted the idiosyncrasy of the new public to which he was to appeal; it was that side only of his genius that was to be permitted further development.

It is only slowly, however, that the extreme of what we know as the Holbeinesque manner was formed. On his first visit to England he bore a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More from their common friend, Erasmus, and the portraits he painted were of More's family and circle of friends. On the second visit he was for a time engaged on portraits of the German merchants, members of the Hanseatic League, who were settled in London, and some of these portraits are among his most perfect achievements. We have no evidence of his official connection with the court of Henry VIII before 1536, and it is as court painter that those portraits were produced which are most rigid in pose, most shadeless, most naïvely insistent upon every detail of ornament and costume. It is in the work of the last seven years of his life that the great painter becomes definitely the primitive he has generally been reckoned.

Let us, for the sake of contrast, go directly from the work of Holbein's first Basel period to some of the work he did as court painter to Henry VIII, picking up the dropped threads later. Placing the portrait of Jane Seymour or that of Anne of Cleves beside the "Lais Corinthiaca," one seems to have gone back in manner a hundred years. In place of the easy movement of the "Lais" we have the point-blank symmetry of the "Anne of Cleves," everything on one side of the canvas answering exactly to something on the other with almost the absoluteness of a tracing, or, if the face is turned in three-quarters, as in the "Jane Seymour," bust and shoulders and hips are all turned together, even the eyes following the general movement—a wooden doll could not turn otherwise. Nay, she is incapable of turning; it is the artist, who has moved around her to get another view. In place of the beautifully drawn and painted costume we have clothes of an extraordinary rigidity, with no detail slighted, each jewel or bit of pattern as near as every other, the whole thing perfectly flat, not only without modelling but without perspective. The gold is real gold-leaf, only slightly modified by glazings; the face is entirely without shadows and the hands cast no shadow on the gown; the background is a perfectly even, flat tone, representing nothing. Jane Seymour, Queen, is a queen of playing cards.

How far the artist could go at this period in the abolition of cast shadows is shown most clearly, perhaps, in the remarkable drawing of Sir John Gage, where the sharply projecting hat-brim casts absolutely no shadow, however narrow or diffused, on the brow below it. It is not a matter of the direction

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of the lighting—you cannot arrange light so if you try. It cannot be ignorance; the beauty of the drawing itself would convince you of that, if we had not his earlier work to prove to us that he knew more, rather than less, about chiaroscuro than the other painters of his day. It is unmistakably a matter of choice. The ablest painter out of Italy has deliberately set back the clock, and has reduced the art of painting, which he has been at so much pains to master, almost to the condition of medieval illumination.

Was the choice his own or that of others? I think there can be little doubt that it was forced upon him by the taste of his royal master. When Holbein came to England there were already certain Flemish miniaturists there, employed by the court—men whose art was directly descended from that of the old missal-painters—and one of these, Lucas Hornebolt, was a "king's servant" during the same years as Holbein and at a higher salary than Holbein received. These men painted in water-color, in flat and brilliant tones, without light and shade, used gold freely, and employed the even blue background which gradually became the miniaturist's sky. They had so formed the taste of the court that, in the next generation, Nicholas Hilliard was expressly commanded to paint Elizabeth "without shadows." From one of these men, probably this same Lucas Hornebolt, Holbein, who had never painted in water-color, condescended to take lessons, and in 1535 he painted the wonderful miniature of Henry Brandon, son of the Earl of Suffolk, which is in the Royal Collection at Windsor. It is much freer in attitude than that of his brother Charles, painted six years later, as if Holbein were reluctant to submit himself entirely to the reigning taste, but he had to learn to do so. It is in some of the miniatures which he must have painted—they are too fine to be by anyone else—that the extremely primitive style of the portrait of Jane Seymour first makes its appearance. Apparently he found that he must apply it to his portraits in oil if he was to succeed at court, and the kind of humility and simplicity that had always led him to accept any sort of task that anyone was willing to pay for, led him to accept these limitations. That there was some constraint, however, would seem to be indicated by the fact that the primitiveness of his style is in direct ratio to the exalted station of his sitter. Even during his first visit to London he had painted Archbishop Warham in a much stiffer manner than he used for others, and had employed real gold on the mitre and crosier; and chains of office are always apt to be drawn with a rigidity very different from the ease with which he could do the scales and seals of a merchant. Whenever he is at home with a sitter of something like his own rank he paints his best, represents him in his own surroundings as he lived, gives him a certain freedom of movement and truth of light and shade, limiting himself only to the front light which even such a sitter demanded; and when he is back in Basel he paints his wife and children with such richness of shadow that, in our own day, Henner, as a travelling student, found himself attracted to the picture, and made a copy of it which might almost pass for an original work of his own. Even to the end he can paint a picture like the "Hubert Morett" at Dresden—a picture seen from directly in front but without the rigid symmetry of the "Anne of Cleves"—a picture with a green damask curtain for a background and with a sidelight on the face, giving it a degree of chiaroscuro which made its long attribution to Leonardo possible. It is only when he is called to paint royalty that he entirely effaces his knowledge of effect, his freedom of movement, his interest in the background, and produces a sort of medieval miniature on the scale of life.

It is as if he had said: "Very well. You want stiffness; you want absence of shadow; you want every detail of costume made out, each jewel, each link of a chain as prominent as every other. You shall have it so. I can do other things, but I can do this too, and you have a right to say what you want as long as you pay for it." Does this seem too much like commercialism? Holbein was a tradesman, but he was an artist also, and if he accepted the limitations set for him he produced such things under those limitations as had never been produced before—such things as we still admire even more than they were admired by his contemporaries. If he was to work at all it was necessary to do such work as was in demand, but he could show how such work ought to be done; and though he painted, as it were, with his hands tied, he could still paint better than anyone else. He abandoned the beauties incompatible with the kind of art that was asked for,

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Sir John Gage.
From the Windsor collection.

but he carried the beauties proper to it to their highest perfection. He even made an added means of expression of the very limitations of the art he practised, as great artists will, and the shadelessness of the portrait of "Jane Seymour" is so expressive of the dazzling fairness of complexion which was her chief claim to beauty that it might well be thought, as it has been, to have been invented merely for that purpose; while the "miniature-like perfection" of detail in the costume has made of the whole picture an exquisite and splendid piece of decoration.

What would such an artist have produced if he had been allowed to do as he liked, and had continued to develop on the lines of his earlier work? He *did* develop, and, because he was a more mature and powerful artist at forty than he had been at thirty the relatively primitive works of his last decade—he died at forty-six—are the finest and noblest things he did and are among the finest things ever done by anyone. Compared with them such a picture as the "Lais" is the interesting work of an artist of promise—they are the ultimate expression of one of the greatest

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of artists, masterpieces destined to everlasting fame. Whatever he might have been, Holbein *is*, for us, the master of the Hampton Court drawings, of the portraits of Christina, Duchess of Milan and Hubert Morett and Georg Gyze—a painter of portraits in the Flemish manner and one of the greatest—in some ways *the* greatest—of portrait-painters.

What, then, are the qualities of these works that give them a special and unique greatness, differing in kind from that achieved by anyone else? The most obvious of their qualities are their impeccable draughtsmanship and their absolute truthfulness—the most evident of Holbein's claims to immortality is simply the possession of a wonderful eye. His drawing is altogether without visible formulæ or reliance on acquired knowledge, without habits, entirely innocent, and accurate with an accuracy unknown before or since. The mere ability "to take a measure or to follow a line," as Fromentin phrased it, has in him reached the level of genius. There is a sheet of studies for the hands of the "Erasmus" that is an everlasting marvel. A single slow, even, trembling pen-line, tracing the contour with entire impartiality, dwelling on no one thing with more insistence than on another, and there are the hands before you—those wonderful hands, soft, firm, trained by years of beautiful penmanship, a little aged now and not so free or so steady as they have been—hands that no one who has studied the Louvre portrait can ever forget—as completely rendered in this slight sketch as in the painting itself. His drawings at Windsor are full of such miracles of vision, and they are evidently as truthful in the rendering of physiognomies—so truthful that one wonders, sometimes, that he found patrons. Evidently the Englishman of that generation wanted the truth, and Holbein gave it to him unrelentingly. He is the one painter whom one can never suspect of flattery—in spite of Henry's disappointment with the real Anne of Cleves after seeing her portrait—the one painter whose entire veracity is unquestionable. And this veracity gives a singular preciousness to his testimony when he gives us beauty; and he had an eye for beauty, too. One doubts if Titian's "Bella" was as fair as she is painted, if this or that beauty of Van Dyck's was as fascinating in the flesh as in his presentation of her; but one knows that the "Lady Lister" or the "Lady Heveningham" looked thus and not otherwise, that her penetrating charm was in reality hers—not lent her by the artist. No one, not even Velasquez, not even Ingres, has ever given us quite this vivid sense of likeness which, after all, is one of the chief aims of portraiture.

Dead Christ.
In the Basel Museum.

But though Holbein's drawings are thus accurate, far beyond the accuracy of the photograph, they are never photographic, never anything but works of the finest art. The great, humble, painstaking, clear-seeing artist seems to be bending every faculty to the realization of fact; but all the while, by slightest, perhaps unconscious, modifications and imperceptible insistences, he is enhancing the flow of a line or subtilizing the gradation of a half-tone, making out here and suppressing there, laying in a broad mass of tone where it will tell, or reducing another mass to mere outline. Above all, there is a sovereign instinct for the value of his material, for the intrinsic beauty to be revealed in chalk or pen-line or spaces of blank paper, that is equal to that of Whistler—it could hardly be superior. In the combination of rigorous truth-telling with sympathy and with a sense for beauty Holbein's paintings and drawings are alike—it is their abstentions, their apparent slightness, their economy of labor, their achievement of the utmost result with the least adequate means,

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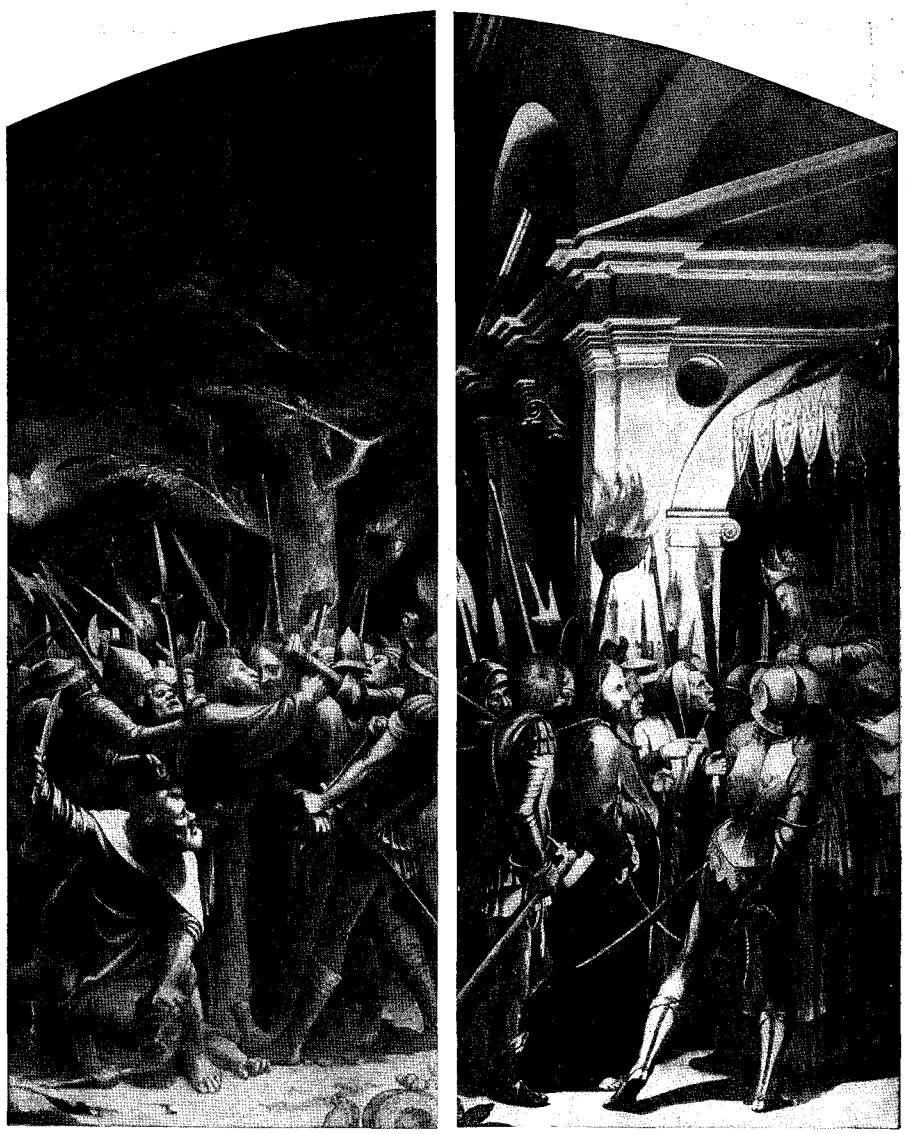

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The Betrayal.

Two panels from "The Passion."

Christ before Pilate.

Altar-piece in the Basel Museum.

that give the drawings a certain superiority over the paintings and that make this set of sketches from the life one of the world's most priceless possessions.

Holbein's sense of propriety in the use of material did not desert him when he came to the manipulating of oil-colors; it simply expressed itself differently. The time of free handling, of the broad and loose touch, had not yet come in art, and if Holbein had the capacity to anticipate it he was not allowed to do so. Minute finish, carefulness, and the evidence of great labor were imperatively demanded of him; as a technician he is always of the school of Van Eyck. His handling is close—"tight," as the painters say—his surfaces are clean and smooth, but this united enamel seems to me almost more wonderful and inimitable than the slashing of Hals, the fat *impasto* of Titian, or the flowing slipperiness of Rubens. He conceived of a painted surface as

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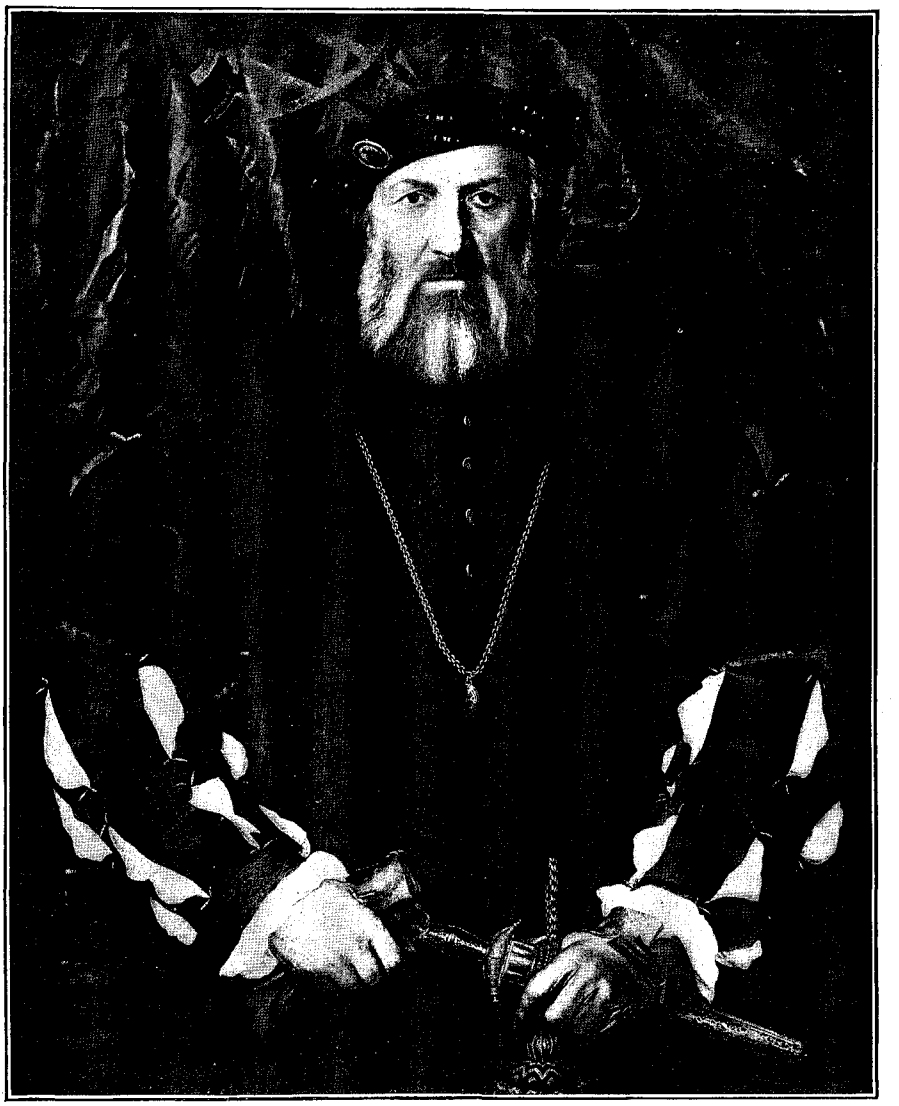

Hubert Morett.
In the Dresden Gallery.

something precious, jewel-like, indestructible, delicate as porcelain, fused as with fire—and he realized the conception with a consummate mastery. You cannot guess how it is done—the art that conceals art, the skill that hides itself in its result, can no further go. There are portraits which have all Holbein's draughtsmanship and sense of character, but if they have not his marvellous handicraft, his mysterious perfection of surface, they are copies. It is by his unapproachable skill of hand that you shall most surely distinguish his own work from the replicas that were, no doubt, often made in his own shop; and he who does not feel a sensuous delight and a tingling of the fingertips before one of Holbein's surfaces will never understand the man.

Some of the qualities of a great colorist Holbein possessed also. His choice of values is always perfect, his balance of light and dark tones admirable, while he is capable of grave or even splendid harmonies and of great purity and beauty of individual

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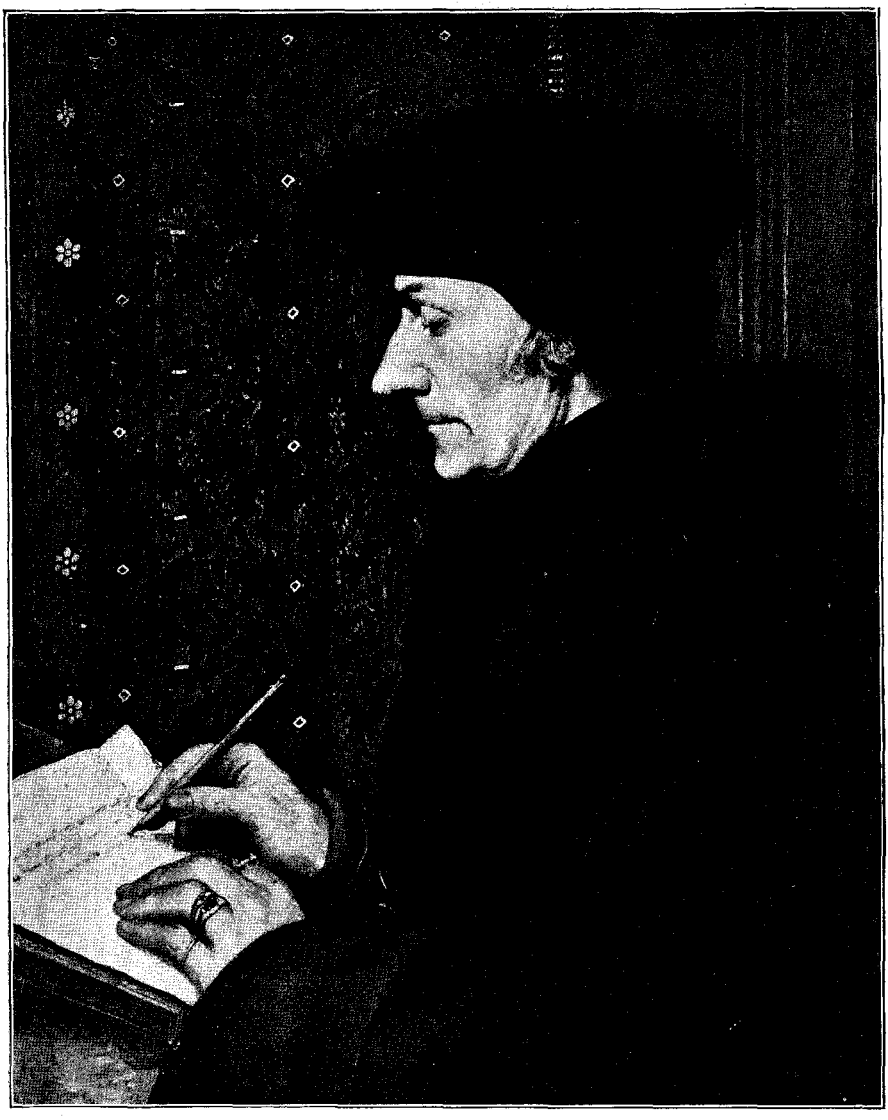

Erasmus.
In the Louvre Museum.

hue. It is a decorator's color, employed in extended masses sharply distinguished from each other; not the broken coloring of the masters of light, but of its kind it has seldom been surpassed. But it is as a designer that Holbein is most absolutely the master. Every one of his portraits, each of his drawings even, is marked by the same mastery of composition that characterized his early illustrations—a mastery, within his narrower limits, as sovereign as that of Raphael or Veronese. Look at any scrap he has left, look at any of the Windsor drawings, for example, and note how inevitably the head is in exactly the right place within the rectangle of the paper, how exquisitely the filled and empty spaces are proportioned, how felicitously the lines of the body meet those of the enclosing border, how entirely whole, satisfying, and incapable of change it all is. Then look at his painted portraits. He has always the same problem to solve—the agreeable placing of a bust or half-length within a certain space—but with how many subtle and

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Lais Corinthiaca.
In the Basel Museum.

felicitous variations, with what exhaustless ingenuity, with what invariable adequacy and perfection, he solves it. Each composition has the inevitableness of that of a Greek gem. The man who could so arrange a simple portrait was a great decorative designer, and it scarcely needs the sketches which are all that is left of his great paintings for the town-hall of Basel, to show us what was lost to the world by their destruction.

Such was "Master Haunce," who was valued for his knack at catching a likeness and his neat and careful workmanship—a profound artist, a draughtsman and a composer of the very first rank and a colorist of no mean order. His more ambitious works have nearly all perished, and at the height of his power he was allowed to produce none. We must judge him, finally, by his portraits, and they are enough. If that other great portrait-painter, Raphael, had suffered a similar loss, and we knew him only by his portraits, a few sketches, and a few early pictures, would he stand as high as Holbein?

If any one of these portraits which are the great German's definite expression as we

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Jane Seymour.
In the Imperial Gallery, Vienna Museum.

know him were to be selected as the best available measure of his greatness it should probably be the wonderful "Georg Gyze" at Berlin. It was painted in 1532, at the beginning of his second stay in England, before the demands of fashion led him to his ultra-primitive style, and for one of those German merchants whose station was not sufficiently superior to his own to intimidate him; and while he made no such experiments in the lighting as he was given to in work done for his own amusement, notably in the family group of a year or two before, he was free to use his full power. He has chosen a plain front light, such as Van Eyck might have used, but he has realized the chosen effect to the utmost, with no arbitrary suppression of such shadows as he saw. The attitude is simple and natural, without affectation either of freedom or of stiffness; the execution minutely detailed throughout, but with none of the exaggerated flatness and sharpness of his illuminator's manner. All the multifarious objects on the canvas take their proper places, in spite of their crispness of delineation,

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Georg Gyze.
In the Berlin Gallery.

and the picture gives a real illusion of depth and of the circulation of air. The merchant sits in his counting-house before a table covered with an Oriental rug and littered with writing materials. He is opening a letter he has just received, and pauses to look tranquilly at the spectator without turning his head. Behind him are letters and documents in racks, books and boxes on shelves, seals, scales for weighing money, a hundred odds and ends; at his elbow three pinks in a graceful glass vase. He is a youngish man, strong, intelligent, a man of some refinement and love of beauty, richly dressed as becomes his wealth, but a simple burgher, with no airs of nobility about him. You have no doubt that it is the man himself—as a piece of characterization, a portrait, it is inimitable; and what a work of art! The pattern is flawless; the line exquisitely restrained; the color, from the apple-green of the wall to the deep rose of the sleeve, sumptuous and splendid; the flesh-painting actually luscious; the surface precious almost beyond belief. There is nothing finer in the world —there can be nothing finer. Within the limits he has set for himself, or which have been set for him by others, this simple, honest workman has attained perfection, and the attainer of perfection is forever among the immortals.

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THE LAST REFUGE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I

Let come what may, they cannot take
  One refuge that my heart has known
  And made to be its secret own,
A web of dream that shall not break.

From the harsh turmoil of the world
  No dogging step can follow me
  Where every shout fades silently
And every flag is dumbly furled.

There only does my unrest cease
  Where struggling fear and hope recede
  And leave me, in my sorest need,
The tender dusky tide of peace.

II

Then let them batter loud about,
  These winds of life, these waves of men.
  My soul has slipped the narrow pen
And left the strange confused rout;

As from a noisy clamorous feast
  The master might unnoticed turn
  And watch the rising dawn-lights burn
Their tender flushes up the east;

Feeling himself borne far away
  From shouts of mingling revellers.
  For him alone the dawn-wind stirs,
For him alone is born the day.

His are the purple misty hills
  And his the cloud-spires of the sky,
  Where undiscovered cities lie,
And his the light that through them thrills.

Let shout as will the noisy host,
  He comes not back from those far gleams
  Wherein his old unfinished dreams
Return him all that he has lost.

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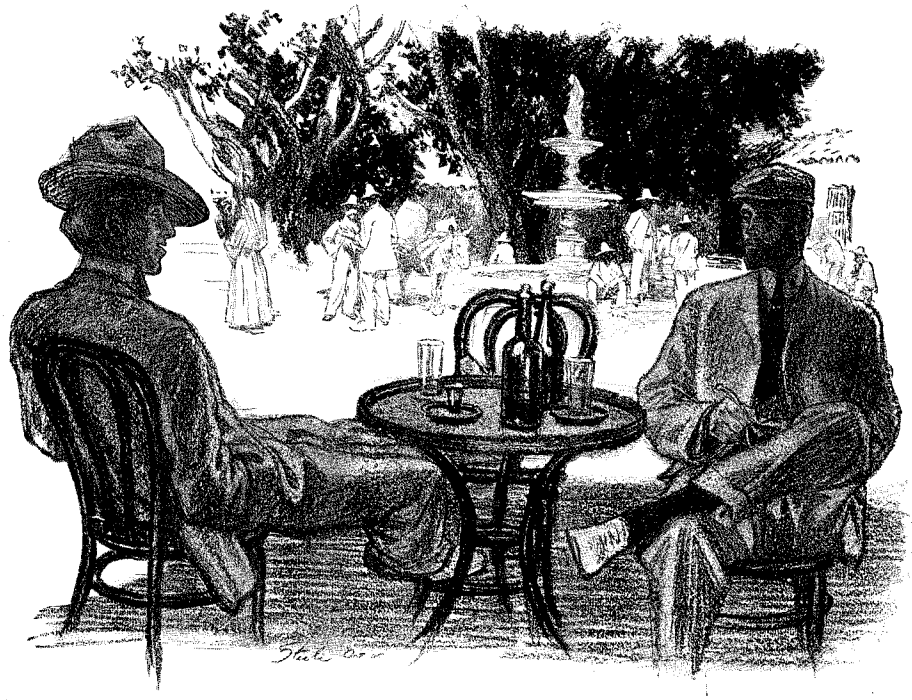

"Then, how did you suppose your sister was going to read it?"—Page 730.

THE SPY

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

MY going to Valencia was entirely an accident. But the more often I stated that fact, the more satisfied was everyone at the capital that I had come on some secret mission. Even the venerable politician who acted as our minister, the night of my arrival, after dinner, said confidentially, "Now, Mr. Crosby, between ourselves, what's the game?"

"What's what game?" I asked.

"You know what I mean," he returned. "What are you here for?"

But when, for the tenth time, I repeated how I came to be marooned in Valencia he showed that his feelings were hurt, and said stiffly: "As you please. Suppose we join the ladies."

And the next day his wife reproached me with: "I should think you could trust your own minister. My husband *never* talks—not even to me."

"So I see," I said.

And then her feelings were hurt also, and she went about telling people I was an agent of the Walker-Keefe crowd.

My only reason for repeating here that my going to Valencia was an accident is that it was because Schnitzel disbelieved that fact, and to drag the hideous facts from me followed me back to New York. Through that circumstance I came to know him, and am able to tell his story.

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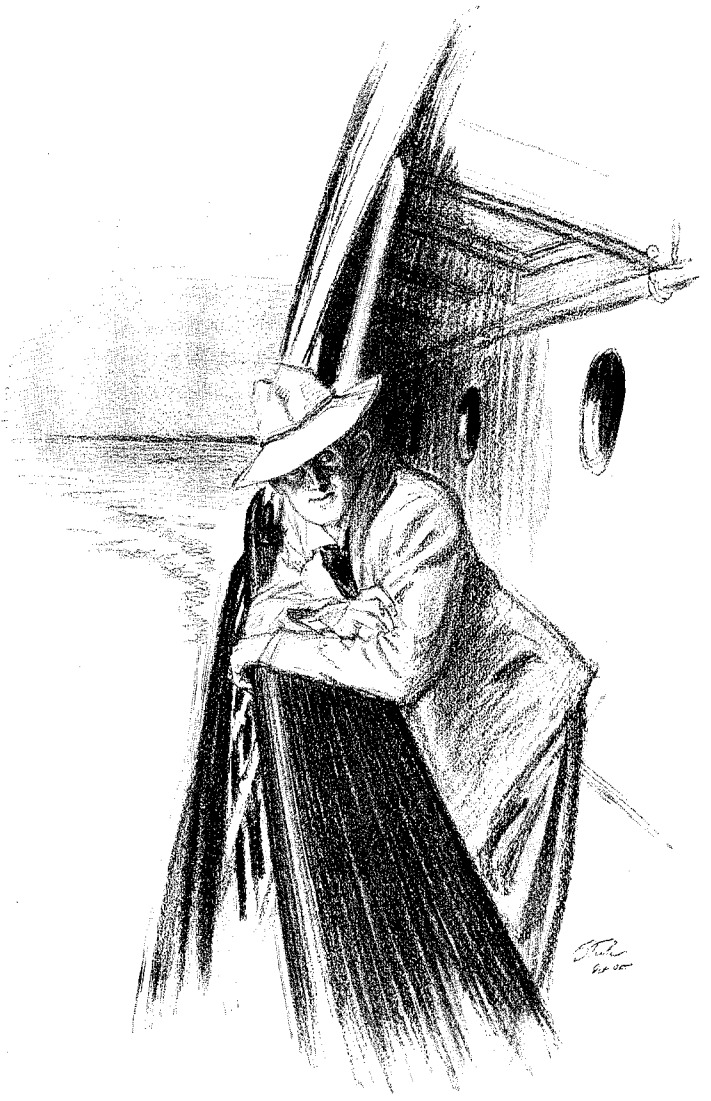
The simple truth was that I had been sent by the State Department to Panama to "go, look, see," and straighten out a certain conflict of authority among the officials of the canal zone. While I was there the yellow fever broke out, and every self-respecting power clapped a quarantine on the Isthmus, with the result that when I tried to return to New York no steamer would take me to any place to which any white man would care to go. But I knew that at Valencia there was a direct line to New York, so I took a tramp steamer down the coast to Valencia. I went to Valencia only because to me every other port in the world was closed. My position was that of the man who explained to his wife that he came home because the other places were shut. But because formerly I had been in Valencia in a minor post in our legation, and because the State Department so constantly consults our firm on questions of international law, it was believed that in revisiting Valencia I held some mysterious and secret commission.

As a matter of fact, had I gone there to



Schnitzel was smiling to himself.—Page 727.

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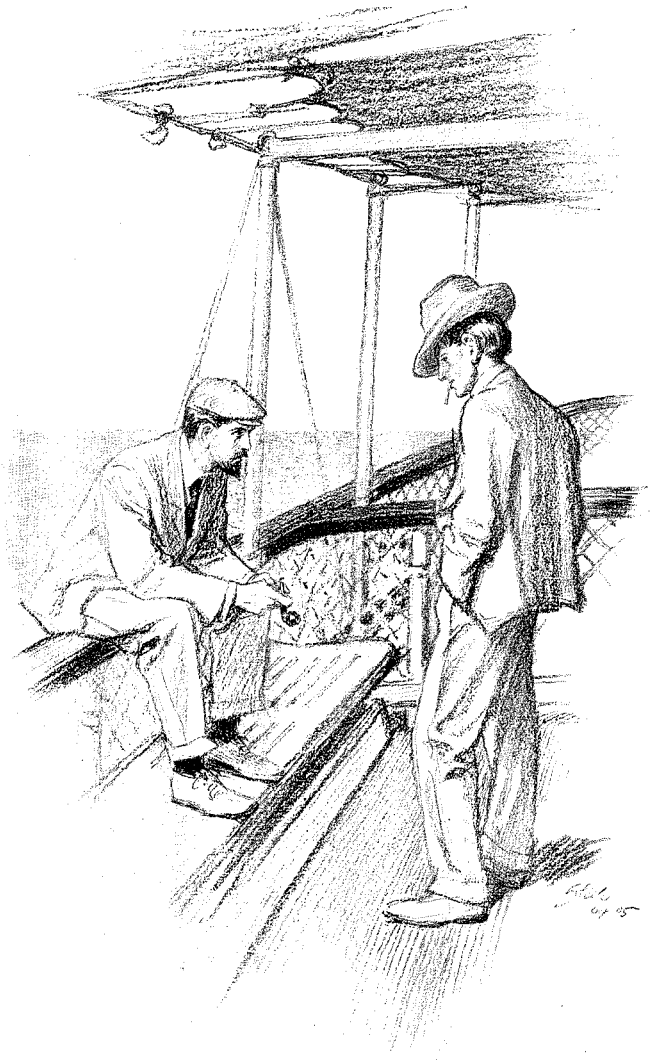

"Schnitzel, you certainly are a magnificent liar."—Page 729.

sell phonographs or to start a steam laundry I should have been as greatly suspected. For in Valencia even every commercial salesman, from the moment he gives up his passport on the steamer until the police permit him to depart, is suspected, shadowed, and begirt with spies.

I believe during my brief visit I enjoyed the distinction of occupying the undivided attention of three: a common or garden Government spy, from whom no guilty man escapes, a Walker-Keefe spy, and the spy of the Nitrate Company. The spy of the Nitrate Company is generally a man you meet at the legations and clubs. He plays bridge and is dignified with the title of "agent." The Walker-Keefe spy is ostensibly a travelling salesman or hotel runner. The Government spy is just a spy—a scowling, important little beast in a white duck suit and a diamond ring. The limit of his intelligence is to follow you into a cigar store and note what cigar you buy, and in what kind of money you pay for it.

The reason for it all was the three-cornered fight which then was being waged by

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the Government, the Nitrate Trust, and the Walker-Keefe crowd for the possession of the nitrate beds. Valencia is so near to the equator, and so far from New York that there are few who studied the intricate story of that disgraceful struggle, which I hasten to add, with the fear of libel before my eyes, I do not intend to tell now.

Briefly, it was a triangular fight between opponents each of whom was in the wrong, and each of whom, to gain his end, bribed, blackmailed, and robbed, not only his adversaries, but those of his own side, the end in view being the possession of those great deposits that lie in the rocks of Valencia, baked from above by the tropic sun and from below by volcanic fires. As one of their engineers, one night in the Plaza, said to me: "Those mines were conceived in hell, and stink to heaven, and the reputation of every man of us that has touched them smells like the mines."

At the time I was there the situation was "acute." In Valencia the situation always is acute, but this time it looked as though something might happen. On the day before I departed the Nitrate Trust had begged vehemently for war-ships, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had refused to receive our minister, and at Porto Banos a mob had made the tin sign of the United States consulate look like a sieve. The minister urged me to remain. To be bombarded by one's own war-ships, he assured me, would be a thrilling experience.

But I repeated that my business was with Panama, not Valencia, and that if in this matter of his row I had any weight at Washington, as between preserving the nitrate beds for the trust, and preserving for his country and various sweethearts any brown-throated, clean-limbed bluejacket, I was for the bluejacket.

Naturally, when I sailed from Valencia the aged diplomat would have described our relations as strained.

Our ship was a slow ship, listed to touch at many ports, and as early as noon on the following day we stopped for cargo at Trujillo. It was there I met Schnitzel.

In Panama I had bought a macaw for a little niece of mine, and while we were taking on cargo I went ashore to get a tin cage in which to put it, and, for direction, called upon our consul. From an inner room he entered excitedly, smiling at my card, and asked how he might serve me. I told him I had a parrot below decks, and wanted to buy a tin cage.

"Exactly. You want a tin cage," the consul repeated soothingly. "The State Department doesn't keep me awake nights cabling me what it's going to do," he said, "but at least I know it doesn't send a thousand-dollar-a-minute, four-cylinder lawyer all the way to this fever swamp to buy a tin cage. Now, honest, how can I serve you?" I saw it was hopeless. No one would believe the truth. To offer it to this friendly soul would merely offend his feelings and his intelligence.

So, with much mystery, I asked him to describe the "situation," and he did so with the exactness of one who believes that within an hour every word he speaks will be cabled to the White House.

When I was leaving, he said: "Oh, there's a newspaper correspondent after you. He wants an interview, I guess. He followed you last night from the capital by train. You want to watch out he don't catch you. His name is Jones." I promised to be on my guard against a man named Jones, and the consul escorted me to the ship. As he went down the accommodation ladder, I called over the rail: "In case they *should* declare war, cable to Curaçoa, and I'll come back. And don't cable anything indefinite, like 'Situation critical' or 'War imminent.' Understand? Cable me, 'Come back' or 'Go ahead.' But whatever you cable, make it *clear*."

He shook his head violently and with his green-lined umbrella pointed at my elbow. I turned and found a young man hungrily listening to my words. He was leaning on the rail with his chin on his arms and the brim of his Panama hat drawn down to conceal his eyes.

On the pier-head, from which we now were drawing rapidly away, the consul made a megaphone of his hands.

"That's *him*," he called. "That's Jones."

Jones raised his head, and I saw that the tropical heat had made Jones thirsty, or that with friends, he had been celebrating his departure. He winked at me, and apparently with pleasure at his own discernment and with pity for me, smiled.

"Oh, of course!" he murmured. His tone was one of heavy irony. "Make it

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'clear.' Make it clear to the whole wharf. Shout it out so's everybody can hear you. You're 'clear' enough." His disgust was too deep for ordinary words. "My uncle!" he exclaimed.

By this I gathered that he was expressing his contempt.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

We had the deck to ourselves. Its emptiness suddenly reminded me that we had the ship, also, to ourselves. I remembered the purser had told me that, except for those who travelled overnight from port to port I was his only passenger.

With dismay I pictured myself for ten days adrift on the high seas—alone with Jones.

With a dramatic gesture, as one would say, "I am here!" he pushed back his Panama hat. With an unsteady finger he pointed, as it was drawn dripping across the deck, at the stern hawser.

"You see that rope?" he demanded. "Soon as that rope hit the water I knocked off work. S'long as you was in Valencia—me, on the job. Now, *you* can't go back, *I* can't go back. Why further dissim'lation? *Who am I?*"

His condition seemed to preclude the possibility of his knowing who he was, so I told him.

He sneered as I have seen men sneer only in melodrama.

"Oh, of course," he muttered. "Oh, of course."

He lurched toward me indignantly.

"You know perfec'ly well Jones is not my name. You know perfec'ly well who I am."

"My dear sir," I said, "I don't know anything about you, except that you are a damn nuisance."

He swayed from me, pained and surprised. Apparently he was upon an outbreak of tears.

"Proud," he murmured, "and haughty. Proud and haughty to the last."

I never have understood why an intoxicated man feels the climax of insult is to hurl at you your own name. Perhaps because he knows it is the one charge you cannot deny. But invariably before you escape, as though assured the words will cover your retreat with shame, he throws at you your full title. Jones did this.

Slowly and mercilessly he repeated, "Mr.—George—Morgan—Crosby. Of Harvard," he added. "Proud and haughty to the last."

He then embraced a passing steward, and demanded to be informed why the ship rolled. He never knew a ship to roll as our ship rolled.

"Perfec'ly satisfact'ry ocean, but ship—rolling like a stone-breaker. Take me some place in this ship where this ship don't roll."

The steward led him away.

When he had dropped the local pilot the captain beckoned me to the bridge.

"I saw you talking to Mr. Schnitzel," he said. "He's a little under the weather. He has too light a head for liquors."

I agreed that he had a light head, and said I understood his name was Jones.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," said the captain. "His name is Schnitzel. He used to work for the Nitrate Trust in New York. Then he came down here as an agent. He's a good boy not to tell things to. Understand? Sometimes I carry him under one name, and the next voyage under another. The purser and he fix it up between 'em. It pleases him, and it don't hurt anybody else, so long as I tell them about it. I don't know who he's working for now," he went on, "but I know he's not with the Nitrate Company any more. He sold them out."

"How could he?" I asked. "He's only a boy."

"He had a berth as typewriter to Senator Burnsides, president of the Nitrate Trust, sort of confidential stenographer," said the captain. "Whenever the senator dictated an important letter, they say, Schnitzel used to make a carbon copy, and when he had enough of them he sold them to the Walker-Keefe crowd. Then, when Walker-Keefe lost their suit in the Valencia Supreme Court I guess Schnitzel went over to President Alvarez. And again, some folks say he's back with the Nitrate Company."

"After he sold them out?"

"Yes, but you see he's worth more to them now. He knows all the Walker-Keefe secrets and Alvarez's secrets too."

I expressed my opinion of everyone concerned.

"It shouldn't surprise you," complained the captain. "You know the country. Every man in it is out for something that

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isn't his. The pilot wants his bit, the health doctor must get his, the customs take all your cigars, and if you don't put up gold for the captain of the port and the *alcalde* and the commandant and the harbor police and the foreman of the *cargadores*, they won't move a lighter, and they'll hold up the ship's papers. Well, an American comes down here, honest and straight and willing to work for his wages. But pretty quick he finds everyone is getting his squeeze but him, so he tries to get some of it back by robbing the natives that robbed him. Then he robs the other foreigners, and it ain't long before he's cheating the people at home who sent him here. There isn't a man in this nitrate row that isn't robbing the crowd he's with, and that wouldn't change sides for money. Schnitzel's no worse than the president nor the canteen contractor."

He waved his hand at the glaring coastline, at the steaming swamps, and the hot, naked mountains.

"It's the country that does it," he said. "It's in the air. You can smell it as soon as you drop anchor, like you smell the slaughter-house at Punta Arenas."

"How do *you* manage to keep honest," I asked, smiling.

"I don't take any chances," exclaimed the captain seriously. "When I'm in their damn port I don't go ashore."

I did not again see Schnitzel until, with haggard eyes and suspiciously wet hair, he joined the captain, doctor, purser, and myself at breakfast. In the phrases of the Tenderloin, he told us cheerfully that he had been grandly intoxicated, and to recover drank mixtures of raw egg, vinegar, and red pepper, the sight of which took away every appetite save his own. When to this he had added a bottle of beer, he declared himself a new man. The new man followed me to the deck, and with the truculent bearing of one who expects to be repelled, he asked if, the day before, he had not made a fool of himself.

I suggested he had been somewhat confidential.

At once he recovered his pose and patronized me.

"Don't you believe it," he said. "That's all part of my game. 'Confidence for condence' is the way I work it. That's how I learn things. I tell a man something on the inside, and he says: 'Here's a nice young fellow. Nothing stand-offish about him,' and he tells me something he shouldn't. Like as not what I told him wasn't true. See?"

I assured him he interested me greatly.

"You find, then, in your line of business," I asked, "that apparent frankness is advisable? As a rule," I explained, "secrecy is what a—a person in your line—a——"

To save his feelings I hesitated at the word.

"A spy," he said. His face beamed with fatuous complacency.

"But if I had not known you were a spy," I asked, "would not that have been better for you?"

"In dealing with a party like you, Mr. Crosby," Schnitzel began sententiously: "I use a different method. You're on a secret mission yourself, and you get your information about the nitrate row one way, and I get it another. I deal with you just like we were drummers in the same line of goods. We are rivals in business, but outside of business hours perfect gentleman."

In the face of the disbelief that had met my denials of any secret mission I felt to have Schnitzel disbelieve me too would be too great a humiliation. So I remained silent.

"You make your report to the State Department," he explained, "and I make mine to—my people. Who they are doesn't matter. You'd like to know, and I don't want to hurt your feelings, but—that's *my* secret."

My only feelings were a desire to kick Schnitzel heavily, but for Schnitzel to suspect that was impossible. Rather, he pictured me as shaken by his disclosures.

As he hung over the rail the glare of the sun on the tumbling water lit up his foolish, mongrel features, exposed their cunning, their utter lack of any character, and showed behind the shifty eyes the vacant, half-cooked mind.

Schnitzel was smiling to himself with a smile of complete self-satisfaction. In the light of his later conduct, I grew to understand that smile. He had anticipated a rebuff, and he had been received, as he read it, with consideration. The irony of my politeness he had entirely missed. Instead, he read in what I said the admiration of the amateur for the professional.

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He saw what he believed to be a high agent of the Government treating him as a worthy antagonist. In no other way can I explain his later heaping upon me his confidences. It was the vanity of a child trying to show off.

In ten days, in the limited area of a two-thousand ton steamer, one could not help but learn something of the history of so communicative a fellow-passenger as Schnitzel. It was this. His parents were German and still lived in Germany. But he himself had been brought up on the East Side. An uncle who kept a delicatessen shop in Avenue A had sent him to the public schools and then to a "business college," where he had developed remarkable expertness as a stenographer. He referred to his skill in this difficult exercise with pitying contempt. Nevertheless, from a room noisy with typewriters this skill had lifted him into the private office of the president of the Nitrate Trust. There, as Schnitzel expressed it, "I saw 'mine,' and I took it." To trace back the criminal instinct that led Schnitzel to steal and sell the private letters of his employer was not difficult. In all of his few early years I found it lying latent. Of every story he told of himself, and he talked only of himself, there was not one that was not to his discredit. Of course, he himself never saw that this was so, nor that all he told showed me he was without the moral sense, but with an instinctive enjoyment of what was deceitful, mean, and underhand. That, as I read it, was his character.

In appearance he was smooth-shaven, with long locks that hung behind wide, protruding ears. He had the unhealthy skin of bad blood, and his eyes, as though the daylight hurt them, constantly opened and shut. He was like hundreds of young men you see loitering on upper Broadway and making predatory raids along the Rialto. Had you passed him in that neighborhood you would have set him down as a wire tapper, a racing tout, a would-be-actor.

As I worked it out, Schnitzel was a spy because it gave him an importance he had not been able to obtain by any other effort. As a child and as a clerk, it was easy to see that among his associates Schnitzel must always have been the butt. Until suddenly, by one dirty action, he had placed himself outside their class. As he expressed it: "Whenever I walk through the office now, where all the stenographers sit, you ought to see those slobs look after me. When they go to the president's door, they got to knock, like I used to, but now, when the old man sees me coming to make my report after one of these trips he calls out, 'Come right in, Mr. Schnitzel.' And like as not I go in with my hat on and offer him a cigar. An' they see me do it, too!"

To me, that speech seemed to give Schnitzel's view of the values of his life. His vanity demanded he be pointed at, if even with contempt. But the contempt never reached him—he only knew that at last people took note of him. They no longer laughed at him, they were afraid of him. In his heart he believed that they regarded him as one who walked in the dark places of world politics, who possessed an evil knowledge of great men as evil as himself, as one who by blackmail held public ministers at his mercy.

This view of himself was the one that he tried to give me. I probably was the first decent man who ever had treated him civilly, and to impress me with his knowledge he spread that knowledge before me. It was *sale*, shocking, degrading.

At first I took comfort in the thought that Schnitzel was a liar. Later, I began to wonder if all of it were a lie, and finally, in a way I could not doubt, it was proved to me that the worst he charged was true.

The night I first began to believe him was the night we touched at Cristobal, the last port in Valencia. In the most light-hearted manner he had been accusing all concerned in the nitrate fight with every crime known in Wall Street and in the dark reaches of the Congo River.

"But, I know him, Mr. Schnitzel," I said sternly. "He is incapable of it. I went to college with him."

"I don't care whether he's a rah-rah boy or not," said Schnitzel, "I know that's what he did when he was up the Orinoco after orchids, and if the tribe had ever caught him they'd have crucified him. And I know this, too: he made forty thousand dollars out of the Nitrate Company on a ten thousand dollar job. And I know it, because he beefed to me about it himself, because it wasn't big enough."

We were passing the limestone island at the entrance to the harbor, where, in the

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prison fortress, with its muzzle-loading guns pointing drunkenly at the sky, are buried the political prisoners of Valencia.

"Now, there," said Schnitzel pointing, "That shows you what the Nitrate Trust can do. Judge Rojas is in there. He gave the first decision in favor of the Walker-Keefe people, and for making that decision William T. Scott, the Nitrate manager, made Alvarez put Rojas in there. He's seventy years old, and he's been there five years. The cell they keep him in is below the sea-level, and the salt water leaks through the wall. I've seen it. That's what William T. Scott did, an' up in New York people think 'Billy' Scott is a fine man. I seen him at the Horse Show sitting in a box, bowing to everybody, with his wife sitting beside him, all hung out with pearls. An' that was only a month after I'd seen Rojas in that sewer where Scott put him."

"Schnitzel," I laughed, "you certainly are a magnificent liar."

Schnitzel showed no resentment.

"Go ashore and look for yourself," he muttered. "Don't believe me. Ask Rojas. Ask the first man you meet." He shivered, and shrugged his shoulders. "I tell you, the walls are all damp, like sweat."

The Government had telegraphed the commandant to come on board and, as he expressed it, "offer me the hospitality of the port, which meant I had to take him to the smoking-room and give him champagne. What the Government probably wanted was to find out whether I was still on board, and if it were finally rid of me.

I asked the official of Judge Rojas.

"Oh, yes," he said readily. "He is still incomunicado."

Without believing it would lead to anything, I suggested:

"It was foolish of him to give offence to Mr. Scott?"

The commandant nodded vivaciously.

"Mr. Scott is very powerful man," he assented. "We all very much love Mr. Scott. The president, he love Mr. Scott, too, but the judges were not sympathetic to Mr. Scott, so Mr. Scott asked our president to give them a warning, and Señor Rojas—he is the warning."

"When will he get out?" I asked.

The commandant held up the glass in the sunlight from the open air-port, and gazed admiringly at the bubbles.

"Who can tell," he said. "Any day when Mr. Scott wishes. Maybe, never. Señor Rojas is an old man. Old, and he has much rheumatics. Maybe, he will never come out to see our beloved country any more."

As we left the harbor we passed so close that one could throw a stone against the wall of the fortress. The sun was just sinking and the air became suddenly chilled. Around the little island of limestone the waves swept through the seaweed and black manigua up to the rusty bars of the cells. I saw the barefooted soldiers smoking upon the sloping ramparts, the common criminals in a long stumbling line bearing kegs of water, three storm-beaten palms rising like gallows, and the green and yellow flag of Valencia crawling down the staff. Somewhere entombed in that blotched and mildewed masonry an old man of seventy years was shivering and hugging himself from the damp and cold. A man who spoke five languages, a just, brave gentleman. To me it was no new story. I knew of the horrors of Cristobal prison; of political rivals chained to criminals loathsome with disease, of men who had raised the flag of revolution driven to suicide. But never had I supposed that my own people could reach from the city of New York and cast a fellow-man into that cellar of fever and madness.

As I watched the yellow wall sink into the sea, I became conscious that Schnitzel was near me, as before, leaning on the rail, with his chin sunk on his arms. His face was turned toward the fortress, and for the first time since I had known him it was set and serious. And when, a moment later, he passed me without recognition, I saw that his eyes were filled with fear.

When we touched at Curaçoa I sent a cable to my sister, announcing the date of my arrival, and then continued on to the Hotel Venezuela. Almost immediately Schnitzel joined me. With easy carelessness he said. "I was in the cable office just now, sending off a wire, and that operator told me he can't make head or tail of the third word in your cable."

"That is strange," I commented, "because it's a French word, and he is French. That's why I wrote it in French."

With the air of one who nails another in a falsehood, Schnitzel exclaimed:

"Then, how did you suppose your sister

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was going to read it? It's a cipher, that's what it is. Oh, no, you're not on a secret mission! Not at all!"

It was most undignified of me, but in five minutes I excused myself, and sent to the State Department, the following words:

"Roses red, violets blue, send snow."

Later at the State Department the only person who did not eventually pardon my jest was the clerk who had sat up until three in the morning trying to fit it to any known cable code.

Immediately after my return to the Hotel Venezuela Schnitzel excused himself, and half an hour later returned in triumph with the cable operator and ordered lunch for both. They imbibed much sweet champagne.

When we again were safe at sea, I said: "Schnitzel, how much did you pay that Frenchman to read my second cable?"

Schnitzel's reply was prompt and complacent.

"One hundred dollars gold. It was worth it. Do you want to know how I doped it out?"

I even challenged him to do so. "'Roses red'—war declared; 'violets blue'—outlook bad, or blue; 'send snow'—send squadron, because the white squadron is white like snow. See? It was too easy."

"Schnitzel," I cried, "you are wonderful!"

Schnitzel yawned in my face.

"Oh, you don't have to hit the soles of my feet with a night-stick to keep me awake," he said.

After I had been a week at sea, I found that either I had to believe that in all things Schnitzel was a liar or that the men of the Nitrate Trust were in all things evil. I was convinced that instead of the people of Valencia robbing them, they were robbing both the people of Valencia and the people of the United States.

To go to war on their account was to degrade our Government. I explained to Schnitzel it was not becoming that the United States navy should be made the cat's-paw of a corrupt corporation, and I asked his permission to repeat to the authorities at Washington, certain of the statements he had made to me.

Schnitzel was greatly pleased.

"You're welcome to tell 'em anything I've said," he assented, "an' most of it's true, too."

I wrote down certain charges he had made, and to them added what I had always known of the nitrate fight. It was a terrible arraignment. In the evening I read my notes to Schnitzel, who sat frowning importantly in a corner of the smoking-room, checking off each statement and where I made an error of a date or a name severely correcting me.

Several times I asked him, "Are you sure this won't get you into trouble with your 'people'? You seem to accuse everybody on each side."

"Schnitzel's eyes instantly closed with suspicion.

"Don't you worry about me and my people," he returned sulkily. "That's *my* secret, and you won't find it out, neither. I may be as crooked as the rest of them, but I'm not giving away my employer."

I suppose I looked puzzled.

"I mean, not a second time," he added hastily. "I know what you're thinking of, and I got five thousand dollars for it. But now I mean to stick by the men that pay my wages."

"But you've told me enough about each of the three to put any one of them in jail."

"Of course, I have," cried Schnitzel triumphantly.

"If I'd let down on any one crowd you'd know I was working for that crowd, so I've touched 'em all up. Only what I told you about my crowd,—isn't true."

The report we finally drew up was so sensational that I was of a mind to throw it overboard. It accused members of the Cabinet, of our Senate, diplomats, business men of national interests, judges of the Valencia courts, private secretaries, clerks, hired bullies, and filibusters. Men the trust could not bribe it had blackmailed. Those it could not corrupt, and they were pitifully few, it crushed with some disgraceful charge.

Looking over my notes, I said:

"You seem to have made every charge except murder."

"How'd I come to leave that out?" Schnitzel answered flippantly. "What about Coleman, the foreman at Bahia, and that German contractor, Ebhardt, and old Smedburg? They talked too much, and they died of yellow fever, maybe, and maybe what happened to them was they ate knock-out drops in their soup."

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I disbelieved him, but there came a sudden nasty doubt.

"Curtis, who managed the company's plant at Barcelona, died of yellow fever," I said, "and was buried the same day."

For some time Schnitzel glowered uncertainly at the bulkhead.

"Did you know him?" he asked.

"When I was in the legation I knew him well," I said.

"So did I," said Schnitzel. "He wasn't murdered. He murdered himself. He was wrong ten thousand dollars in his accounts. He got worrying about it and we found him outside the clearing with a hole in his head. He left a note saying he couldn't bear the disgrace. As if the company would hold a little grafting against as good a man as Curtis!"

Schnitzel coughed and pretended it was his cigarette.

"You see you don't put in nothing about him," he added savagely.

It was the first time I had seen Schnitzel show emotion, and I was moved to preach.

"Why don't you quit, then?" I said. "You had an A 1 job as a stenographer. Why don't you go back to it?"

"Maybe, some day. But it's great being your own boss. If I was a stenographer, I wouldn't be helping you send in a report to the State Department, would I? No, this job is all right. They send you after something big, and you have the devil of a time getting it, but when you get it, you feel like you had picked a hundred-to-one shot."

The talk or the drink had elated him. His fish-like eyes bulged and shone. He cast a quick look about him. Except for ourselves, the smoking-room was empty. From below came the steady throb of the engines, and from outside the whisper of the waves and of the wind through the cordage. A barefooted sailor pattered by to the bridge. Schnitzel bent toward me, and with his hand pointed to his throat.

"I've got papers on me that's worth a million to a certain party," he whispered. "You understand, my notes in cipher."

He scowled with intense mystery.

"I keep 'em in an oiled-silk bag, tied around my neck with a string. And here," he added hastily, patting his hip, as though to forestall any attack I might make upon his person, "I carry an automatic. It shoots nine times in five seconds. They got to be quick to catch me."

"Well, if you have either of those things on you," I said testily, "I don't want to know it. How often have I told you not to talk and drink at the same time?"

"Ah, go on," laughed Schnitzel. "That's an old gag, warning a fellow not to talk so as to *make* him talk. I do that myself."

That Schnitzel had important papers tied to his neck I no more believed than that he wore a shirt of chain armor, but to please him I pretended to be greatly concerned.

"Now that we're getting into New York," I said, "you must be very careful. A man who carries such important documents on his person might be murdered for them. I think you ought to disguise yourself."

A picture of my bag being carried ashore by Schnitzel in the uniform of a ship's steward rather pleased me.

"Go on, you're kidding!" said Schnitzel. He was drawn between believing I was deeply impressed and with fear that I was mocking him.

"On the contrary," I protested, "I don't feel quite safe myself. Seeing me with you they may think I have papers around *my* neck."

"They wouldn't look at you," Schnitzel reassured me. "They know you're just an amateur. But, as you say, with me, it's different. I *got* to be careful. Now, you mightn't believe it, but I never go near my uncle nor none of my friends that live where I used to hang out. If I did, the other spies would get on my track. I suppose," he went on grandly, "I never go out in New York but that at least two spies are trailing me. But I know how to throw them off. I live 'way down town in a little hotel you never heard of. You never catch me dining at Sherry's nor the Waldorf. And you never met me out socially, did you, now?"

I confessed I had not.

"And then, I always live under an assumed name."

"Like 'Jones'?" I suggested.

"Well, sometimes 'Jones'," he admitted.

"To me," I said, "'Jones' lacks imagination. It's the sort of name you give when you're arrested for exceeding the speed limit. Why don't you call yourself Machiavelli?"

"Go on, I'm no dago," said Schnitzel,

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"and don't you go off thinking 'Jones' is the only disguise I use. But I'm not tellin' what it is, am I? Oh, no."

"Schnitzel," I asked, "have you ever been told that you would make a great detective?"

"Cut it out," said Schnitzel. "You've been reading those fairy stories. There's no fly cops nor Pinks could do the work I do. They're pikers compared to me. They chase petty larceny cases and kick in doors. I wouldn't stoop to what they do. It's being mixed up the way I am with the problems of two governments that catches me." He added magnanimously, "You see something of that yourself."

We left the ship at Brooklyn, and with regret I prepared to bid Schnitzel farewell. Seldom had I met a little beast so offensive, but his vanity, his lies, his moral blindness, made one pity him. And in ten days in the smoking-room together we had had many friendly drinks and many friendly laughs. He was going to a hotel on lower Broadway, and as my cab, on my way uptown, passed the door, I offered him a lift. He appeared to consider the advisability of this, and then, with much by-play of glancing over his shoulder, dived into the front seat and drew down the blinds. "This hotel I am going to is an old-fashioned trap," he explained, "but the clerk is wise to me, understand, and I don't have to sign the register."

As we drew nearer to the hotel, he said: "It's a pity we can't dine out somewhere's and go to the theatre, but—you know?"

With almost too much heartiness I hastily agreed it would be imprudent.

"I understand perfectly," I assented. "You are a marked man. Until you get those papers safe in the hands of your 'people,' you must be very cautious."

"That's right," he said. Then he smiled craftily.

"I wonder if you're on yet to which my people are."

I assured him that I had no idea, but that from the avidity with which he had abused them I guessed he was working for the Walker-Keefe crowd.

He both smiled and scowled.

"Don't you wish you knew?" he said. "I've told you a lot of inside stories, Mr. Crosby, but I'll never tell on my pals again. Not me! That's *my* secret."

At the door of the hotel he bade me a hasty good-by, and for a few minutes I believed that Schnitzel had passed out of my life forever. Then, in taking account of my belongings, I missed my field-glasses. I remembered that, in order to open a trunk for the customs inspectors I had handed them to Schnitzel to hold, and that he had hung them over his shoulder. In our haste at parting we both had forgotten them.

I was only a few blocks from the hotel, and I told the man to return to it.

I inquired for Mr. Schnitzel, and the clerk, who apparently knew him by that name, said he had just gone to his room, number eighty-two.

"But he has a caller with him now," he added. "A gentleman was waiting for him, and's just gone up."

I wrote on my card why I had called, and soon after it had been borne skyward the clerk said: "I guess he'll be able to see you now. That's the party that was calling on him, there."

He nodded toward a man who crossed the rotunda quickly. His face was twisted away from us, as though, as he almost ran toward the street, he were reading the advertisements on the wall.

He reached the door, and was lost in the great tide of Broadway.

I crossed to the elevator, and as I stood waiting, it descended with a crash, and the boy who had taken my card flung himself, shrieking, into the rotunda.

"That man—stop him!" he cried. "The man in eighty-two—he's murdered."

The clerk vaulted the desk and sprang into the street, and I dragged the boy back to the wire rope and we shot to the third story. The boy shrank back. A chambermaid, crouching against the wall, her face colorless, lowered one hand from it and pointed at an open door.

"In there," she whispered.

In a mean, common room, stretched where he had been struck back upon the bed, I found the boy who had elected to meddle in the "problems of two governments."

In tiny jets, from three wide knife-wounds, his blood flowed slowly. His staring eyes were lifted up in fear and in entreaty. I knew that he was dying, and as I felt my impotence to help him, I as keenly felt a great rage and a hatred toward those who had struck him down.

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I leaned over him until my eyes were only a few inches from his face.

"Schnitzel!" I cried. "Schnitzel, who did this? You know me. You can trust me. Who did this? Quick!"

I saw that he recognized me, and that there was something which, with terrible effort, he was trying to make me understand.

In the hall was the rush of many people, running, exclaiming, the noise of bells ringing; from another floor the voice of a woman shrieked hysterically.

At the sounds the eyes of the boy grew eloquent with entreaty, and with a movement that called from each wound a fresh outburst, like a man strangling, he lifted his fingers to his throat.

Voices were calling for water, to wait for the doctor, to wait for the police. But I thought I understood.

Still doubting him, still unbelieving, ashamed of my own credulity, I opened his collar, and my fingers closed upon a package of oiled silk.

I stooped, and with my teeth ripped it open, and holding before him the slips of paper it contained, tore them into tiny shreds.

The eyes smiled at me with cunning, with triumph, with deep content.

It was so like the Schnitzel I had known that I believed still he might have strength enough to help me.

"Who did this?" I begged. "I'll hang him for it! Do you hear me?" I cried.

Seeing him lying there, with the life cut out of him, swept me with a blind anger, with a need to punish.

"I'll see they hang for it. Tell me!" I commanded. "Who did this?"

The eyes, now filled with weariness, looked up and the lips moved feebly.

"My own people," he whispered.

In my indignation I could have shaken the truth from him. I bent closer.

"Then, by God," I whispered back, "you'll tell me who they are!"

The eyes flashed sullenly.

"That's my secret," said Schnitzel.

The eyes set and the lips closed.

A man at my side leaned over him and drew the sheet across his face.

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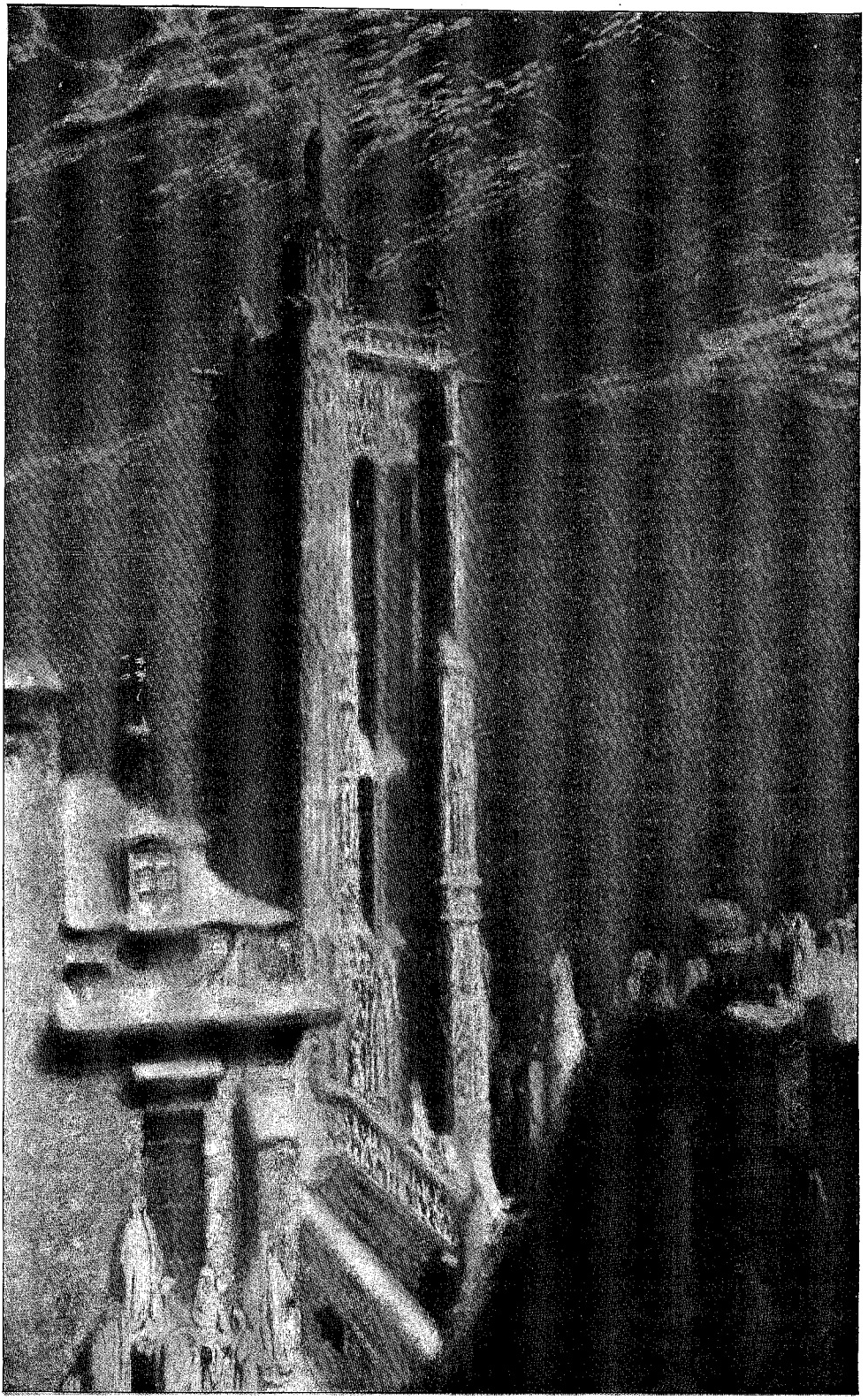

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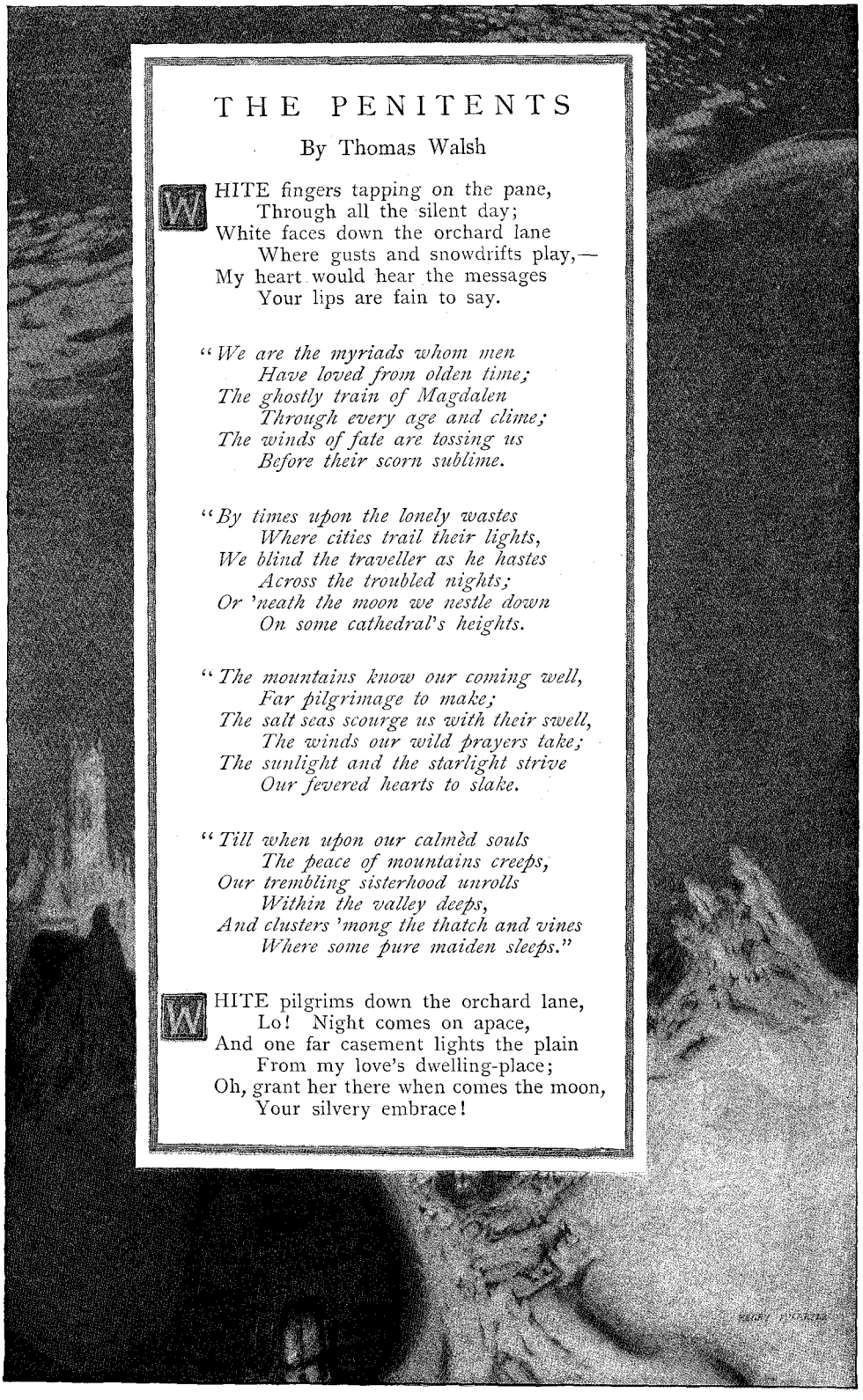

THE PENITENTS

By Thomas Walsh

WHITE fingers tapping on the pane,
Through all the silent day;
White faces down the orchard lane
Where gusts and snowdrifts play,—
My heart would hear the messages
Your lips are fain to say.

"We are the myriads whom men
Have loved from olden time;
The ghostly train of Magdalen
Through every age and clime;
The winds of fate are tossing us
Before their scorn sublime.

"By times upon the lonely wastes
Where cities trail their lights,
We blind the traveller as he hastes
Across the troubled nights;
Or 'neath the moon we nestle down
On some cathedral's heights.

"The mountains know our coming well,
Far pilgrimage to make;
The salt seas scourge us with their swell,
The winds our wild prayers take;
The sunlight and the starlight strive
Our fevered hearts to slake.

"Till when upon our calmèd souls
The peace of mountains creeps,
Our trembling sisterhood unrolls
Within the valley deeps,
And clusters 'mong the thatch and vines
Where some pure maiden sleeps."

WHITE pilgrims down the orchard lane,
Lo! Night comes on apace,
And one far casement lights the plain
From my love's dwelling-place;
Oh, grant her there when comes the moon,
Your silvery embrace!

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BLACK CARE *and the* HORSEMAN

1905

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BLACK CARE *and the* HORSEMAN

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

With drawings by Walter Appleton Clark

WHEN in the morning of the year the Earth sleeps late, the Sun, her mother, draws the snow-sheet from her and she wakes drowsily, yet with laughter. And the fragrance of her steamy breath is intoxication, and the hurrying of loosed streams is world-music, and the pale points that cut the mould are whispering millions of June leaves and tented ranks of gold October corn-fields. Then, in the springtime, the highways, the Earth's arteries, pulse with rousing life, and up and down their lengths thrills the old, masterful cry that has stirred the gypsy blood in men's veins since ways were made—the call of the road. For around the turn of a road is ever what we wish most, and ever the road turns. And ever what can carry a man closest to his heart's desire, so close that—if he may not touch it—he may touch the gladness of it, is a horse. So if a man's heart be heavy, let him ride a horse in the springtime, and the strength and clean joyfulness of the beast shall enter him, and his trouble fall from him. And this is true of the summer and the autumn, and as well of the winter. For the pleasant jostling of a horse's movement shakes away small worries and leaves a clear road by which peace enters the soul.

The Horseman. It is good to be across you again, my horse Rebel. It is good to hear saddle leather creak and bits jingle; it is good to see the sun wipe the streaks of snow from brown April roads; it is good to fling away worries with a fling of the leg over saddle-tree. It is good.

Black Care (*who sits behind, whispering*). It would be good—if a man might do it. But you know well that for all your braggart joy there is pain gnawing at your soul; more than one pain, more than one regret.

The Horseman. Such thoughts are not fit for a man in the sun and in the saddle. (*Strikes his horse.*) Now, Rebel, we will ride them down. (*The horse plunges and snorts.*) It pricks the blood to fight you. Ten minutes of this will ride the dark thoughts down.

Black Care (*clinging close*). You cannot ride down what is of yourself; you cannot fling away what is a part of you. A man is what he does. You have failed—you are a failure. Can you beat that from your soul with the beating of a horse's hoofs?

[*The horse walks.*

The Horseman. It is true. I have failed. The work has gone wrong that should have been the foundation of name and future. I have failed in it. I am a failure.

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Black Care. The work whose success would have brought you larger work, more reputation, more power—you have lost them all.

The Horseman (*echoing sadly*). Lost them all. Yet it is but once, and a lifetime is long. I am young. I might retrieve one failure.

Black Care. Hardly—of a first opportunity. As a man succeeds or fails in his first conspicuous effort, so the world judges him. You have taken your bent—you must follow it, with your will or against it. Great chances do not come twice to a losing player.

The Horseman. It is all true. (*Clenches his fist.*) I have ruined my career at the outset. It means fortune and name and future.

Black Care (*his arm stealing to the Horseman's neck*). It means more. It means happiness. Does it not? (*The Horseman chokes a little as if a hand tightened on his throat.*) There is a woman—the knife twists at that, does it? The keenest pain, the keenest regret lies there? You remember her little ways—her eyes when she looks up and laughs; the softness of her voice as she speaks certain words; the nothings that mean personality, that hold her charm? You remember?

The Horseman (*growing pale*). I remember.

Black Care. Well, that is what you have lost. That and more. The lovely outward self, clear wit, sweet unselfishness, gay comradeship—you have lost all of that, and —and love.

The Horseman. (*Groans.*) Ah! (*He throws out his hand despairingly, forgetting the reins. The horse plunges and breaks into a gallop. The Horseman catches the reins hurriedly, but lets the horse race on, and Black Care huddles, frightened, behind the saddle. The Horseman breathes fast, exhilarated, as the pace grows slow again.*) That puts courage into a man. I will not believe that I have lost her—not yet.

[*The horse walks. Black Care straightens and sits free.*

Black Care. You value yourself so highly, then, that you think to offer self alone is enough? No name, no fortune, no prospects? And to such a woman! You are brave.

The Horseman (*still flushed from the gallop*). But it is absurd, it is cowardly, to call my life finished at its beginning. I have long years before me, and strength, and youth. I can work and win—everything.

Black Care. And in the meantime, while you work, some rattling fellow with all that you hope for, all that you might have had by now, will step in and carry her off. Are you vain enough, are you mad enough, to think she will wait?

The Horseman (*doubtfully, wistfully*). If she should love me.

Black Care. Love you! Conceited fool that you are! Has she shown signs of loving you?

The Horseman. Of late, no. But she is proud. She would not. I have not told her.

Black Care. Not told her? Do you think every look of your eyes, every tone of your voice has not told her? Do you think a woman fails to read such writing?

The Horseman. Some women. She is not vain; she is not thinking of what men think of her.

Black Care (*sarcastically*). You are optimistic! At least remember how cold she has been to you lately, how capricious; how she has put other men before you—has almost avoided you. She is tired of you.

The Horseman (*hotly*). She cannot be tired of me! For a month I have lived in an empty world, a world without her. By sheer force of will I have shunned her, because of my failure and for that fear that

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she might tire of me. I have waited her word to come back. When she lifts a finger I am ready.

Black Care. She has lifted no finger. She will not see you alone, she will not ride with you. Her eyes never meet yours frankly, as in the old days.

[*The horse trots.*

The Horseman. It may be I have displeased her in something I do not know. It would be manliest to ask, and trust to her kindness and honesty to brush away cobwebs.

Black Care. She will look you coldly in the face, and say, with an air of surprise, that she does not understand. Will you risk that humiliation?

The Horseman. I would be a coward to fear it. But there is no fear. That is not her way. She is all simplicity and gentleness and honor. Now, Rebel, see the long stretch of turf by the roadside—your bridle is loose—off for a run, horse, and shake away once for all the evil thoughts that clutch me. (*The horse breaks into a run and Black Care, crouching, clings for dear life, pale with terror. The Horseman slowly pulls the horse in and pats his neck.*) Good fellow—good Rebel! The joy of living begins to flow from your big muscles into mine. I begin to be a better animal, and for that a better man. Surely everyone who finds that far country of success reaches it over a mountain range of failures, over swampy pitfalls of discouragement. I will pull my feet out of the marsh and leave behind me the first hillock. To-day I set out with a good heart and a dogged one on the way to name and fame and—if it may be—happiness.

Black Care. Plenty of others have done the same, since the world began, to starve miserably by the way.

The Horseman. What! Can I never throttle such thoughts? What does it matter, after all, to win the battle, if a man puts up a good fight? Rebel, do you see the rails there—four feet of rise between you and the brown thread of road running away to—to heaven, perhaps? One never knows with a road. Always it may lead to one's heart's desire. Or peace, at the least. Try it, Rebel, and we will see if peace of soul lies on the other side of the rails. Now, then, boy—canter, gallop, steady, check (*a cut of the whip*)—up and over! Lord! What a breath of freedom and new strength it gives one!

Black Care (*who has been thrown from his seat, but has caught at the Horseman's coat and is pulling himself up again, gasping and trembling*). I wouldn't do that again. You have lost the knack of jumping. Your hat went over your eyes and you almost went over the horse's neck. You sat him badly—much worse than a year ago.

The Horseman. A year ago! But I have not jumped for a year. I call it not so bad. I will take it again to make sure.

Black Care. No, oh, no! Your hands are too full to take risks. Will it help you in the fine new career you plan so bravely if you start with a broken leg?

The Horseman. Am I growing old and cautious? Whenever did such a thought hold me back from a jump before?

Black Care. It is the habit of failing that has caught you. You have lost the trick of confidence, without which the nerves go unsteadily. You are shaken—one can see that.

The Horseman. More croaking. With my best efforts the bad thoughts come back and sap the courage I try to win.

Black Care. Yes, and they will—more and more. It all comes to this, you see. You have begun life with a failure, which has stamped your career before men. You have managed to estrange the woman whom you loved, who was your friend, perhaps more than your friend. What is the use of

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futile struggling against hopeless odds? It all comes to this.

[*The Horseman turns his horse, puts him again at the rails, jumps them, and waves his whip in air with a laugh, as Black Care, thrown high from his seat, loses his clasp and barely saves himself again.*

The Horseman. Not so. It all comes, on the contrary, to this: that it is a better business for a man to fight for what he wants, let him win or let him lose, than to whine for lack of it; that, as the good heathen, Marcus Aurelius, has said, a man should stand erect and not be held erect by circumstance; that, finally, I will try with my might for my lady-love and my place in the world, and I will make sure that no faint heart has lost me either. The rush of God's air and the brave calmness of the horse have filled me with a sane vigor. It is a good man-spirit that good horseflesh puts into one.

Black Care (*with shaken persistence*). It is a stimulant like another. It will wear away.

The Horseman. There is a moving speck far down the road—someone on horseback. (*He peers eagerly, his hand over his eyes.*) It is as I thought—it is the gray mare Wanderer and her mistress, my lady. It is my time. There lies our hope, Rebel, my horse. Gallop, good beast, and overtake fate with a bold gait.

Black Care (*clinging desperately and gasping for breath as the horse breaks into a gallop*). No—oh, no! not yet—not today. You are out of sorts, uncertain of yourself. You would say it wrong. You would spoil all.

The Horseman. Gallop, Rebel! Faster, horse! (*They rush down the highway, Black Care terrified and trembling, keeping his hold with difficulty. The Horseman draws rein as he closes, and comes alongside the Horsewoman at a slow trot.*) Good-day to you and Wanderer.

The Horsewoman. Good-day, Horseman.

The Horseman. If a man has a great and momentous deed to do, if he fears almost as much as he hopes, it is good to strike quickly while his heart is strong. Do you think so?

The Horsewoman. I think so—yet I do not know what you mean.

The Horseman. This, then, my dear. I love you. (*The Horsewoman gazes at him, startled, and catches her breath, but does not speak.*) Have I been overbold? Have I been too sudden? Will you be angry?

The Horsewoman (*slowly*). I think—it is not—true.

The Horseman. By my soul it is true. It is the truest thing of my life.

The Horsewoman. It has not seemed so. You have stayed away from me for weeks.

The Horseman. Because I failed in my work, and so was unworthy of you. Because I thought you would tire of me. But you—you have been cold and indifferent, you have avoided me.

The Horsewoman (*smiling*). Because I thought you had tired of me. Because I did not want you—to see.

The Horseman. Look at me. (*She lifts her eyes.*) Is it true—what I see?

The Horsewoman. If you see right at last, blind Horseman.

The Horseman. But I have only hope and courage, and all of myself to give you.

The Horsewoman (*with a swift glance to his face*). It seems to me—enough.

The Horseman. You will not mind if the world be dark for a while?

The Horsewoman. There is something I could say if I were not ashamed.

The Horseman (*leaning to put his arm about her*). Say it.

[*Black Care suddenly falls headlong with a muffled shriek in the mud.*

The Horsewoman. What was that?

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The Horseman. It was nothing. There is nothing in the world but you. (*Laughs softly.*) I feel a sudden strange lightness. It is as if Black Care himself had gripped me, and had fallen at the touch of you. Say it, dear.

The Horsewoman. (*Speaks difficultly, but the Horseman is near.*) It is of no importance. It is only—when a woman learns loving, the first lesson in the book is to make sunshine. Else her love is a poor thing. So the world may be dark, pitch black it may be, and I shall not know it—I will not let you know it. And—— (*stops*).

The Horseman. Yes. Say it.

The Horsewoman. And this. The old proverb says that Black Care sits ever behind the horseman. It may be so—I do not know—for one alone it may be so. But where two together sit tight to the saddle—two comrades, lovers, riders—where Hope and Courage ride also with them—what place is left for Black Care?

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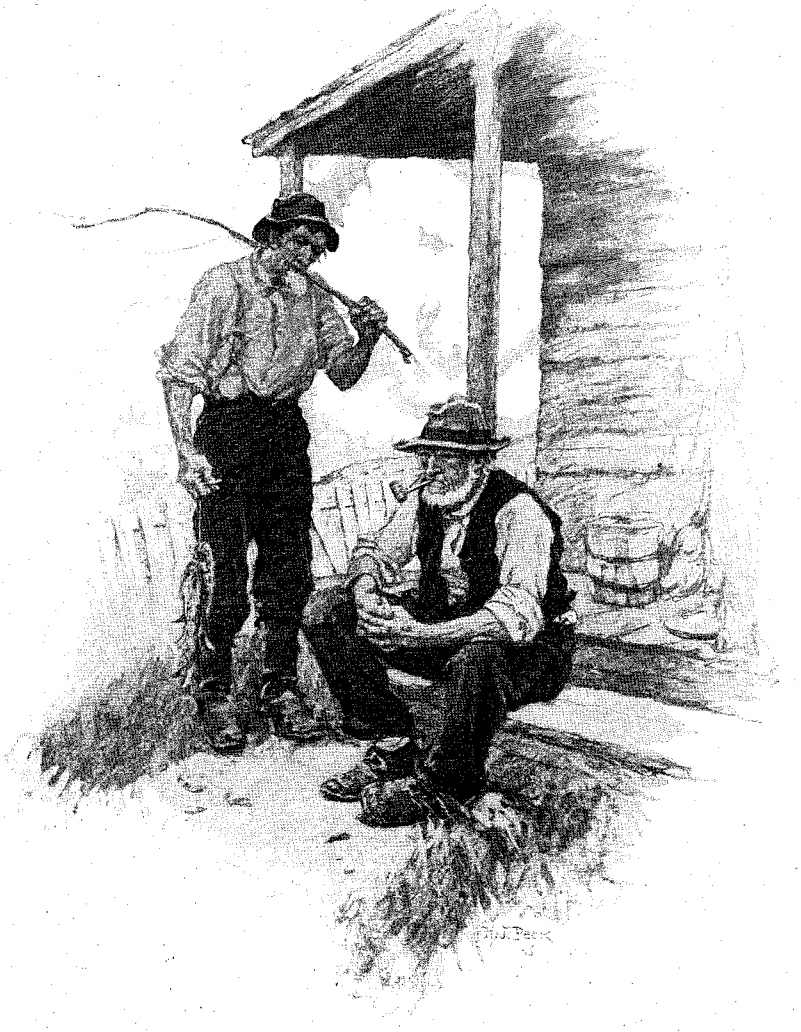

I stopped in to pass the time of day.—Page 743.

THE MAN WHO STUDIED CONTINUAL

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Henry J. Peck

HE spoke from a pile of wheels in a corner of the shop, with the voice of authority that became the wisest man in all the valley. There was none to dispute him. The blacksmith would look up from the horse's hoof at which he was working and would wag his head sagely, and when the weary animal showed signs of impatience he was calmed by an admonition gently spoken. At the bellows the helper stood, so softly blowing that the fire purred, and when once he broke the story's thread by a wild ring of the anvil disapproving eyes met his from every side, and he tossed the glowing shoe into the tub, and turning to the forge made a feint of working, but listened.

. . . . . .

If you observe you will notice that them

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as has studied and knows everything allus holds that life is not worth livin'. Only those folks is happy that don't know any better, and the more a man knows the more unhappier he gets. Now I'm not against studyin'. I have allus been a student and hold that it is every man's duty to know all he can in this world, as there is no tellin' what he will be called on to do in the next. Still, I don't know everything, since I have spent so much time fishin' and shootin', and I can say truthful that I have spells of peace and comfort that equals the happiness of the most ignorantest. The most unhappiest man I ever see was Peter Pottipher, who lived in the mountains back of Harmony. He studied continual and knowd everything. There wasn't a book in the walley he hadn't read; there wasn't a hymn he couldn't sing by heart; and as for ketchin' him, he simply never was ketched. Yet he never looked glad.

Now I mind once when I was comin' home from fishin' in the big run, I see the old man settin' on the front-stoop of his house meditatin', and I stopped in to pass the time of day. His eyes was fixed on a big white cloud that was floatin' over the ridge; and he was so quiet that the smoke hung to the bowl of his pipe like cotton; and he was so busy that when spoke to he made no answer. So I shook him.

"Peter," says I, "what are you figgerin' on now?"

He pointed to the sky wery solemn. "You see the Injun's head at the fur end of that cloud," he says. "Well, I'm tryin' to study out how many miles it is to the p'int of the nose.

"That's impossible," says I, laughin'.

"Mebbe," he answers, more solemner than ever. "But mind this—one end of that cloud is just over the tall pine in the clearin' on the ridge; the other is even with the lime-kiln, and the distance between them two p'ints is a half mile, and from here to the lime-kiln is two mile. Knowin' that, it had ought to seem like there was some way of figgerin' the distance to the cloud itself, and that's what I've been puzzlin' over for an hour. It won't work out, so I guess it is impossible, else I'd have figgered it by this time."

"Of all the fool things to worry about, that beats them," says I. "S'pose you did get it, what good would it do you?"

"Why, I'd know how fur it was," Peter answers, rather het up.

"But the cloud won't be there to-morrow," I argues.

"It would be a nice thing to know now," he says. "It makes me mad whenever I see things like that what I can't learn."

"As the fellow said, knowledge is power," I ventured to remark.

"Wind-power," said the old man, kind of sad. "That's one of the things I found out while I was acquirin' it. Look at me—me who has studied all my life and learned most everything, gettin' old and likely to die most any time, and all I'll leave behind is my wife, a clearin' and grandpa's rifle. The facts I've got together won't be of any use to my widder. Why, if I started to give 'em to her she just wouldn't listen."

"You mowt write 'em down, Peter," I says.

At that old Pottipher laughed like he would die. "Write 'em down—the idee!" says he when he could speak audible. "Don't you understand that if I tried to write down all I knowd I'd have to live over a hundred year to finish up?"

"Well, since it won't do you any good," I asks, "why are you botherin' about how fur you are from that cloud?"

Peter, he smoked quiet like and studied. Then after a bit, he says, says he: "Knowin' is a habit. If a man has brains, the more he puts in 'em the more they demands. The other day I seen in the county paper the figgers tellin' how fur we are from the sun. It didn't say how it was found out, but I judge it took a heap of studyin' and squintin' and sightin' and calculatin'. What good does it do us to know how many miles it is to the sun if we ain't intendin' to walk it? Not a bit; yet it's a nice thing to know."

"Which goes to prove," says I, "that knowledge is a luxury, not a ne-cessity."

"Exact," says Peter.

"So the most ignorantest man can get rich in dollars while the most smartest is gatherin' only interestin' facts," says I.

"Pre-cise," says Peter; "you've studied some yourself."

"Some," I answers, "but not too much, as I prefer the happy mejum. When I see you figgerin' over clouds I am more concided than ever that ignorance is bliss, as the fellow says."

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With that I picked up my string of trout and left him settin' there meditatin'.

I didn't see Peter Pottipher again for a long time, as he only come down to Harmony to Sunday-school, and when the winter set in, the roads got very bad and he was snowed up. Once I did see him after that —just once—in November, when we run a fox clean over the ridge and down into the gut and up the mountain by his clearin'. He heard the dogs go through his patch and come out, so I stopped a while and chatted like.

"Well, Peter," I asks, "what are you figgerin' on now?"

"A most interestin' problem," he answers, brightenin' up. "Most interestin'. Me and old Davy Holler, who lives a mile up the gut, is calculatin' how fur the Israelites travelled in the wilderness."

"That would be a nice thing to know," says I.

"And the beauty of it is," says Peter, "it is somethin' that nobody knows. The last time I was down to Sunday-school, before the bad weather set in, Squire Bellus asked our class that wery question and nobody knowd, not even the squire himself. So comin' home me and Davy put our heads together and agreed we'd figger it out durin' the winter."

"Don't the Good Book tell it?" I says. "If I mind correct it tells the number of cupids they went each day, and multiplyin' that by forty years should give the required result."

"Not at all," says old Pottipher. "It doesn't give it in either miles or cupids. We thought it would be easy, too, but when we got started we soon see that we would be occupied every night all winter, for if you look up you'll find how the Good Book will say in one place that they went on a three days' journey, and in another how they come unto Elim, so when you don't know where Elim is, it is certainly puzzlin'."

"You had ought to have a map," I ventures.

"We have," says Peter. "Davy got one of Asia, but it don't give any of the places mentioned only the Red Sea."

"Mebbe this map's too old," I says, just jokin.'

"Mebbe," says Peter, he bein' the most innocentest man I ever see as well as the most knowin'. "It certainly do look it. We can hardly read the print. Davy, he argues that the places mentioned in the Good Book might be where the holes is in the map."

"Probable," says I, "but such bein' the case, how in the name of common sense are you workin' it out."

"It is difficult," says the old man, very cheerful. "We have patience. We're makin' a map ourself and we will get at it gradual. You see Davy he reads 'They went three days into the wilderness.' Down I put it, makin' a line three days long. 'Then,' says Davy, readin' on, 'they come unto Elim.' Another line is hooked on, only I mark it 'to Elim.' So there we will have it all pictured and to get the result we only have to find out how far it is from Elim to the next p'int, and so on, and add it all up. I allow we'll give the squire a surprise when he asks that question ag'in."

"He'll be the most surprisedest man in Harmony," says I, never hesitatin'.

Just then the dogs come runnin' back in full cry, and I grabbed my gun and made for the road, and up the hill to ketch a shot at the fox; so I didn't see Peter Pottipher again. I never seen him again. The snow fell wery heavy next day, and as he couldn't come down to town I forgot all about him, and kept on in my own quiet ignorant way of workin' some and thinkin' some and bein' half happy. But one day in May—I think it was May and a Sunday—I see Davy Holler walkin' down the street, and he bringin' Peter to mind, I stepped to the gate and hailed him. Now Davy Holler, he was a wery nice old man, not so smart as Peter Pottipher, and therefore much richer, but also considerable of a student. If he was a student we had ought to speak of Peter as a professor, for I never seen one man look admiringer at another than old Holler on old Pottipher, and when you wanted to ask the one about the other, you had to do it delicayte.

So says I, pleasant like, "Well, Davy," I says, "how fur did the children of Israel travel in the wilderness?"

The old man give a start and stared at me vacant—so vacant that I shouted it at him, and he just stood there scratchin' his chin solemn. I repeated it again. Then he come and leaned on the gate, and borrowed a pipe of tobacco and smoked melancholy.

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"Each of them lines means a journey."—Page 746.

"It will never be knowd," he said at last, sighin'.

"All your winter's work gone for nothin'" said I, sympathizin'.

"Absolute nothin'," he answered, still melancholier. "I don't think that two men lives who will be willin' to put in the work me and Peter did on that problem."

"And get no result," said I.

"But it can be figgered," said he. "If anybuddy wants to try it I will loan 'em our map."

With that Davy pulled out a big piece of wrappin' paper and hung it on the fence. I must admit it was the most remarkable hand-drawing I ever see.

"That spot is the Red Sea," says he, p'intin' with his walkin'-stick. "That line shootin' off shows the first movement!"

I put on my spectacles and gettin' close down, made out in old Peter's handwrite: "3 days—Marah." The line come zigzaggin' back, and over it was wrote, "Marah to Elim."

"See here, Davy," says I, "you don't mean to tell me them Israelites started right back to the Red Sea?"

The old man laughed superior like. "Not at all," he answers, wery grand. "This ain't that kind of a map. You mind how the line zigzags all the way down to the bottom of the wrappin' paper, and besides there is

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more on the other side. It was a monstrous amount of work, for each of them lines means a journey—sometimes it's three days—again its four—or mebbe it just says from Dan to Beersheeby."

"A mighty queer way to Canaan," says I, not altogether understandin'.

"You've never been a student," says Davy, ruther uppish. "Can't you see what it means? We finished the map, and now all that remains to be done is to find out how many miles there is in each of them zig-zag lines, and addin' 'em we'll get the entire distance travelled by the children of Israel."

"What's the result?" I asks.

"It will never be knowd," says Davy, wery solemn. "Peter he could 'a' worked it out, but it's beyond me. Peter he was a wonderful man."

Peter Pottipher was a wonderful man! Them mountains may hold more like him, but not many. I had thought I knowd Peter, but when Davy Holler set down on my porch and told me about the winter's figgerin' and the final result, I see that I had never more than half an idee of him, after all. Nothin' stopped him when he wanted facts. Night after night he and Davy worked by candle-light with the Good Book and the map. Sometimes it was hard and confusin', for they would find the children in one place without nothin' bein' explained definite about how they got there. They'd make guesses whether it was a three days' journey or a seven, and Davy he would get discouraged, but old Peter he explained how it was bound to come out all right, for while they was likely to guess too much once, the next time they would likely guess too little, and even up. Nothin' ever scared Peter Pottipher. They kept right at it till one night in April when the snow was all gone, and Peter's wife was settin' by the fire untanglin' fishin' lines, and Peter and Davy was workin' by the candle. Then Peter closed the Good Book wery gentle and says, pintin' to the map, "Davy, that spot is the River Jordan. We have figgered it all out, and as soon as we add up, somethin' will be knowd that was never knowd before."

"Well, begin addin" says Davy, most innocent.

That made Peter laugh hearty. "Don't you know, Davy," says he, "we can't add 'three days' journey' to the line marked 'Marah to Elim.'"

"Have we worked all winter for nothin'?" cries Davy, indignant.

"Not at all," says Peter in his calm way. "We must first reduce to miles."

That sounded easy, but for four days Peter Pottipher and Davy Holler was puzzled complete. Davy he was ready to give up, but Peter wasn't that kind. Never, says he. Let me study. And study he did, settin' in the wood-pile and watchin' the clouds till the fifth day when he arose with a smile and walked up the gut to Holler's clearin'.

"I have it," says he, triumphant. "We will make a three days' journey to find out how long the first line is."

Davy's eyes opened wide. He almost cried. "Do we have to wander in the mountains for a seven-day spell, too, and a forty and such?" says he. "Do we have to do everything them lines says to get the answer?"

"Not at all," says Peter, most condescendin'. "You are a fine fellow, Davy, but not much of a student. See here—we will journey for three days, and dividin' the result by three gives how fur the Israelites could go in one day, so by multiplyin' we can fill in all the lines where the Good Book gives the number of days' travel."

"But how about them marked 'Marah to Elim,' and 'Dan to Beersheeby'?" inquires Davy, a leetle het up.

"One thing at a time and that well," Peter answers, quiet, but determined. "That's a bridge I'll cross when I come to it. I've studied this out, and I allow I can study that out, too. To-morrow at sun-up you'll see me here."

Davy Holler was terrible put out. He said he was gettin' too old for a three days' tramp. It wasn't any use to argue with Peter Pottipher. He allowed he was five year older, and if he could stand a three days' journey, Davy could. There was one thing to do, and that ended it.

"You must bring your blind mule, David," says he, in a commandin' way. "The children of Israel travelled with camels, so we've got to allow for that, and not move too fast. I figger from the pickters I've seen of them humpy animals they could go at just about the same gait as your old Jimmy."

Pleadin', complainin', threatenin'—they was all of no account. Peter Pottipher was after knowledge, and nothin' would turn him. He paid no attention.

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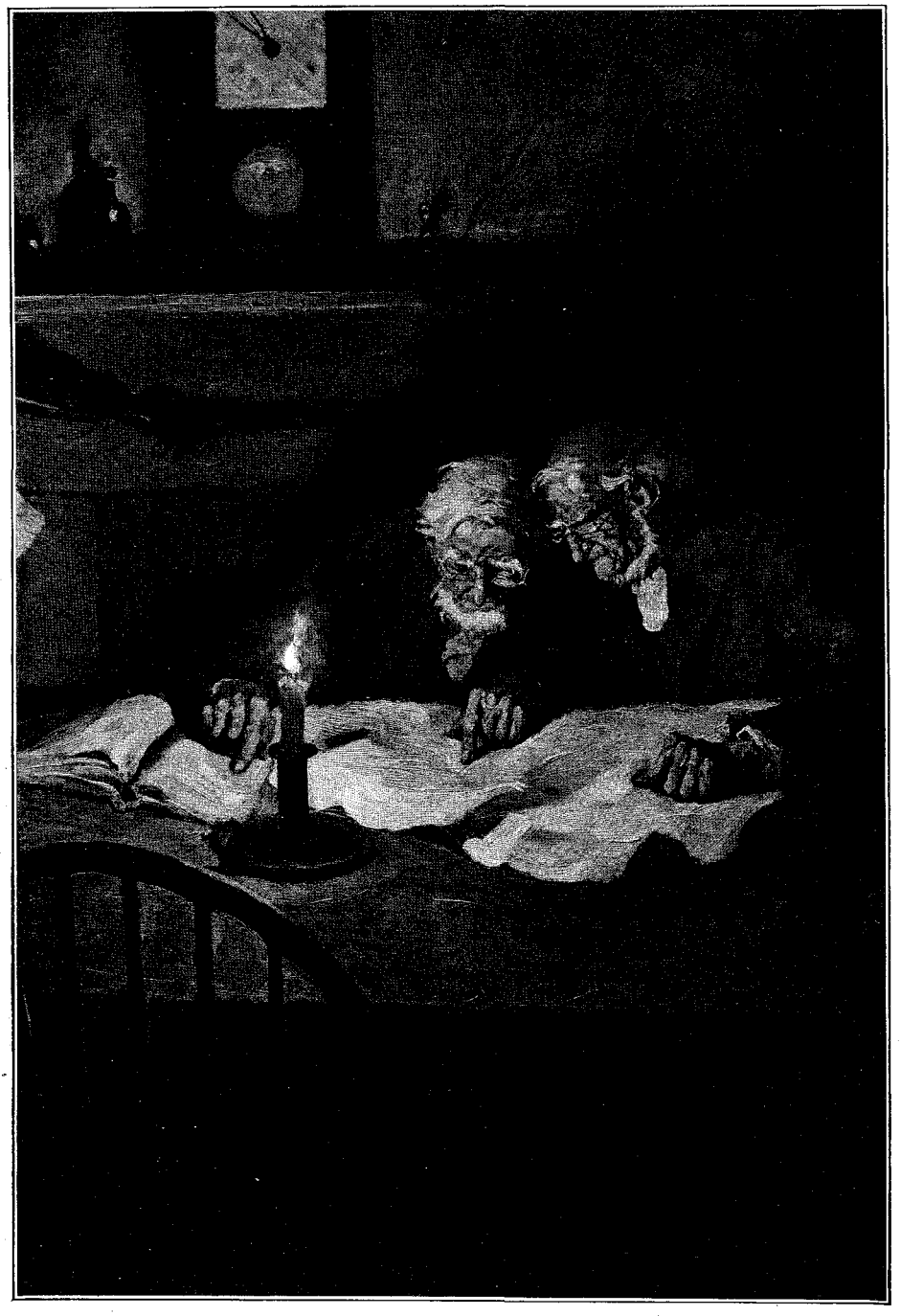

Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

He and Davy worked by candle-light with the Good Book and the map.—Page 746.

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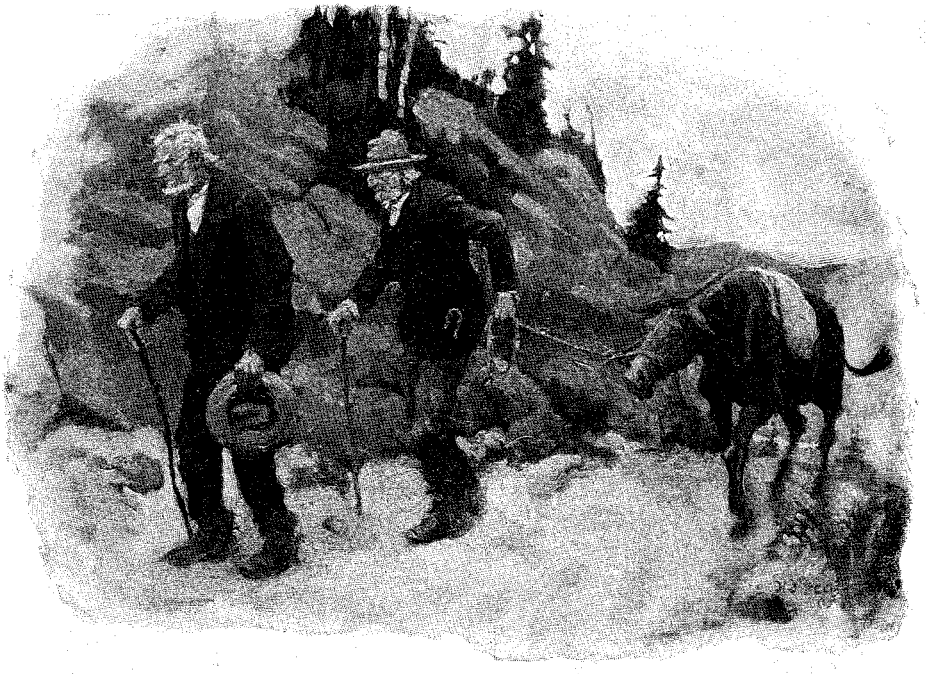

They found themselves on a rocky road at the top of the fifth mountain.

"At sun-up, we start, David," says he.

With that he went down the road toward home.

As I have said there never was a man who looked admiringer on another than Davy Holler did on Peter Pottipher, and though he wasn't wery pleased at settin' off on a long journey at his age, he trusted Peter implicit and he didn't want to see his old friend goin' away alone, when go he would if there was any knowledge to be got. So he was out at sun-up as ordered, and ready with the blind mule, loadened with a bag of bread and pork. Peter was on hand to the minute. After takin' the time most careful, the two of 'em turned to the wilderness, as the Good Book would say, journeyin' even unto Snyder County. At sunset on the third day they found themselves on a rocky road at the top of the fifth mountain, both of 'em wore out complete. Davy, though the youngest, was the most beat, and set down on a stump and lighted his pipe and rubbed his shins, and groaned. Peter must have been as tired, but he was fuller of grit, and limped around till he found some pasture for the mule; then lit the fire and started some supper fryin'.

"Cheer up, Davy," he says real cheerful when the things was sizzlin' in the pan. "Cheer up. Our three days' journey has ended, and now we can go back home and figger."

"How fur have we come?" says Davy ruther grumpy.

Peter, he rose up and looked around wery solemn. There was five mountains between him and home and one between him and Snyder County—not a house nor a livin' thing in sight.

"Mighty souls!" he says.

"How fur is it?" says Davy again, smokin' continual.

"We will have to ask some un," Peter answers, somewhat meeker.

"Who'll you ask?" says Davy, gettin' angrier.

"Can't you let me study a while?" Peter says, wery gentle, bringin' over a pan of supper. "You eat good, Davy, and lay down and sleep like and I'll calculate."

There was some rumblin' and growlin', and then Davy Holler done what he was told, for he was too tired to complain wery much. Even if he was put out at Peter he really trusted him implicit, so it wasn't long till he had forgot all about the children of Israel and their journeyin'. At sunrise

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he awoke—alone. The mule was there still, browsin' round, but Peter was gone. He called, but there was no sign, so he set down and waited, knowin' that a man of such uncommon learnin' had not disappeared for nothin'. Till noon he set, smokin' and meditatin' and whittlin', and final he hear foot-steps comin' up the mountain. A call brought no answer, and bein' too tired to get up, he just kind of stretched his neck, and set listenin' and watchin'. Feebler and feebler the footsteps sounded—then a loud breathin'. Peter come—Peter lookin' nearer ninety-five than eighty—Peter puffin' wery hard—Peter all white and haggard like. He didn't say nothin'—just set down and gasped.

"Well," says Davy, "how fur did we come in three days?"

"Twenty-one mile," says the old man, brightenin' up, kind of sad.

For a minute Davy worked his lips and fingers.

"Showin' we could do seven mile a day," he says.

Peter nodded.

"How did you study it out?" says Davy.

Peter would have blushed, only he was so old and yellow, but he was truthful, and confessed.

"Yonder is Airy Grove," he says, p'intin' to the last mountain. "I went over in the night and asked. It's twenty-nine mile by the road from there to Harmony, and five mile from here to there, and three mile from Harmony to your clearin'. The gentleman in the store figgered out early this mornin' for me. It's twenty-one mile."

"You're a wonderful student, Peter," Davy says.

The old man kind of smiled his thanks and leaned back against a tree. In a minute he, too, had forgot about the children of Israel. Davy set still for a wery long time, watchin' him and smokin' and meditatin'. By and by an idee come to him and he begin workin' his lips and fingers. Then he peeked at Peter sleepin' gentle like, and at the sun still high up over the mountain.

"Peter," he says.

Peter made no sign, so he got up, onrastless, and begin to walk up and down, nervous like, watchin' the afternoon go by, till he couldn't stand it no more."

"Peter," he says, shakin' him. The old man opened his eyes and woke up. "Peter," Davy went on, "I've been studyin' and I can't make out why we couldn't have figgered how fur the Israelites travelled by walkin' one day and multiplyin' the result, just as well as by walkin' three and dividin'."

Peter only smiled weary like, and closed his eyes, so Davy didn't bother him no more till the sun was well down the other side of the mountain.

"See here," he says, shakin' the sleeper wery hard, "I've been studyin', Peter, and I make out that again we get home we will have journeyed six days instead of three."

But Peter never opened his eyes. Davy Holler shook him harder, but he couldn't wake him up.

"He just kind of slep' away, tired out with studyin' and walkin'," Davy says that Sunday mornin' as we set on my porch and he told about it. "Peter was a wonderful man for facts," he says, p'intin' to the map, "and had he been spared we might have studied it out."

"He was a wonderful man," says I, unhesitatin'. "He took all his facts with him and left nothin' behind."

"Only his clearin'," Davy says, "and his widder and his grandpa's rifle."

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MY LADY BLUEBEARD

By Caroline Duer

LESTER NEIL was accounted a fortunate man by all who knew him, and those who knew him best did not hesitate to assert that his claims to this distinction dated from the day of his marriage with the beautiful Miss Tremaine.

To the casual observer it might have seemed that he had been born to some degree of fortune before he achieved this particular fortunateness, but the wise ones of society shook their heads while they told each other that "after all, money was not everything, and they only hoped that poor, gay, frivolous girl would be able to cope with the extreme morbidness of his disposition"—a morbidness, they whispered, inherited from his mother's side of the house. His father's family (except in the matter of millions) existed too insufficiently to be worth mentioning.

Mrs. Lester Neil, however, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with her bargain, if bargain it were, and her gentle, buoyant nature expanded into new graciousness under the happy and prosperous conditions of her married life.

She would have loved her husband whether he had been rich or poor, and she believed he would have sought her out among the highest or the humblest.

If he were at times silent and gloomy, he had never yet failed in consideration for her and, with the self-confidence of young brides, she would have scorned the idea that her influence was not strong enough always to dissipate his blackest moods. She knew that he adored her, and nothing else seemed to matter.

Their courtship had been brief, almost to the point of recklessness.

She was an orphan, educated abroad by a cosmopolitan aunt, and had spent the first few years of her young ladyhood in Paris and London. It was rumored that her refusal of some exceptionally disagreeable and brilliant match had led to a rupture with her determined old relation, whose portals were now closed against her. At all events, she returned to her own country on a visit, and Lester Neil saw her at the opera, fell in love with her on the instant, proposed to her within three days and married her at the end of a fortnight.

The ostensible reason for this haste being the departure for Europe of the friends with whom she had been staying, there were not wanting those who hinted at less plausible motives for such a disregard of the accepted conventionalities.

Neil, they said, absolutely bewitched, and denuded for the moment of that cynicism which experience of women and the world teaches a man of wealth, was positively afraid of rivals—nervous about losing the lady.

The lady was equally anxious not to be lost. Nobody knew the rights of her quarrel with her aunt. It was all very strange.

Lester and the beautiful Miss Tremaine, heedless of gossip, married in what haste seemed good to them and did not appear likely to repent at leisure.

For two years they wandered about the world, and when they settled themselves again at home their friends declared, with satisfaction, that they had effected a certain change of characteristics, Neil having acquired occasional flashes of his wife's gayety, while she had softened the brilliant sunniness of her nature with a slight shade of gravity.

The ardor of her devotion to her husband was openly commented upon. She shared his pursuits and pleasures as far as it was possible for her to do so, and never permitted herself to be separated from him, if separation could be avoided. It was said that she almost lamented the advent of her possible son and heir because of her enforced seclusion and consequent loss of Neil's society.

The child did, fortunately, prove to be a boy, and gave promise of repeating in his indeterminate little visage the delicate blonde loveliness of his mother. She seemed fond, almost anxiously fond of him,

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but by no means so overwhelmingly preoccupied as the average young woman is supposed to be with her first baby. It was remarked that as soon as she was strong enough she took up her old life again and everything turned, as it had turned before, upon the least wish or whim of her husband.

The boy had nurses, trained nurses, nursery governesses, all the modern appurtenances of carefully brought up infanthood, but with his parents, especially with his father, he was during the early part of his existence, in outward appearance at least, on somewhat formal terms.

There were gleeful half-hours when his mother unexpectedly met him in his walks, or came whirling, breathless, to the nursery for a delicious twilight frolic, but her comings and goings seemed, even to his baby mind, to be attended by something the same spirit of furtive hurry that marked the occasional slipping off to early mass of his excellent old nurse. He felt, without knowing why, that neither must be spoken of.

About the time of his third birthday his great-aunt, Mrs. Tremaine, the obstinacy of whose character years had a little softened, came to America for the express purpose (so gossip would have it) of pardoning her niece and seeing whether the match she had made for herself at all justified the accounts given of it.

The Neils had left town very early that year and were already settled at their enormous country place on the north shore of Long Island, but Mrs. Neil arranged to go up to New York for a day or two, meet the steamer, spend a short time with her aunt, and bring that lady—if she agreed to be brought—back with her to stay for an indefinite time. Lester had a friend with him, a certain Captain Condit, just returned from the Philippines, whom he had known from his earliest college days, and his wife felt less reluctance than usual in leaving him. She set off by the first train one morning, promising to return, if all went well, by the late afternoon express the next day.

"I trust them to you, Captain Condit," she said. "Don't let either big Lester or little Lester get into mischief of any kind while I am away."

"Is this the first time you have ever removed your watchful eye from them, Mrs. Neil?" he inquired, laughing.

"Oh, the little one has a phalanx of people to look after him," she replied, lightly, "but I do not often give the big one an opportunity of discovering how well he could contrive to do without me."

Captain Condit thought he detected a shade of anxiety in the furtive glance she cast at her husband, but she continued, gayly:

"Make him take lots of exercise. He gets lazy if I'm not on hand to drag him out. Beat him at billiards in the evening, and, if he is not a perfect host and boon companion, telephone to me at the Waldorf."

"That seems simple enough. And my duties to the boy?"

"Oh, you needn't see him, unless you wish. Really, I just mentioned him to give you a sense of your responsibilities."

So Mrs. Neil departed, and her husband and his friend amiably set about amusing themselves, according to the plans she had laid down for them.

They spent the morning in the squash-court (where Lester, who did not care for games, languidly permitted himself to be beaten again and again), and in the afternoon started out for a long ride, which after some detour was to bring them finally to the neighborhood of a small piece of property that Captain Condit was at the moment in negotiation for.

The sky was brilliantly blue and the air, full of effervescent sunshine, seemed to break in little iced prickles against the face as they galloped along. The near fields were black and soft as velvet, while the distant woods had, in a single night, taken on a dim, lilac, hazy outline, which heralded the coming of the spring.

Captain Condit drew a deep breath of pleasure and pulled in his horse.

"'Silently as the spring-time'—bully old poem, the 'Burial of Moses'—

> Silently as the spring-time, her crown of verdure weaves,
> And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves."

he quoted, waving an appreciative arm toward the landscape. "Yesterday I could have sworn it was going to snow, and by to-morrow I should not be surprised if summer were upon us. Mother Nature fools us almost as often as her daughters do," he added cheerfully.

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"It's something new for you to malign the sex. Aren't the Philippine ladies faithful?" inquired Lester, with a sudden sneering laugh but the air of one who expects his remark to be taken in good part.

His companion looked up in astonishment, and then answered quietly, ignoring the somewhat coarse nature of the jest, "Not if they are like most of the men with whom I had to deal."

"You found them unreliable?"

"Almost invariably."

"Most people are, unless you make their interests jump with yours, and even then you can't always trust them," said Lester.

"Well, that's bad news for a bright afternoon," returned Captain Condit, carelessly, as he dropped the reins on his saddlebow and proceeded to light a cigarette.

"Why, it stands to reason, man," continued Neil, with some vehemence, "Who should know it if I don't? Do you suppose I have gone through life blindfolded? If I've sometimes been well served, it's because I've made it worth somebody's while to serve me well. If I've ever been pleased and amused, it's because it's been to somebody's advantage to please and amuse me. Men aren't apt to give you their time, or the work of their hands, or the thoughts of their heads—no, nor women the light of their eyes, or the love of their hearts, for nothing."

"Surely some people—I should say women, in particular—give for the pleasure of giving."

"Not often, as far as my experience of the world goes."

"The world credits you with a vast number of experiences, especially in that direction," said Captain Condit, without malice.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lester, impatiently.

"Meaning you've had experience, but no experiences?"

"Meaning, I don't intend to talk about them," answered the other shortly, eying his companion with a sudden look of sombre cunning.

"In particular, of course not. But since we're on the subject—do you seriously mean that the sum total of your dealings with people—or rather, their dealings with you—has taught you nothing but distrust of them and their motives?"

"Until I discover how they expect me to benefit them; then I don't need to mistrust them, because I understand them. Perfect understanding—like love—casteth out fear. Oh, I learned to be very wary in my youth. You would, too, if you had been pitchforked into the world at the early age I was with the power of a great fortune behind you; the handicap of a cold-blooded disposition that took its pleasures with cynical carelessness; the temptation of playing upon the weaknesses of the companions who pretended to admire you, the friends who pretended to like you, the women who pretended to love you."

"Why pretended?" interrupted Captain Condit.

"What is there about me to admire, to like, or to love?" broke out Neil, with sudden passion. "I'm an ugly, unsociable, morbid beggar—but I'm wise—oh, yes, I'm wise. I always knew how to get what I wanted and to keep it as long as I wanted it, too—and where I reigned at all I took care to reign absolutely. My 'suspicions slumbered at' none of 'wisdom's gates,' I assure you."

He was speaking with a certain subdued excitement and his face was flushed. The experiences which he had tacitly denied—humorously evil incidents; sordid flirtations; intrigues without interest; innumerable "affairs of the heart," where he had found the heart conspicuous only by its absence; friendships with ladies, tenderer than true, whose "pleasure is giving" seemed to be greatly enhanced by the fact that what they gave was the legitimate property of somebody else—all these memories floated before his mind's eye, and the moving pictures filled him with a sudden cynical desire to shout aloud with laughter.

Condit seemed to have preserved, or at least to have assumed the possession of such a beautifully sweet arcadian view of human nature. He hoped he had not disturbed the serenity of the pose. He glanced over his shoulder (for in the narrow wood road they had now entered he was riding ahead) at the face of the younger man. It was grave and troubled, and the mouth was set in rather a hard line.

"Cheer up, old fellow," he called back, "each to his own opinion. Life is no more complicated to *you* because *I* refuse to deceive myself, or to be deceived, about the pains and pleasures of it."

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"Every man deceives himself; every man is deceived. Those who believe the worst no less than those who believe the best," said Captain Condit, deliberately. "But suspicion is a two-edged sword to the person who leans on it, and I'd rather be cheated fifty times than once suspect another man unjustly."

"There is a fine copy-book maxim for an old Indian fighter. Can't you imagine the sport of surprising an ambushed enemy?"

"An enemy! Yes, but I thought you were speaking of friends."

"Have we any?" asked Lester, laughing grimly. "That's the question. As I look back now, I wonder if I've ever had a friend —but you! I see groups of men who cared to live the same life I did as long as I made it easy for them. I see women who cringed, women who begged, women who cajoled, women who pretended, women who commanded, but never one who was not self-seeking. When I think of the things they have done for me in the name of love—the meanness, the audacity, the devilishness of most of them! And I revelled in it then! If only I could shut the doors on the memory of all that—" he groaned "—it's a chamber of disillusion, if not a chamber of horrors. I suppose every man has the like."

"Heaven keep anybody you care for on the outside," murmured Captain Condit.

Neil paused with an expression of the profoundest melancholy, and then suddenly continued, in quite a different tone.

"But it's a splendid advantage—this power of testing people's coin by the acid of bitter experience, and seeing how much of it is false. Some day it will all be examined, they say, in a greater laboratory than this, and then I shall be free from the necessity of making individual experiments, but at present I feel that it is a duty I owe to myself and to society. The unmasking of minds and motives! One sees some pretty unpleasant sights in the process, eh?"

"I believe one only sees what is reflected from one's own eyes," exclaimed the other, warmly. "What hideous change has come over you, Lester? I thought you were a happy man."

They were now riding abreast, and he could watch the effect of his words.

"Happy—of course, I am happy," cried Neil, shrinking back visibly. "Have I said anything? What have I said that proves the contrary? You're crazy, Condit. The hot sun of the tropics has addled your poor brain. I'm the happiest man on earth. What you object to is that I'm also one of the wisest in that I refuse to expect too much from my fellow-creatures. But you're right, no doubt—my wife would uphold you. She—she objects to my views. Don't speak of them to her. We'll say no more about them, but look at yours instead. Here we are on top of the hill that you want to buy. It's a fine look-out. Pull up for a moment and let us enjoy it, and then we must make the horses put their best feet foremost, for it will be too dark to go back across-country all the way, and by the road it's a round-about journey."

It was, indeed, rather late when they got back. The lamps had long been lighted in the hall, and the tea-table, which had been set, as Mrs. Neil liked to have it, near the great fire-place, had a forlorn, deserted sort of look, as if it had waited until the contents of its little dishes had hardened into stony images of themselves.

Across the landing at the top of the wide staircase the small figure of Master Lester Niel could be seen, skipping and prancing, and his voice heard, in high, shrill shouts, indicative of some especially hilarious form of amusement. It was the first time that Captain Condit had ever seen the child in that part of the house, except when formally sent for, and he suspected that the occasion of their long absence had led some good-natured attendant to indulge the little fellow with a game of romps in injudicious, if not absolutely forbidden, places.

He glanced at the elder Lester as they crossed the polished floor and began to ascend the stairs. He had observed that the father's manner to the boy was undemonstrative to the point of sternness, and he wondered if a reproof would follow this probable breaking of unwritten rules.

But Neil's tone was not ungentle as he called out: "Hullo, what's going on there? Who is turning my house into a bear garden?"

A neat housemaid beat a hasty retreat, and an even neater nurse came forward to explain that, having been obliged to keep Master Lester in the house all the afternoon on account of a slight cold he had taken, and finding him a bit restless and fretful, she had thought it no harm to let him come

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and play for a while in his mamma's room at the hour his mamma was accustomed to play with him in the nursery."

Neil stood still, his brow clouded and his eyes on the ground.

"So this is the hour Mrs. Neil usually goes to him," he said, slowly. "I see; I suppose he missed her to-day?"

"Yes, sir. It's only now, when he was playing 'I spy' with Anna, that he stopped asking for her."

The elder Lester strode forward and pushed in the half-open door of a large closet near by, from which a high-pitched little voice had been calling "cuckoo" at impatient intervals.

Electric light streamed from a great ground-glass bulb in the ceiling. All round the three sides of the room hung dresses—lilac, pink, blue, corn-color, beflowered, befrilled; like pretty, gaudy, limp, headless ladies, executed wholesale for too much frivolity.

Half-hidden behind a gorgeous red tea-gown which Captain Condit had seen Mrs. Neil wearing the day before, the child's flushed face peeped out.

"Find me, find me," he cried, winding himself into the folds of the damask train.

His father stooped down and, disentangling him, drew him, tousled and choked with merriment, out of the closet.

"What would mamma say to find you making hay among her beautiful dresses?" he demanded, evidently trying to adopt a suitable lightness of manner, while his mind was as evidently occupied with thoughts that troubled him.

"Mamma'd say, 'That's no matter,'" returned the child, confidently.

The tall gray, black-haired figure and the small white, golden-haired one stood for a moment hand in hand against the dim green background of the upper-hall walls, then the man stooped down again and looked the child squarely in the face.

"Everything you do is right in mamma's eyes, I suppose?" he said.

The boy nodded, clearly without comprehension, but with a happy assurance of being certain to please.

"Then," Lester went on, "I suppose it's all right in *your* eyes to do what you please when she's away. Well, she'll be at home again to-morrow, you know, but no more play to-night."

The handsome little face clouded and a furtive finger went up to the mouth, but the child said good-night and disappeared with his nurse in perfect propriety. His father straightened himself, and stood looking gloomily into vacancy, his hands in his pockets, his head erect.

"By the time he grows up he will have learned to hate me and long to be standing in my shoes," he muttered to himself. "And day after day she has been stealing hours away from me to give to him. Deceit, deceit, shall I never come to the end of it?"

He turned. Captain Condit, who had begun to ascend the stairs that led to the bachelor rooms above, saw him pause before the still brilliantly lighted closet, where the many-colored dresses flaunted themselves as gayly as their state of meek dependency would allow.

"What pretty things women wear," he said softly, as he shut the door.

Dinner that evening went off better than might have been expected. Each man exerted himself for the entertainment of the other, and they sat till late in the smoking-room, talking of old times and new places, discussing the responsibility of possession and the vastness of the "kingdoms of the world," if not "the glory of them." They parted with some laughing reminiscence of an ancient joke on Captain Condit's part, and it seemed to him, as he mounted to his quarters, that he had come face to face with the old Neil again and might dismiss as unnecessary and absurd those vague forebodings which the previous conduct and conversation of his friend had excited in his mind.

He undressed slowly, speculating on what sort of life he would lead, *if* he had the wherewithal to lead it as he pleased, and came to the conclusion—being of a contented disposition and loving his profession—that he did fairly well as he was, and that any change would probably be for the worse. Going to the window to fling it open to the breezes, according to custom, he was amazed to find that a heavy, sweeping rain had succeeded the fair clemency of the afternoon, and it beat into the room (the house being constructed in accordance with some period of shutterless grandeur and discomfort) with some violence the in-

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stant the sash was raised. He accordingly closed it with an irritated exclamation, set the door ajar instead, turned off the lights, and was, before many minutes were over, peacefully asleep.

He awoke some hours later with a confused consciousness of perceptions on the alert. Some sentinel sense had challenged, but the stupefied brain refused any record of the answer—if answer had been given. He had a vague idea a cannon had gone off somewhere at a great distance. But as he started out of bed and began to grope his way toward the faint light that filtered in from the passage, he realized that the sound came from the hall below, and it was the sound of bare hands beating violently upon a closed door. At the head of the stairs he paused and looked down.

A tall figure was just staggering out of Mrs. Neil's room.

"Good God, Lester, what's the matter? What has happened?" he called.

The other man gazed up at him and passed him with fixed flaring eyes. "What I always knew would happen," he cried hoarsely, addressing not so much Condit as an apparently peopled darkness behind him. "I went to her room and she was gone. Do you hear? Gone! The abomination of it! *Where* has she gone, Jack?" he continued, suddenly changing his tone to one of the utmost entreaty. "You know. I can't think."

"Why, to town, just for a night, to meet Mrs. Tremaine, you remember," answered Captain Condit as slowly and deliberately as he could. "Be careful, man, or you'll alarm the whole house."

"I thought she had come back," said Neil, pressing his hand over his eyes and beginning to tremble from head to foot. "The puppets that work my brain-show at night have been having a merry time with me."

Captain Condit having now reached his side, he caught him by the arm to steady himself and began to laugh in a dazed way.

"You said a man must always keep the thing he cared for outside his chamber of horrors—well, she's been in mine. Those infernal puppets brought her, and I saw her standing among the miserable degrading things I keep there, quite calm, and then she stole away, smiling to herself. That was the awful part. She did not mind, because she seemed to understand—and I followed her, because I thought she was going to the nursery, for I was jealous, even of the boy, but she stopped at the door of that closet there and opened it and went in, I after her; and there, where her pretty dresses were hanging this afternoon, hung the most horrible, indeterminate, grotesque sort of bundles—shapeless, yet suggesting deformity—and some of them dripped with water, as if what was inside had been drowned, and some of them seemed to move, as if something were yet feebly alive and wanted to get out, and she pointed to one after another, saying, 'That is my honor, that is my truth, that is my courage, that is my faith, that is my constancy, and they are all dead or dying.' And just then a little child slipped from behind one of the bundles and ran away laughing, and I knew that was her love for me, and that it had gone, too."

"You mean you have been dreaming all this just now," said the younger man roughly, as the stream of the other's extraordinarily voluble speech was checked.

"If you call it dreaming," answered Lester, slowly. His head sank a little forward and he remained with his eyes fixed upon the floor, musing and motionless.

"Come, old fellow," said Captain Condit after a minute, and in as commonplace a tone as he could command, "Get to bed, will you? I'm taking my death of cold out here, and so, I should imagine, are you. There's a bad storm going on outside, as well as in, and I should think, from the draught, that you had left a window open somewhere—we'll go and see. Do you want me to stay with you?"

"No, thank you," returned Lester, recovering himself and his usual manner, with almost startling suddenness. "Why under the sun should you do that? There's been quite enough disturbance already. If there's any more night left, you'd better get some sleep in it; that's what I propose to do."

"Good night, then," said his companion reluctantly. "You are sure you're all right?"

"As sure as I am that morning is coming."

"Things look differently by daylight," remarked Captain Condit, with cheerful unoriginality.

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"They take their true shape then," returned the other.

The day was well advanced when Captain Condit opened his eyes upon a rain-washed, sun-flooded world. The footman who brought him his breakfast (for an unaccountable feeling of repugnance kept him from joining his host any sooner than was necessary) informed him that Mrs. Neil had returned by an early train.

Had Mrs. Tremaine also arrived?

Mrs. Tremaine, it was believed, had been obliged to delay her visit for a few days. Mrs. Neil had come back alone.

The young man hurried downstairs. Her unexpected arrival produced an extraordinary uplifting in his state of mind. He felt the burden of his responsibility lessening. Only during her absence had Neil shown signs of the curious morbid mania which possessed him; it was probable that her presence had checked and would always check any manifestations of it. He felt that he must keep the history of the last twenty-four hours (and by daylight he could not help believing that he had greatly exaggerated its sinister importance) a secret from her, and he concluded that he had better cut short his projected visit, that the memory of certain occasions should not be resurrected between his eyes and Neil's.

The house had a quiet, empty look. There was not even the usual footman waiting for possible demands or orders in the great lower hall. Captain Condit, idly content for the moment, stood unnecessarily warming himself before the softly burning logs in the stone fireplace. The front door was open, the fresh air and early spring sunshine streamed in, and beyond the sweep of the terrace and driveway could be seen a long, flat view of meadow and wooded land with little distant villages here and there, and very far away, the sea beyond. Everything seemed peacefully, propitiously calm and commonplace, and he stretched himself comfortably, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction, wondering when he might hope to see his hostess and lay before her the plausible excuses he had invented for departure.

At that moment the library door opened and shut and she came toward him, deadly white, haggard, lined, her face all drawn and distorted with fear and pain.

As soon as she saw him she stopped, and with a most violent effort to regain her composure began to say something about her unexpectedly early return—the beauty of the day—her hopes that he had been well treated during her absence—but she could not command her voice. It trembled and broke and she cast a half-fearful glance behind her at the room she had just left.

"Mrs. Lester!" he cried, involuntarily stepping forward with his arm outstretched as if to shield her. "What is it?"

She met his eyes and saw in them the knowledge of her terror and the cause of it.

She grasped his arm with both her shaking hands.

"It's come!" she said, almost in a whisper. "He has begun to distrust me—even me. And what have I done but marry him because I love him, devote myself singly and entirely to him from the moment I discovered his idiosyncrasy, stifle even my affection for his child lest he should be jealous? Is it my fault that gossip long ago invented stories to please itself about my unfortunate quarrel with my aunt? We are entirely reconciled. It is a mere accident that has prevented her coming with me. But he thinks I had—he believes I have—oh, God knows what he thinks and believes! Captain Condit, you were here with him. What happened? What excuse can he imagine he has found in any one moment of all my life to judge me as he does? I am not angry. I see that he is driven by something he cannot beat back—that he suffers more than I do. But what in all my past or present condemns me? I must find out—or how can I ever convince him of the truth?"

She looked piteously up into the young man's face, and he looked down at her with infinite compassion.

"It's nothing you have ever done or left undone, most dear, good, and beautiful lady," he answered gently. "It's his own past that condemns you."

She gazed at him a moment in silence.

"Then it's hopeless," she said, and turned away.

He watched her as she went up the wide staircase, slowly and laboriously, like a woman well stricken in years, and the shadows that enveloped her as she moved farther and farther away seemed to him to envelope also her whole future life.

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OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES

By Brander Matthews

THACKERAY was frequent in praise of Fenimore Cooper, hailing Leatherstocking as better than any of "Scott's lot"; and this laudation appeared in the "Roundabout Papers" long after the British novelist had paid to the American romancer the sincere flattery of borrowing from the last words of Natty Bumppo the suggestion, at least, of the last words of Colonel Newcome. Cooper's backwoodsman, hearing an inaudible roll-call had responded "Here!" a score of years before Thackeray's old soldier had become again a child to answer "Adsum!" Not less than a score of years later an old sailor in one of the stories of Sir Walter Besant made his final exit from this world with a kindred phrase, "Come on board, sir!" And then, once more, in one of Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," we find the last dying speech and confession of a certain McIntosh who had been a scholar and a gentleman in days gone by, and who had sunk into irredeemable degradation in India. When his hour came, he rose in bed and said, as loudly as slowly, "Not guilty, my Lord!" Then he fell back, and the stupor held him till he died.

There are criticasters not a few who would denounce Thackeray and Besant and Mr. Kipling as arrant plagiarists; but critics of a more delicate perception of the principles of art would rather praise these authors for the ingenuity with which they had successively made use of Cooper's original device. Indeed, the more delicate the perceptions of the critic the less likely would he be to assert positively that all four authors had not hit on the same effect independently. Thackeray may have taken it over from Cooper, consciously or unconsciously; Besant may have borrowed it from either his British or his American predecessor; and Mr. Kipling may have been familiar with it in the pages of Cooper, of Thackeray, and of Besant, and still have found amusement in giving a new twist to an old trick. But it is perfectly possible that we have here an instance of purely accidental similarity, such as keen-eyed readers can discover abundantly in the highways and by-ways of literary history.

The theme of M. Paul Bourget's "André Cornélis" is that of "Hamlet," but in all probability the French novelist was not aware that he was treading in the footsteps of the English dramatist until his own plot had taken shape in his mind. A situation in "Vanity Fair"—that of Dobbin in love with the widowed Amelia and yet unwilling to break down her belief in her dead husband's fidelity—was utilized in the "Henrietta" of Mr. Bronson Howard, who was characteristically scrupulous in recording on the playbill his indebtedness to Thackeray's novel; and this same situation at about the same time had been utilized also in a little one-act play, "This Picture and That," by an author who had never doubted it to be of his own invention (although he had read "Vanity Fair" more than once), and who did not discover how he had exposed himself to the accusation of plagiarism until he happened to see the "Henrietta" acted, and to perceive the full significance of Mr. Howard's note.

In one of his conversations with Eckermann, Goethe declared that Byron had not known how to meet the charge of levying on the earlier poets. The German sage asserted that the English bard should have been far bolder in his own defence, and far franker also, Byron should have said: "What is there, is mine; and whether I got it from a book or from life, is of no consequence; the only point is, whether I have made a right use of it." And then Goethe added that in one of the Waverley novels Scott had appropriated a scene from "Egmont"; "and he had a right to do so; and because he did it well, he deserves praise." Goethe seemed to think that the privilege of using again what had been invented by another was justified only when the later author improved on the earlier, or at least attained to an equal level. He noted that Scott had taken Mignon in

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"Wilhelm Meister" as the model of Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak"—"but whether with equal judgment is another question."

Goethe was wise enough to know that human invention is finite and that the number of possible effects is limited. He once told Eckermann and Soret that the Italian playwright, Gozzi, had asserted the existence of only thirty-six possible tragic situations, and that Schiller had taken much trouble in trying to prove that there were more, only in the end to find himself unable to gather even so many as Gozzi had collected. "It is almost impossible, in the present day," commented Goethe, "to find a situation which is thoroughly new. Only the manner of looking at it can be new, and the art of treating it and representing it."

Unfortunately, we have not Gozzi's list of the three dozen situations, nor Schiller's smaller catalogue to compare with it. Gérard de Nerval—that strangest figure of a strange period—considered the matter anew in the fervid days of French romanticism, and decided that there were in reality only twenty-four typical situations available for the theatre; but his classification has also failed to come down to us. However, in the last decade of the nineteenth century an ingenious Frenchman, M. Georges Polti, accepting the number originally proposed by Gozzi, examined the plots of several thousand plays, classified the result of his arduous investigation, and published a little book of two hundred pages on "Les 36 Situations Dramatiques."

Highly interesting as is M. Polti's book, there is not a little difficulty in grasping the theory upon which he has assorted his immense collection into exactly three dozen divisions. The logic of his grouping is not immediately apparent, as it would have been had he taken the passions, for instance, as the several foundations. His first situation, for example, is that which we find in one of the earliest of Greek plays, the "Suppliants." M. Polti entitles it "To Implore," and he indicates varying possible subdivisions: (A1) Fugitives imploring shelter against their enemies, as in the tragedy of Æschylus, the second act of Shakespeare's "King John," and repeatedly in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; (B1) the shipwrecked imploring hospitality, as in more than one ancient drama. But this first situation of his M. Polti finds to be infrequent on the modern stage, although often met with in the Greek theatre. His second situation, which we may call "To Rescue from Imminent Danger," has been widely popular alike with the ancients and the moderns, so we have in subdivision (A) a condemned person rescued by a hero, as in the myth of Andromeda, the folk-tale of Bluebeard, and the first act of "Lohengrin"; and in subdivision (B2) a condemned person rescued by a guest of the house, as in the "Alcestis" of Euripides.

These two situations, however, are far less effective in evoking the special pleasure proper to the theatre than the nineteenth on M. Polti's list, "To kill unknowingly one of your own blood." The full force of the theatric effect of this situation is dependent on the spectators' complete knowledge of the relationship of slayer and slain, unsuspected by the victims themselves; and the strength of the situation resides not in the mere killing, which may indeed be averted at the last moment, but in the steadily gathering dread which ought to accompany the preparations for the evil deed. This situation in one or another of its subdivisions we find in "Nicholas Nickleby," as well as in "Œdipus the King" and in "Lady Inger of Ostraat"; in Sophocles it is a son who murders his unknown father, and in Ibsen it is a mother who murders her unknown son. It is to be found in the "Semiramis" of Voltaire, in the "Merope" of Alfieri, in the "Ion" of Euripides, and again and again in Victor Hugo's dramas. M. Polti points out that this single situation is utilized as the culminating point at the very end of four of Hugo's plays—the "Burgraves," "Marie Tudor," "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Le Roi s'amuse" (which supplied the plot for the opera of "Rigoletto"); and he insists further that one or another subdivision of this situation has been employed by Hugo at least five times in the single drama of "Lucrèce Borgia." If there are still any who hold that Hugo as a dramatist was "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare," they may find instruction in the fact that this highly artificial situation, which the superb French lyrist was seemingly unable to leave out of his arbitrarily complicated plots, was not employed even once by the great English dramatist.

Probably nothing would have more disagreeably surprised Hugo—who held him-

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self to be extraordinarily prolific and various, and who had indeed abundant reason for this belief—than the disclosure of the fact that he had made use so often of a single situation. And this is evidence, if any was needed, that the repetition of the same situation by the same author, or even by a succession of authors down through the ages, is more often than not wholly unconscious, and that it is the result, not so much of any poverty of invention, as of the absolute limitation of the number of possible situations. The utmost of novelty that any plot-maker may hope to attain now in the twentieth century is only the result of his own shuffling of the same pack with which all the plot-makers of the past have been playing. A new principle he can scarcely hope to invent for himself; and all that he can safely claim for his most original sequence of scenes is a patent on the combination.

M. Polti, indeed, has bravely offered to supply ten thousand new plots, put together by combining and recombining the manifold subdivisions of his thirty-six situations, some of which he has ascertained to have been sadly neglected by the playwrights of our time. One may venture to doubt whether there would be profit in taking advantage of this generous offer, for if certain situations essayed in the past have not been popular of late, there is warrant for wondering whether this neglect is not due to an instinctive feeling on the part of the playwright of the present that these situations would fail to excite the interest of the playgoers of our own time and to evoke an emotional response. To insure the success of a play, it is not enough that the author should combine an ingenious sequence of striking scenes; he has always the spectators to reckon with also, their likes and dislikes. The practical playwright knows only too well, and often by sad experience, that the audience of to-day does not relish certain situations which run counter to its prejudices and its predilections, however pleasing these same situations may have been to audiences of the past. The duty of personal vengeance, for example—which was at the centre of the tragedy-of-blood, ever delightful to Tudor theatregoers—has been disestablished by the advance of civilization; and it is therefore no longer acceptable as the dominant motive of a drama of modern life.

There is not a little significance, however, in another of Polti's suggestions—that perhaps a portion of the beauty and power we discern in the great plays of the Greeks was directly due to the accepted limitation of the themes which a tragic writer held himself authorized to treat. The restriction of the number of available legends forced the successive dramatists of Athens to handle again, each in his turn, the dark stories already dealt with by his predecessors. The fateful lives of Œdipus, for example, and of his family, of Agamemnon, and of his unhappy offspring—these were shown in action in the orchestra of the theatre of Dionysus again and again, by Æschylus, by Sophocles, by Euripides, and by many another poet-playwright of that splendid epoch whose works have not descended to us. Of necessity, the dramatist was nerved to keenest endeavor by the knowledge that his play had to withstand a comparison with other plays presenting the same characters in the same situations, and by the certainty that his personal contribution would stand out sharply. A similar ordeal was undergone by the great painters of the Italian Renascence, who tried their hands, almost all of them, on the Madonna with the Holy Child, on the Descent from the Cross, and on every other of the score of stock subjects then in favor for the appropriate decoration of altar and alcove and dome.

We may be assured that this narrow limiting of the number of themes likely to be treated by the painters of Italy and by the playwrights of Greece at once diminished the demand on them for mere invention and left them free to put forth the utmost strength of their imagination, so that the artist could express himself fully and interpret in his own fashion a subject certain to be handled sooner or later by the chief of his fellow-craftsmen. And if the descent from the sublime is not too sudden, attention might here be called to the similar method of measuring the skill of the individual performer which we perceive in a later and more scientific development of what was once almost a game of chance. In "duplicate whist," as it is called, identical hands are played in turn by a succession of players, who are thus put to the test sharply, each withstanding comparison with every one of his rivals.

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A strange fascination there is in the wish that it might be possible to apply to the art of fiction—which is often little more than a game of chance—the comparative method of duplicate whist. It would be possible for us to weigh the merits of the novelists far more exactly, if we could only impose upon all of them, once in a way, the treatment of the same theme, every successive story-teller making it his own for the moment, assimilating it, handling it as he pleased, in accordance with his own instincts and his own principles. It would enable us to note how adroitly the artist in narrative could deal with a topic which he did not feel to be sympathetic or stimulating; and on the other hand, it would show us how much this author or that has been sustained by the signal good fortune which put into his hands once at least the one subject best suited to his method and his temperament. In time, it would train the critical reader in the habit of distinguishing between theme and treatment; and it would encourage him to face the task of weighing the merits of each of these separately.

Although we cannot insist that the novelists of the twentieth century shall undergo this ordeal, we may amuse ourselves by guessing at the result if the test had been applied to the novelists of the centuries that have gone before. There is no difficulty in picking out a plot familiar to all of us now and universal in its appeal—a plot which any story-teller of any age might have chosen to develop in his own fashion. And perhaps no story is better fitted for this experiment than the heart-rending tale which Shakespeare took from the Italian and transfigured by his genius into the immortal tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." Quarrels between rival families have been frequent enough, and young couples there have always been who loved wilfully in spite of a heritage of hate. There is a never-fading enchantment in the story of their struggles, whatever the country where they lived and died, and whatever their station in society.

How would this tale have been told in the eighteenth century by the author of "Robinson Crusoe"? by the author of "Clarissa Harlowe"? by the author of "Tom Jones"? by the author of "Tristram Shandy"? How would it have fared in the nineteenth century if Dickens had been attracted to it, or Thackeray? How would it be presented now in the twentieth century if it should be chosen again by Mr. Howells or by Mr. James? We need not ask what Mark Twain would do with it, because he has shown us in the Shepardson-Grangerford episode of "Huckleberry Finn" that he could bring out the inherent romance of it, even though he entrusted the telling to the humorous realist who was the son of the town drunkard. Nor have we to inquire how it would have presented itself to Erckmann-Chatrian, because the Alsatian collaborators made it their own in the sombre pages of the "Rantzau."

It is not rash to assume that Defoe would have set up rival shopkeepers, one with a son and the other with a daughter; and he would have delighted in accumulating the minutest details of the daily life of the competing tradesmen. The fathers would have been sturdy Englishmen, both of them, obstinate and pious; and the preaching of a sound morality would never have been neglected. The narrative would purport to be truth; and probably it would be credited to the pen of one of the partisans, setting down in the first person a conscientious record of what he had seen with his own eyes. But if Richardson had wished to make our ancestors weep at the woes of Romeo and the sad trials of Juliet, he would have abandoned the autobiographic form characteristic of Defoe's method of approach, for the epistolary, in which the author of "Pamela" felt himself more at ease; and he would have spared us none of the letters of Romeo to Juliet, and of Juliet to Romeo, and of Romeo to Mercutio, and of Juliet to her nurse. The tenser the tragic gloom, the more voluminous these letters would become, the more self-analytical, and at the same time, the more pathetic. If Fielding had selected this story as the basis of a prose-epic we should have a masterly structure, perhaps distorted by an undue insistence upon Romeo's youthful intrigue with Rosaline. And if Sterne had pretended to play with this tragic tale, he would have given us the married life of Juliet's parents, with all the humorous whims of old Capulet; and after unending digressions the author might die himself before his heroine was fairly out of the arms of the nurse.

To declare how Dickens might have

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presented the same theme is not difficult. The tragedy would sink to tortuous melodrama, and there would be much mystery-mongering, with a careful covering up of dark secrets to be revealed only at an opportune moment. The large simplicity of the theme would be frittered away, and every opportunity for deliberate pathos would be insisted upon. Probably Juliet would die in blank verse, disguised as prose. But Mercutio, although he would certainly cease to be a gentleman, would be a most amusing personality whose whimsical behavior would seem highly laughable; and the nurse might become another Mrs. Gamp, with a host of peculiarities realized with abundant humor. And it is possible also to make a guess at the treatment which would have been accorded to the pitiful tale if Thackeray had undertaken it. The tragedy would have softened into a tragi-comedy with a happy ending probably, the loving couple being reprieved somehow in the final chapters just before the kindly author put his puppets away, after preaching a last gentle sermon on the vanity of life. The background would be the British society of the middle of the nineteenth century; and some Lady Kew, delightfully clever and selfishly arrogant, might be the chief of one clan, and some Lord Steyne, bitter and masterful, might head the rival house. And not improbably the narrator might be Mr. Arthur Pendennis himself.

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. March might constitute the chorus, if Mr. Howells were to lay the scene here in New York, bringing one family from the West, endowed somehow with a certain elemental largeness of mould, and importing the other from that New England which could be held responsible for the sensitiveness of their self-torturing consciences. There would be no blinking of the minor selfishness of humanity; and neither hero nor heroine would stand forth flawless. Their failures would be very human; and the author would withhold all comment, leaving the veracity of the portrayal to speak for itself. There would be unrolled before the reader the broad panorama of the cosmopolitan metropolis, infinitely variegated, often harsh in color, but forever fascinating in the intensity of its vitality. The modern tragedy with its catastrophe internal rather than external, would be laid before us in a narrative containing endless miracles of delicate observation and countless felicities of delicate phrasing.

Like many another distinguished painter, Mr. Henry James has at least three manners, following one another in the order of time; and there is no certainty at which stage of his career he might be tempted to the telling of this tale. Early in his evolution as a novelist, he might have seized upon it as the promising foundation for an international complication, although even then he would have attenuated the more violent crudities of the original story. Later, he might have been lured into essaying the analysis of Juliet's sentiments, as she was swayed by her growing attachment for Romeo, and as she was restrained by her indurated fidelity to the family tradition. More recently still, Mr. James might have perceived the possibility of puzzling us by letting us only dimly surmise what had passed behind the closed doors that shut in the ill-fated lovers, and of leaving us in a maze of uncertainty and a mist of doubt, peering pitifully, and groping blindly for a clew to tangled and broken motives.

Perhaps it is idle thus to wonder how any one of a dozen novelists of distinctive talent would have treated this alluring theme had he taken it for his own. But of this we may be certain, that any novelist of individuality who had chosen it would have made it his own, and would have sent it forth stamped with his own image and superscription. Indeed, the same tale told by Richardson and by Sterne, although they were contemporary sentimentalists, would have had so little in common that the careless reader might fail to see any similarity whatsoever; and probably even the pettiest of criticasters would feel no call to bring an accusation of plagiarism against either of them.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT marks quite curiously the measure of certain changes that have come over us as a people, that there is now a system of amusement in vogue the world over which, if it is not precisely of our invention, is so much pursued by us and identified with our customs that it is generally associated with the American name. Time was when the popular impression was that Americans did not know how to amuse themselves. But now it would commonly be agreed that the prevalent habit of amusing oneself in public, of dining in restaurants, of doing things for and before the gallery, was very largely an outgrowth of American fashions. It would also be said by those interested in these subjects abroad, as well as by Americans themselves, that we understood "shows" nowadays better than anyone else anywhere. Our summer "show," for example, has reached a development that is apt to make London or Paris efforts along similar lines look parsimonious.

Our Amusement Spirit

Publicity, excitement, a high degree of fastidiousness as to the perfection of purely material details, these are the main marks of the distinctively American spirit of amusement. There is nothing to make possible in our life that other spirit which finds amusement, as is the case sometimes in the older European countries, in performances or spectacles that speak to the imagination, even though their outward presentments be shabby. In fact, there is no inwardness at all in our pleasures. Amusement, as the American has shaped it more and more of late years, is just as much tension as work is, only of a different kind.

It is not very easy to see, to be sure, how this strenuousness in amusement is to be avoided when we have so much excitability in achievement impressed upon us on every hand. The organism preserves automatically for a certain period the pitch to which it has been strung, and we rarely allow, as things are now, the pitch to drop. As a result we can't relax at the word of command even when we want to. We can't amuse ourselves quietly and inwardly, even when we perceive the good of it. Our nerves say no. It would be just as well to realize how much of this sheer inability to make amusement for ourselves calmly there is in the vaunted strenuousness even of our play. And perhaps we shall have to begin to consider a little bit, too, the matter of how much connection there may be between our system of amusement without relaxation and that failure to count for anything very much after forty on which Dr. Osler has laid such unwelcome emphasis.

Certain it is that amusements as the American now conceives them are only for the vigor of youth or early maturity. Children have no fit place in them, and still less have old people. A holiday crowd in Europe is as interesting for the old faces in it and the children as for any other part of it. There are elements of pleasure in the spirit of the occasion which both extremes of life can assimilate: certain softnesses and humanenesses which feed them, and which draw from them in return some mellow, enriching qualities that our own crowds lack. Where the spirit of amusement signifies always more or less "going the pace," where, tense and material, it is only suited for the fullest tide of life, there is wanting to the national existence an important expansional and educational experience. That in the present period of our development we should be able to give work only to young or youngish men means less than that we should have amusement only for the young or youngish. We have perhaps little employment comparatively for those different energies that ripen later; but then we supply little of the aliment which leads to such ripening. There are many riches to be drawn from those wide tides of occasional relaxation where we now disdain to find our play.

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IT certainly requires but small observation to perceive that all the questions concerning our immigration problems have in the last few years entered upon a new phase, and one quite distinct from any hitherto presented to us. To put the matter in a summary way, we have passed the stage in which assimilation was regarded in a naturalistic manner, as a phenomenon capable of taking care of itself, and have entered the stage of scientific consideration as to how the assimilating process is to be best furthered, with the least disturbance of our economic conditions and social principles now existent.

Immigration and the International Personality

That such scientific consideration has become necessary is plain enough. There are many elements taken into our life now which, however much it may be the fashion of the moment to make light of ethnic differences, tend to social conclusions distinct from those of the English-speaking peoples. These elements, these social conclusions, are already making themselves felt among us in certain well-defined ways. That we should be entirely unaffected by them is impossible. But, on the other hand, the form and manner in which they react upon us is evidently of great future importance. There is, therefore, much food for thought in a little pamphlet published not long since by one of the foreign consuls at the port of New York, and addressed to a local society of his own countrymen, in which the question of preparing the alien immigrant for the fusion with the new civilization is very suggestively taken up.

The country represented by this gentleman is one of those which send us the largest number of illiterates. The suggestion that that country should, through its own accredited channels here, endeavor to enlighten somewhat the ignorance of the immigrant, so that he may be fitted, in his native tongue and by methods familiar to him, to understand a little the duties of his new citizenship, is extremely interesting on the practical side. Exactly how this primary instruction in the native language of the immigrant is to be managed alongside of our public-school system as we have it already, is not yet clear. That we should benefit greatly, however, by some such procedure is manifest. As it is now, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the introduction into American life of some of these alien streams of humanity takes place so completely without preliminary initiation on their part, and is so violent and sudden, that what Dr. Tosti rightly calls a "deformation of American ideals" must inevitably show itself in them as a result. This "deformation"—a distortion into license of the principle of liberty and individualism within the law—takes from the immigrant his own native good qualities, while he fails to gain good from us.

This consequence is not new, but what is new is the broader recognition of that dependence between nations, that common responsibility, which is the result of modern migrations and interpenetrations, and which should make all the peoples whose emigrants come here feel the desire and necessity of fitting them in some measure to become useful expanders, rather than unwelcome obstructors, of our institutions. National traits can never be in the future the insulated and isolating things that they have been in the past. Yet the last consummation that we should want is that national divergences of custom and ideal should quite be wiped out. Human life must have these divergences, unless it is to be hopelessly the poorer. How this national spark is to be retained while men adopt that species of international personality that is the fruit of modern conditions is not yet quite apparent to our vision, but certainly something of the sort will have to be. In the meantime, it appears to be clear that it is not Americans unaided who can best prepare for worthy citizenship immigrants whose racial idiosyncrasies they are, after all, ignorant of, and have no sympathy with. The initiative will have to come largely from the enlightened and broad-minded interest of other countries, alive enough to the more advanced ethics in these matters to make organized efforts for the welfare of even those of their citizens who may choose permanently to expatriate themselves.

"THE main object in every school," said Dr. Eliot, in concluding his address on "Beauty aud Democracy," given at the opening of the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo, "should be, not to provide livelihood, but to show the young how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and leisure." So strong a word of protest against the popular notion of what an education "is for"—to enable its possessor "to get on in the world"—comes with special

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weight from a man who has led the way in modernizing the collegiate training of America. There is in Dr. Eliot's protest no failure to appreciate the value of an education which fits for the chosen or appointed work. He simply recognizes the fact that when this has been done, and well done, there is conferred only a partial satisfaction to one who has "no resources" outside his work. Here is a lack in the art of living we are all coming to discover. It is a lack due to the defects of American qualities, to the fact that this is a country of unprecedented range of opportunity for unaided, individual success, and of a consequent absorbing devotion to this success as the chief good.

Popularizing a Sense of Beauty

Dr. Eliot's protest is recognition further of the fact that, under modern conditions of specialism, work for an increasing number is meaning more and more routine, an automatic repetition converting the worker into a machine, a deadening form of living which robs the working day of stimulus, either intellectual or æsthetic. Significant appreciation of these conditions is found in the recent statement of a librarian in a large manufacturing centre, that it is the working man and not the business man who resorts to the library for books of general interest, such as books of travel, of history, or of sociology. "Business is so absorbing," she explains, "that manufacturers have little interest left for general matters. Working men find their work so uninteresting that they crave an interest outside their work, and find it partly in books. As the library develops into a culture centre," she adds, "into a centre, for example, for distributing pictures and music no less than books, as is being done to-day by exchange through some State library systems, new ways of adding fresh interest to the life of the people will constantly open up, especially if the schools and the libraries work together."

Here is the dominant thought of Dr. Eliot's address, the "main object" of the school to fit for the best use of the library as a place which should popularize the love of what is interesting and beautiful in books, music, pictures, and nature. Dr. Eliot, who above all emphasizes appreciation of nature, placed first "habitual observation of the heavens," especially in these days of urban congestion, "for city people run about at the bottom of ditches and often can only see a narrow strip of sky"; next, love of scenery, and then love of flowers and their cultivation. But to foster a return to the pleasures of the natural life, something more is required than the influence of natural surroundings, for on many natures this is lost. As someone has said, "Arcadia is a cultivated taste." The farmhouse apparently placed to command the beautiful view that itself is obscured by the unsightly barn apparently placed to hide it, is a common incongruity in rural life, and tells its own story of uninstructed indifference. To begin at the beginning, schools should teach the elements of beauty; for it is "monstrous," as Dr. Eliot says, to make so much, for example, of Greek, and to ignore drawing. The Chicago vacation-school system, which sends every child one day in the week into the country for nature-class study in the fields, does more than plant the initial seed at the right time and in the right way. By this system the child brings back not alone first-hand impressions and facts, but actual material, gathered in "personally conducted" rambles, for nature-class work in the city school-room, some of it to be kept until the ensuing winter.

It is quite beyond imagination to forecast the possibilities of the careful training of generation after generation in the elements of beauty and the study of nature. Apart from its immediate practical results, there is an interesting, if academic, suggestion of a way in which it might affect the whole attitude of a race. What the imagination now partially reveals to the few only accentuates the sense of individuality, and hence of isolation in the universe. Professor Shaler, who has made special study of the subject, thinks that as time goes on, "the art of setting ourselves forth," of finding fresh contacts and avenues of sympathy, may be bettered. Yet "thirty centuries have given little or nothing of gain in the way of speech, written or spoken," he says. "In gesture and the related sculpture we tell less than the masters of old; in painting, hardly more. In music alone has the last thousand years helped men to express themselves." Would not the love of beauty fill this office no less than the love of music? For the love of beauty creates an environment which for those who are within it inspires a sympathy of understanding and of communion all its own.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LESSON OF BOUGUEREAU

A PRETTY problem might present itself in the attempt to report on the methods of an immensely popular painter whom esoteric criticism has condemned; for in the course of the statement some light might be thrown on the value of an artist's naïve and earnest attitude in the presence of nature and on the futility of great science and skill if unaccompanied by this personal equation of sincerity.

Rubinstein, who, in his impassioned playing, could be guilty of a false note, so thrilled his hearers beyond the impeccable performance of a virtuoso that he was readily forgiven; for at his touch meadows smiled, brooks murmured, larks sang and soared away. Suggestion, feeling, emotion, all those elements of our nature which, when stirred, provoke a glow that is healthful and sane, were called up by the master, and we were correspondingly grateful. This indeed is the function of the artist—this it is to create—to furnish a means of recreation in others. There are many ways of doing this, but to be potent, it must spring from the source of a truly artistic temperament.

Having said this, we are recalled to the problem that is suggested by the topic which heads these lines. The subject is not without its lesson, but in the face of such general approbation as this manifestation of the art of painting has received it is with a very certain diffidence on the part of the writer of this paper that the subject is approached at all; for if general commendation has been secured by any branch of human effort, why should such security be questioned? In the whole range of painting we have yet to discover so even a performance as that which William Adolphe Bouguereau has left to the world. Feeble Gainsboroughs, slipshod Sir Joshuas, tentative Rembrandts, indifferent Van Dykes, tight and unsupple pictures by Velasquez are not unknown to us; but who can point to a moment when Bouguereau is not entirely master of himself and of his technique? No false note (from his premises), no searching, no hesitation here! Not for him the emotions, the agitations, the wrestlings that have disturbed so many workers in the field of painting for the past thirty years, during which experimental period much light has been thrown on the various aspects of nature and the very manipulation of paint as a means of interpreting them.

Great technical gifts, then, are often beside the mark—the true mark of distinguished performance. A fluent or too facile mode of expression becomes sometimes the medium of paucity of thought. Or is there an innate disapproval of mankind at too great an exhibition of craft? Or, again, is it that human nature is jealous at seeing slighted its human prerogative of erring?

Let us look a little into the matter and try to discover why this apparent perfection of Bouguereau's work did not meet the approval of his contemporaries in art. Painters become interesting as they reveal in what they do a cultured appreciation of the great works of the past—as they make you feel that their genius has been fed by interesting experience, that they possess resources of thought distinguished in quality. Ingres could impart distinction to his nude figures because you felt that back of his serious drawing was an appreciation and love of Greek precedents—Corot could give a classic dignity and aspect to his pastorals that seemed to lift them, with all their personal freedom of touch, into the serene air of the past, and to remove them far from a realistic portrayal of some scene on the Seine or Marne.

Artists of distinction at all times have betrayed in their productions some hint of the work of their predecessors that has particularly appealed to them as possessing a peculiar charm and style—something borrowed from antiquity, a kind of harking back to the past through the suggestive forms of the present. Many types of to-day are archaic in their simplicity of line or contour, and this painters of taste seek often to perpetuate. Cabanel, Gérôme, and other contemporaries

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of Bouguereau, most accomplished draughtsmen, had this side to their work which stamped it with the seal of a cultured and appreciative mind; but somehow the would-be classic significance of Bouguereau failed to signify. He robbed it, by a bourgeois spirit, of the very distinction it should recall.

In the classical suggestions of Gérôme or Cabanel there is discovered a breadth and largeness of drawing which marks an intellectual and real admiration of noble and generous forms. The very character of the Greek mask, the studied and logical folds of a toga, and, above all, the ample and sculpturesque presentation of human muscles and proportions as depicted by Gérôme announce him an intellectual personality of high order. Cabanel, too, at his best, in his rendition of form, proves that the past has had for him certain lessons which his mind has not failed to assimilate. They are among the men who hand on the torch of knowledge still burning. When, however, this pure light filters through the medium of a commonplace temperament and mind it loses its clarity, becomes opaque and lustreless. This is perhaps the hazard it has been subjected to in the case of Bouguereau. Why is this? We learn that the artistic opportunities of his career have been as propitious as could be desired. Although placed by his parents in a business house at Bordeaux, he was able, by permission of his employers, to attend two hours daily the drawing-school of Jean Alaux. Here, in spite of his business occupation, and greatly to the disgust of the regular pupils of the school who were also contestants, he carried off the prize the first year. This decision was contested and caused a riot of the full-time pupils, but the award was sustained by the authorities, and Bouguereau, thus encouraged, decided to become a painter. After saving nine hundred francs by making portraits for fifteen francs each at Saintonge, where his uncle was a priest, he went to Paris and entered the studio of Picot, and later l'École des Beaux-Arts, where he made surprising progress. He gained the Prix de Rome in 1850, the duplicate prize of that year going to Baudry, owing to none having been awarded the year before. From Rome his *envois* were received with interest, but it was in 1854 that his real fame began. This year he exhibited at the Salon "The Body of Saint Cecilia borne to the Catacombs," where it received high commendation from the members of the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

This fills out the usual story of successful Prix de Rome men; but during these years must have been founded that suave and easy method of production which, from that time on, captivated the public and became and continued to be a boon to the dealers.

What was the nature of this marvellous facility? It consisted, mainly, in a fixed and stereotyped suavity of touch for all subjects and all textures—a consummate and polished brushwork applied to objects of varying forms, but with little regard, as we have said, to opposing textures—a technical facility—felicitous it was not; for fineness of observation, distinction of sight would be felicitous. Bouguereau cannot claim this quality of distinction in the long list of works that may be put to his credit, and this is one of his shortcomings that is regarded as a kind of grievance by those who look for style in conjunction with so much of technical accomplishment.

It is said that he studied with enthusiasm the great works of the masters to be found in Rome and elsewhere during the years in which he was *pensionaire;* but it must have been with a mind not keenly alive to the exhaustive study and profound knowledge that produced them; for it would seem that the lessons he learned from them did not betoken an appreciation of their great sobriety and strength, the essence of their elemental loveliness and beauty—only that which fed his rather superficial taste for suavity of form and grace of line.

When we think of the restless, earnest, and thoughtful study that the world of natural objects has received during the past twenty-five or thirty years from painters whose mission, it seemed to them, was to penetrate the very secrets of the circumambient air, one cannot but feel that the arrested outlook of so accomplished a painter as the one we are discussing must have become to these workers a negligible quantity. For these were protestants against the narrow bondage of academie rules, and here was one of superlative technical competence who appeared unstirred by stirring nature, and content to employ his unquestioned skill upon themes unwarmed by a spontaneous emotion and unillumined by a new aspect of the natural world. That world had become an altar of devotion to many of the best artistic minds of his day, but to Bouguereau it seemed a

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place apart. For where in his work do we feel that the facts recorded have been made with a loving reference to nature beyond the questionable one of a stereotyped elegance of line? Not on the side of color surely. Is it not strange that with so much of technical accomplishment this painter can so little move those who ask of painting that it represent an individual's emotion in the presence of a given scene? One might assume that any subject nobly felt would beget noble passages of painting, grand and simple planes and modelling in the course of the painter's efforts to give expression to his thought.

It is perhaps that Bouguereau felt life pictorially, not really. He made *pictures* of things, not characteristic impressions which were felt as human situations humanly observed. A peasant was to him a pretty object placed in a pretty scene, not a human being of the soil and living on the fruit of his labor. No ardent sun has tanned this creature's skin, nor has toil indurated and distorted his form. No feelings are evoked in regarding this presentation but those of superficial pleasure at the conventional skill displayed by correct drawing and fluent brush-work.

In mythological, ecclesiastical, religious, or *genre* subjects it is the same—a pictorial portrayal of a given theme, not an interpretation of a situation, a page of life. And as the end is merely pictorial, there was little need of Bouguereau exhausting himself on intense preoccupation and study of the myriad aspects of the natural world under varying conditions. We all know of a painter who has passed years in interpreting a single scene at different hours of the day—steeping his soul and the soul of the beholder in mysteries of light. Our present painter, with a perfect pencil study of his composition and his forms, might have dispensed with further reference to the outside world than that already made by him and still complete his pictured theme. He is perfectly equipped to do this, has been, almost from the beginning; and it is this faculty which has caused us to allude to him as of one of arrested outlook. Given technical proficiency and an incuriousness concerning the subtle beauties and charms of the surrounding world, and one may produce readily, prodigiously, prodigally, and in the sequel please readily and prodigiously those who have not been trained to see finely and to exact keenly those qualities in art which stand for distinction.

After all his accomplishment, has Bouguereau in any way ended by imposing himself in the sense that Ingres, Corot, and Millet have done? Do we find a meaning and purpose in the long catalogue of varied themes that he illustrated, beyond that of appealing to the insensitive admiration of the public he created and worked for? For he was a prolific producer, and perforce so, to supply the demand for his canvases.

A critic in commenting on his "Satyr and Nymphs" says, and says justly: "The faces of these *spirituelles* creatures do not indicate the innocent naiads of the stream or dryads of the wood, but simply a new rôle for the informed Parisian women of the nineteenth century." This failure to project himself into the situation of the theme he delineates is typical of the whole range of his topics, which is as wide as it is unconvincing. Nowhere do we feel that this painter has been stirred by one subject more than by another—he is as competent to present a "Vierge Consolatrice" as he is to depict a make-believe "Bacchante"—both seem to offer opportunities for fine drawing and lovely brush-work, but neither impress you as more than superficially "felt." This is not a complaint that something admirable is not something else, but a regret that it is not admirable, being what it is.

Given another spirit, a finer one, an artistic one, and even his too perfect method might have produced interesting, distinguished things; for no faultiness of method fatally mars that which is truly lived and felt.

It has been a favorite theory with the writer that true art has at times been produced by a few rare natures who could neither draw nor paint in the conventionally accepted meaning of such competency; and here is a painter possessed of more science than need were who fails in that mysterious quality which stands for high art.

Despite the lack of elevation in the treatment of the pictures that Bouguereau chose to paint, had he given to these often trifling subjects a faithful observance of "values" their artistic interest would have been greatly enhanced; for, invested with this quality of the virtuoso, they might have gained that side of art which is, as has been well said, "the happy and dextrous way in which a thing slight in itself is handled." But Bouguereau has deprived us of even this beauty; for, as we have already said, he did not possess that

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fineness of observation which could be called felicitous. Correct "values" called for a more distinguished vision than properly belonged to him. This sense of values, had Bouguereau possessed it, would have covered a multitude of sins of "subject"; but on demanding this quality in him we are asking practically for his æsthetic redemption and, on reflection, given his mind, we do not believe that so artistic an instinct as the sense of values could exist in any high degree in conjunction with so great banality of theme.

Since "story" was his choice, then, let us inquire how much of nature he resorted to in the telling of it. How did he compose?

In considering the composition of Bouguereau we find no constructive building up of a group by large masses of light and shade; only a scientific disposition of figures which is perfectly balanced in quantities but fails to be cohesive as a whole. Missing this, the unity of the canvas is disturbed and the attention is called from one figure to another. No great single impression is thus achieved; for Nature herself is logical and impresses by other means. Our painter is preoccupied with the pictorial side of his statement, not with the logical and impressive. Consequently, for those who are interested in painting itself, its grand tasks, and noble problems, Bouguereau seems not to have great significance — subject - painting pictorially treated is his aim, and in this day when the connoisseur has become more inclined to seek in art the legitimate employment of the means—that of presenting those phases of nature which are best expressed by pigment—the mere telling of a story through the medium of form and color savors somewhat of the commonplace. It may be that we are living through the period of which Alfred Stevens spoke when he said: "The historical subject was invented the day when people were no longer interested in painting itself." When the day comes in which the integrity of the medium of any art is respected, the means made use of for the expression of a given thought, the rightful means and those only, then will there be a vast revolution in the misdirected activities of many crafts. A large subject is opened in the mere contemplation of such an event, but it will usher in a renaissance of taste and prove a corrective to many perplexing misconceptions that bewilder mankind to-day. Nor is painting the single sufferer of a misapplication of means; literature is another art that through too fluent production threatens, in many instances, to stultify the taste and blunt the judgment of the very audience it should illuminate and instruct.

Great Nature, long suffering, patient, unvarying, and constant, lends herself to all this misinterpretation, but ceaselessly urges truth. Her beauties are often cheapened and her dignity despoiled that she may be driven into the service of material success. And it is just here that she is patient—no misrepresentation, no misconstruction, no slight, disturbs her changeless constancy. Once or twice in an age she is greatly sought and greatly yields herself; and then truly does she bless. If not in immediate recompense, she bestows those guerdons for which men have lived and died—the honors may be belated, but they reach far and stimulate mankind. Splendid pages of painting come to mind that have been traced while confronting contumely and neglect. Artists of unflinching purpose have wrought persistently, humbly, but have found no ready and prescribed method by which to interpret noble moments and aspects of nature. They have eventually acquired a language by which to express themselves, but this medium has been freighted with too stirring messages to admit of a uniform suavity of utterance. Fluency o speech in this particular seems in invers ratio to the importance of the statement made and as a recent writer has it in speaking of "easy producers" in the field of literature and the fate they finally meet with, this "may very well be the revenge that time takes upon them to make up for the amount of space they happened immediately to occupy."

FRANK FOWLER.

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